

MAXIM

OCTOBER 2003

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tricks from the girls
who fell for 'em p.64

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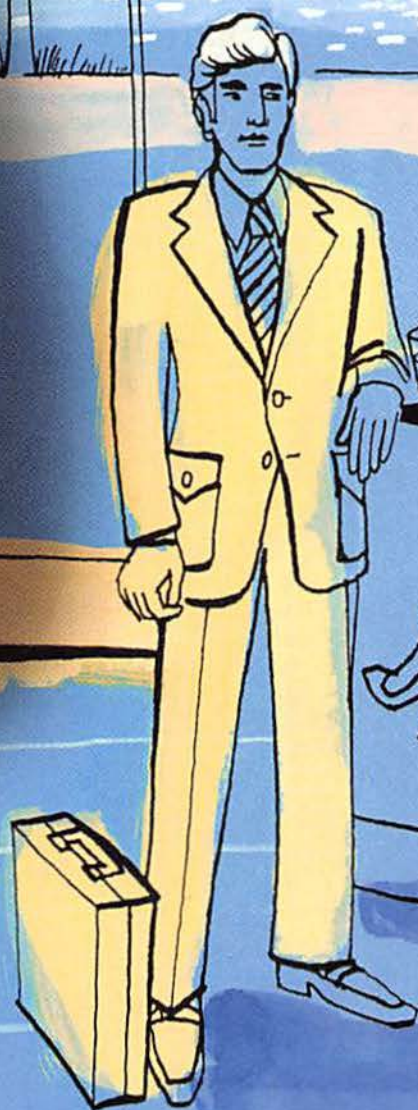




ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: STEVEN WHITE GUESS © 2003

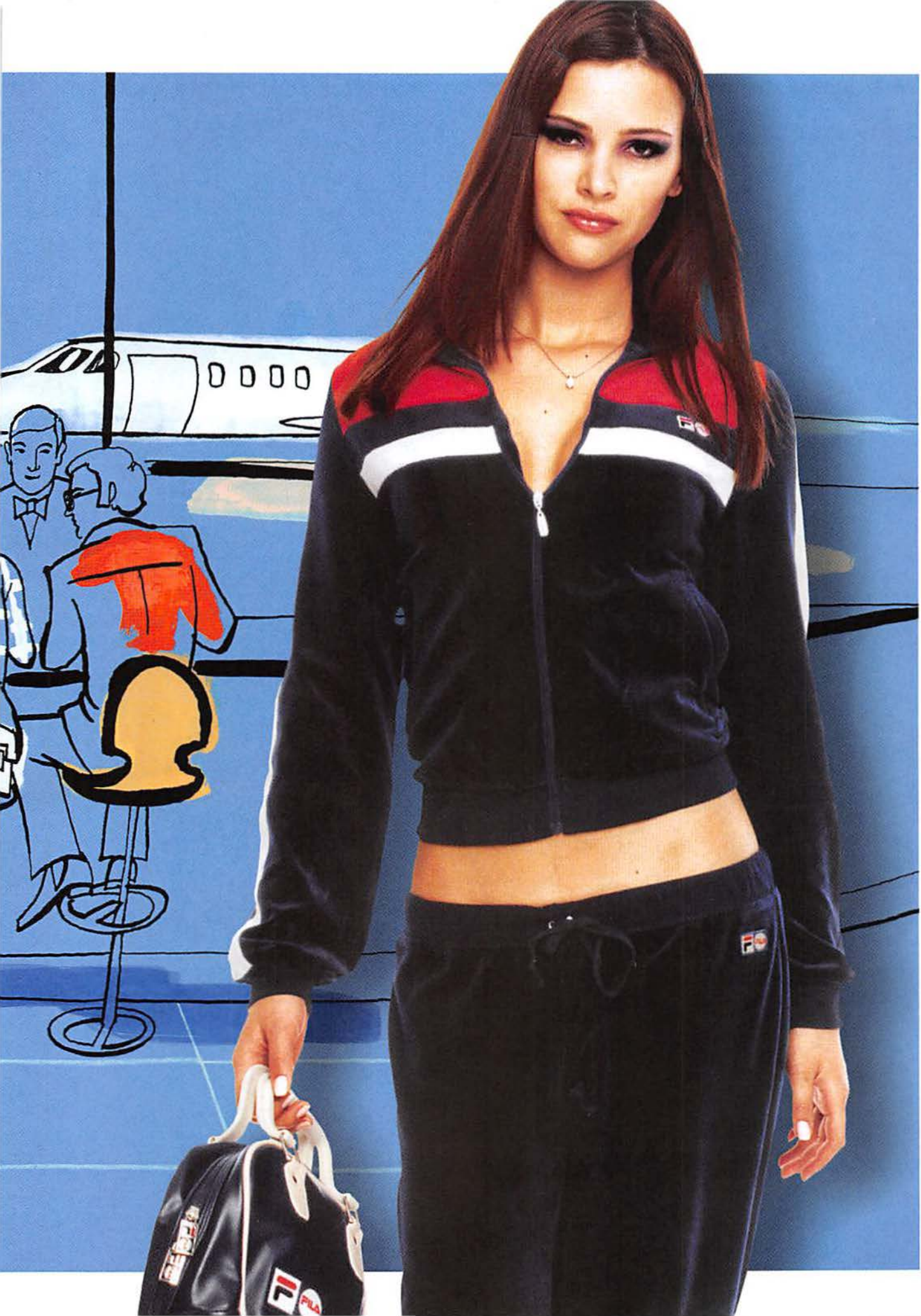
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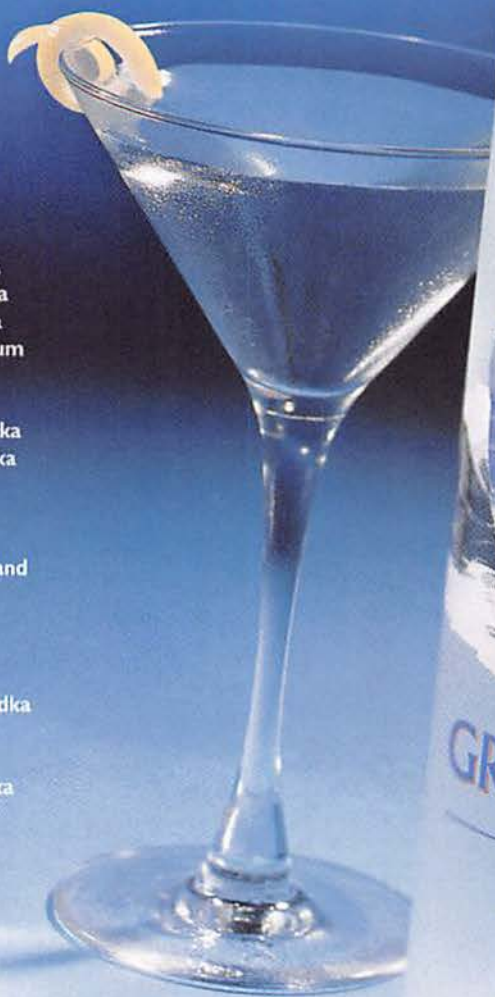
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Score	Vodka
96	GREY GOOSE® VODKA
94	Canadian Iceberg Vodka
93	Stolichnaya Gold Vodka
92	Staraya Moskva Premium
91	Van Hoo Vodka
91	Stolichnaya Vodka
90	Tanqueray Sterling Vodka
90	Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka
89	Ketel One Vodka
88	Wyborowa Vodka
87	Kremlyovskaya Vodka
86	Finlandia Vodka of Finland
86	Alps French Vodka
85	Sky Vodka
82	Original Polish Vodka
82	Glenmore Special
82	Fleischmann's Royal Vodka
81	Mr. Boston Vodka
80	Pole Star Vodka
80	Lukusowa Potato Vodka
80	Absolut Vodka
78	Cardinal Vodka
78	Barton Vodka
78	Barclay's Vodka
78	Amazon Vodka
76	Skol Vodka
74	Smirnoff Vodka
74	Crystal Palace Vodka
74	Belvedere
72	Schenley
69	Mr. Boston's Riva Vodka

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SOURCE: (B) BEVERAGE TESTING INSTITUTE (B) 1998

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OCTOBER 2003

MAXIM

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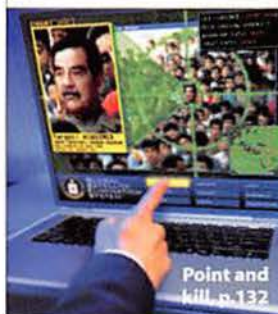
COVER GIRL
GINA GERSHON

She plays a sexy, struggling punk rocker in this month's *Prey for Rock & Roll*. One look at these pics and you'll be praying for mercy.

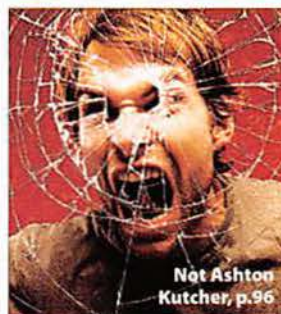
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The Germans are coming, p.110

Maxim's
Cars of the Year 2004



Point and kill p.132



Not Ashton Kutcher, p.96

WE WANT ANSWERS!

96 SEANN WILLIAM SCOTT

The Olivier of frat-house movies makes bank to act like a total moron. Heck, we do that for free every day!

LIVE TO DRIVE

110 MAXIM'S CARS OF THE YEAR 2004

We tested 18 of the fastest, toughest, sexiest, coolest wheels on the road. Pull up in one of these babies and you'll have everyone fooled. Maybe even yourself.

BRAIN TEASERS

124 HEAD GAMES

What do real, serious magazines have that we don't? Crossword puzzles! Straighten your tie and get to it!



GIRL ON FILM

126 KRISTA ALLEN

The brunette bombshell sees sexiness in everybody and thinks men are the most precious creatures on Earth. Which proves she must be from another planet—and hasn't met executive editor Charles Coxe.



p.132

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE

132 THE NEW SPY GAME

September 11 exposed a massive chink in the U.S. armor: intelligence. Since then the government has thrust agents back into the field, poured billions into technology, and cut deals with seedy foreign operatives. But are we any safer? *Maxim* investigates.

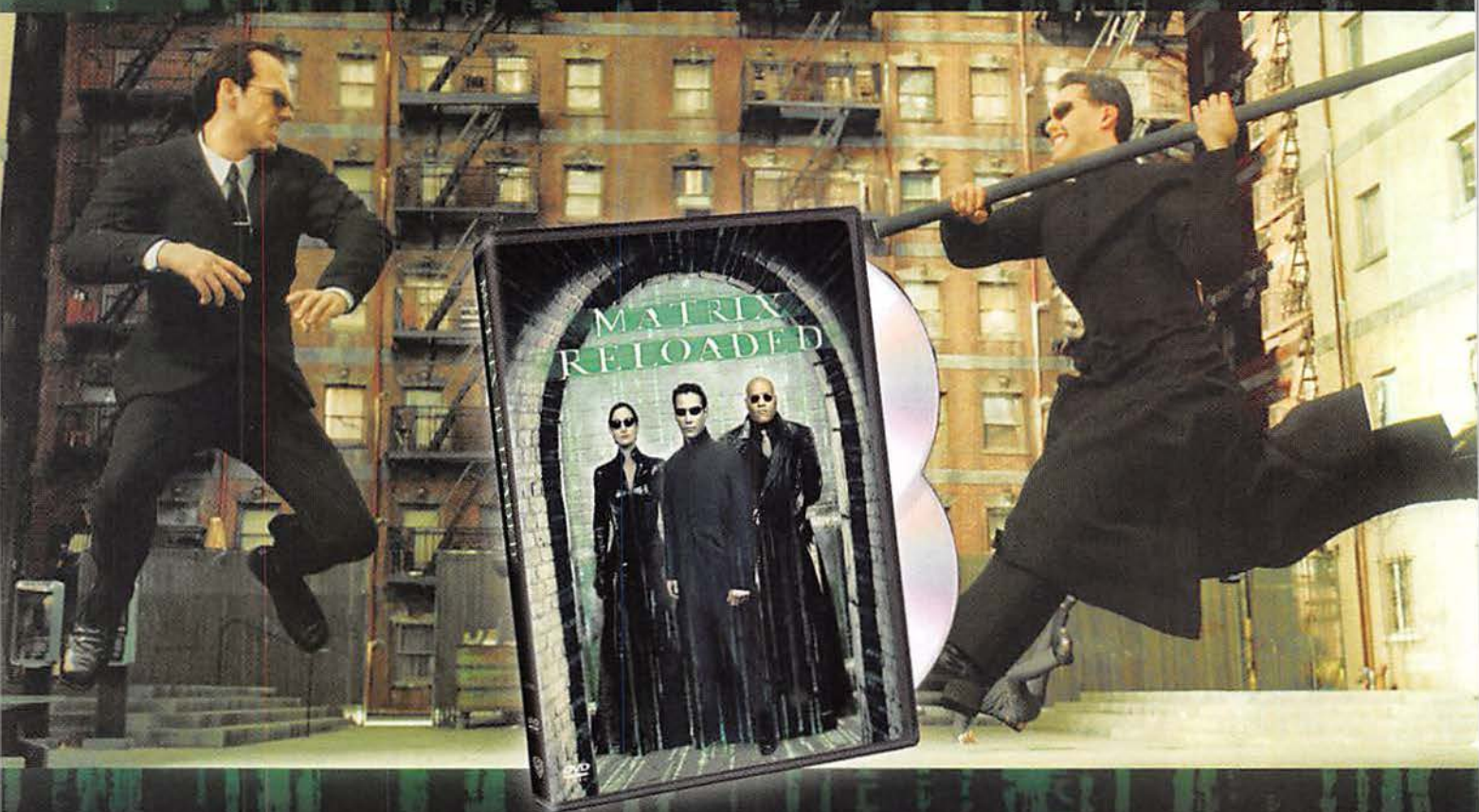
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REMOTE CONTROL
**TURN ON,
TUNE IN,
ZONE OUT**

We sort through 29 shows that'll invade your living room this fall and separate da boss from the dross.



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81

**DANGER ZONE
TAMIE
SHEFFIELD**

With stints on *Women of Wrestling* and *Fear Factor*, this sexy starlet is all action and not much talk. Any questions?

She's in your corner

ALL NEW!
HOT ZONE
FUNNIER! LOUDER!
AND BLOODIER
THAN EVER
BEFORE!

20 READERS' LETTERS

This month: It's a pom-pom powwow! Cheerleaders answered our prayers. Plus, the best prank ever.

26 JOKES

Are you funnier than we are? You are? We'll never print your joke, then. We've got an image to uphold here, people.

28 CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Meet the gridiron granny, breathe easy with the Pussy Snorkel, and dine with Hiroki in the City of Brotherly Love. Plus, the writing's on the wall: words of wisdom from the bathrooms of New York City.

50 HOW TO

Tailgate, move, conduct a stakeout, throw a boomerang, date a coworker, and spot fake twenties.

BACHELOR PARTY BIBLE

58 BOOK TWO: NEW ORLEANS

Once again we brave a world of jigging boobs, fine food, and even finer booze to get you the skinny on living large before your life sentence. Turns out there's a reason they call it the Big Easy.

SAYS HER

64 TAKE HER HOME...GUARANTEED!

Like that girl across the bar but your knees are a-knock-knock-knocking? Down a shot and follow our five-step one-night-stand plan. Bonus: She won't care if you don't call! (Take a look in the mirror, dude.)

Regulars

p.32



You've got to be kidding, p.28



p.173



p.44



"Woo-wee! I'm not wearing pants!" p.56

I WAS THERE

72 BILLION DOLLAR DUPE

Five years ago Phil Higgs put his life savings in a Costa Rican investment scheme. The money disappeared. Now he's after the guys behind it all.

78 HOT ZONE

Hail, violence! *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is back, *Kill Bill*'s got kung fu assassins, and *Scarface* hits DVD.

173 TOP GEAR

We test everything a growing boy needs: music-sharing sites, speakers, and fried chicken.

180 BAR EXAM

Executive editor James Heidenry will be at your door wearing just a smile if you answer all these questions correctly. Honest.



p.174

159

**UNDERCOVER
OPERATIONS
MAXIM
FASHION**

Gift-wrapping your package? Check out 10 underwear styles that'll have her quivering with anticipation.



"Wow, this is the best disguise ever, Saddam!"

p.30

p.46

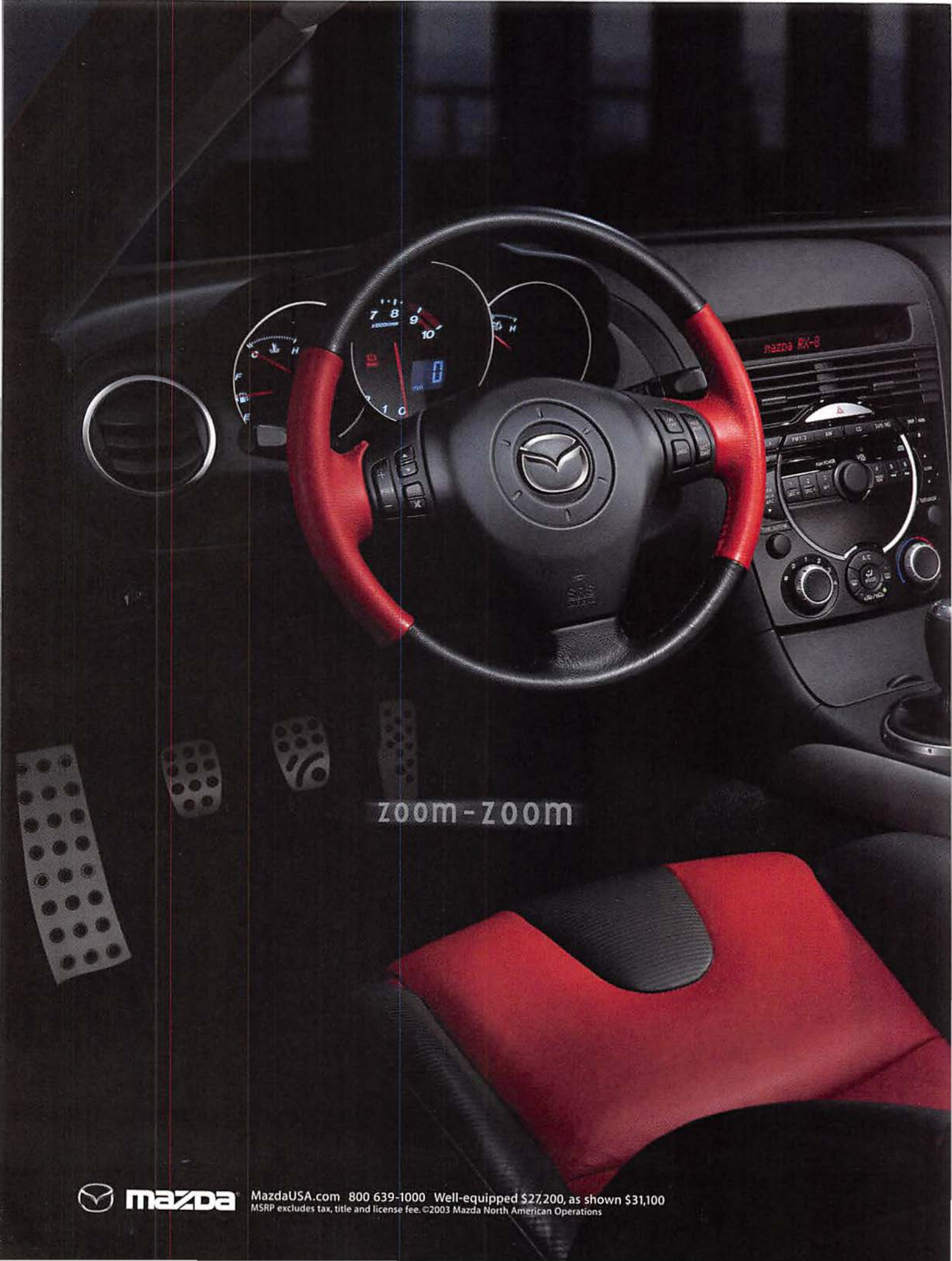


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mazda

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A dark, moody photograph of the interior of a Mazda RX-8. The image shows the driver's side, including the steering wheel, dashboard, and seats. The seats are black with red accents. The text "Gives other sports cars an interior-ity complex." is overlaid in white.

Gives other sports cars an interior-ity complex.

Just looking at it is enough to shake the confidence of any otherwise well-adjusted sports car. In fact, every aspect of the RX-8's interior is the result of one clearly defined goal: To build a sports car that looks, feels and handles like the sports car you've always dreamed about. But have never seen. See for yourself at your Mazda dealer or go to MazdaUSA.com/RX-8.

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That spike* in temperature you're feeling isn't from the greenhouse effect or El Niño or even last night's bean-cuisine dinner. No, such heat can mean only one thing: You're about to meet the 10 gorgeous finalists in our Hometown Hotties contest. Watch for *Maxim's* November issue, featuring a special bonus section containing the 10 hottest girls next door in America, in all their girl-next-door glory. Yee-ha!

BONUS!
GENELLE!
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*The common verb spike is used with permission of filmmaker Spike Lee, © 2003, all rights reserved.



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TOP TEN HOTTIES EXPOSED!

Photograph: Charlie Langella; set design: Shawn Patrick Anderson for JGK; styling: Cannon for Oliver Piro; makeup: Tommy Joiner for artistbythothypiano.com; hair: Todd Bush; Clothing: hat by Shady Brady; bikini top by La Perla; skirt by House of Field; belt and cuff by Meredith Kahn; shoes by Manolo Blahnik.

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EDITOR'S LETTER

Must-smash TV!

▼ **Keith Blanchard**
Shake a leg, honey—
corn dogs is up

Ah, sweet October: jumping in leaf piles, kicking in neighbor kids' pumpkins, and curling up in my Hello Kitty chair to enjoy the new slate of fall TV shows. Well, maybe "new" is stretching it... let's say "new takes on crappy ideas that didn't quite work last year." Is it

possible that millionaire producers are out of touch with us viewers? Let's help 'em out. Here are four fixes for what ails TV; if you've got more, send 'em in and I'll try to forward them on to the appropriate numb-nuts.

Fix #1: Unplug the laugh track. Whatever happened to the live studio audience—real people who laugh when it's funny, instead of a machine that fills every single post-punch-line pause with uproarious cackling? Canned laughter is a preemptive admission of failure: If your wacky new sitcom won't appeal to a captive audience, for God's sake don't unleash it on the rest of us.

Fix #2: Enough with lawyers, cops, and doctors. We now know plenty about these professions—time for a moratorium. What's wrong with electricians, dockworkers, porn fluffers, bat boys, or Ferrari testers? This

is just laziness; there must be a couple of pilots out there about... well, pilots.

Fix #3: Abolish the time-slot switcheroo. Programming geniuses like to dick around with their toys, but what's continually shuttling a show around supposed to accomplish? Remember, we watch TV when we're bored and listless—we don't have the energy to track shows. Those cheery "an all-new *Frasier* at an all-new time!" ads ain't foolin' nobody.

Fix #4: No more reality shows. Seriously, it's starting to get just plain stupid. Yes, it's fun to watch nitwits degrade themselves... but really: *Who Wants to Blow My Roommate's Dog?* If anybody's still watching this crap, it's because there's nothing else on!

Enjoy the issue; I'll be watching Comedy Central if you need me.



Keith Blanchard



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This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.



Hours one intern spent assembling an ass-kicking machine	1.5
Cars photo editor Jo Miller backed into the same pole	2
Inflatable pink dildos randomly received by mail	2
Days before they mysteriously disappeared	3
Position of executive editor Charles Coxe on list of suspects	1
Philly cheesesteaks gratefully snorted by Hiroki (p.30)	8
Hours staffers spent en route to New Orleans for bachelor party story	21
Percentage of that time spent sleeping on floor of an Atlanta airport	19
Rank of that night's sleep among best sleeps of the bachelor party trip	1
Personal effects of staffers broken during indoor office baseball game	9
Game stoppages to consider the consequences	0
Number of cold, hard numbers in this issue	67.5



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YOU TALKIN' TO US?

Allhallows Eve is nigh upon us and the freaks are out in force. This month's mailbag includes letters from an Anna groupie, an office prankster, and a forlorn jailbird. Wanna weird us out, too? Send your creepy missives to the address at right.



Stop hogging the covers, Anna!

Stroke of Genius

Since you began publishing *Maxim*, I've been waiting impatiently for a cover featuring tennis goddess Anna Kournikova ["She Lives to Serve," August]. Thank you, sweet Jesus! I just turned 18 in April, and I haven't done anything "grown-up" yet. But after seeing Anna's revealing pictorial, I think

I'm ready to embrace adulthood.

Gino Justin Sy
Orlando, FL

Oh, sure, we track down Anna, pretend we like tennis, organize a smokin' photo shoot, and who do you thank?

Green Party

In your August issue, you talk about absinthe as though it were a fine Scotch whisky ["Catching the Green Fairy"]. Come on, guys. The shit sears your throat on the way down. I've been swigging this green toxin for five years, so believe me when I say it's best enjoyed when you're already sloshed.

Marco C.

From the Highway of Life

Also best enjoyed when you're drunk: An ass-cleaving wedgie at the hands of co-workers because you blew the company softball game by hitting into a double play. Just ask our summer intern Burt.

Captive Audience

I'm in prison, so I don't have access to computers. That means I can't log on and view your list of Hometown Hotties ["Cream of the Crop," August]. So I was wondering, could you mail me some photos for my album? I'd like to show the pics to my homeys.

Jason Paulino
Tehachapi, CA

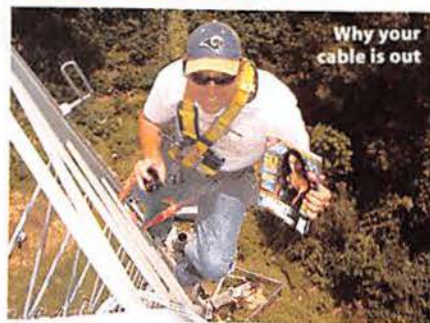
We'll do better than that, pal: We've arranged to have all 100 semifinalists waiting for you in a conjugal visit trailer out in the exercise yard where... "Jason? Jason! Wake up, man, time for your monthly delousing."

DID YOU WIN?

If we printed your letter, we'll send you a Nintendo GameCube. E-mail editors@maximmag.com or write to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.



PUT ME IN MAXIM!



Why your cable is out

Oh, That Old Line

After severe cutbacks in 2001, I lost my cushy flight attendant job with TWA. It's too bad, because *Maxim* made for some great in-flight entertainment. Now I drive a van in Bumfuck, Illinois and fix TV antennas and microwave dishes. But I still get to enjoy *Maxim* while on the job. Whenever I climb an electrical tower, I belt in and pull out my newest issue. At 60 feet I should be holding on for dear life, but you guys are worth the risk.

Scuba Linneman
St. Louis, MO

Those are high-voltage lines, Scuba. Watch where you point that thing!

Woo Who?

Who's the Asian girl on page 86 of your June issue? She's in the ultimate guy diet feature ["Buckle That Belt by July"] and has the most beautiful face I've ever seen. What's her name?

Marc Giraldez
Via e-mail

Sorry. Ancient Chinese secret.

DREAMS DO COME TRUE

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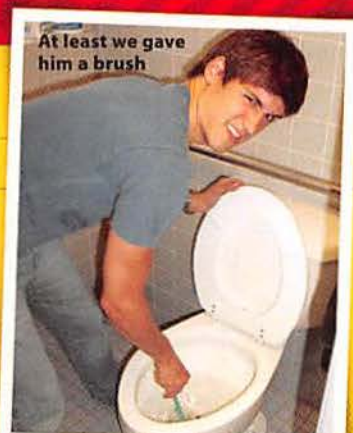
A soul-destroying career in magazines awaits you!

College seniors, put down those bongos. This is your final reminder: We're hiring! In June we'll invite one lucky grad to join us in our New York City office to replace belligerent editorial assistant Jon Wilde. You'll assume his menial duties: Writing funny captions, filling out TPS reports, and fetching canisters of luxurious thigh cream for the boss man. In exchange for this demeaning labor, you'll win: (1) a measly paycheck, (2) an ID card, and

(3) your very own Tony Hawk--signed skateboard, courtesy of video game publisher Aspyr Media (for fetching aforementioned thigh cream). But first you'll need to click to our Web site and fill out an application. Hurry, slacker! You're running out of frickin' time. See below.



DEADLINE: OCTOBER 31
Got mad skillz? Prove it. Apply now at maximonline.com/winthisjob.



At least we gave him a brush

DRESS SHIRTS

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TOMMY HILFINGER





The Chernobyl farmers market

OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Think you could come up with better captions than we do? Prove it! Look at the photo above, of Mother Russia, and write in your best one-liner. If your caption beats ours, we'll ship you cool gear from St. Pauli Girl. We'll also frame the winning caption on this page in an upcoming issue. So e-mail us at caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail it to Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will face our beer bong champion.



AUGUST'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:

"A deal is a deal, savages. We've given you fire. Now you give us your land, freedom, and dignity."
Shawn Prince, Columbus, OH

RUNNERS-UP:

"Your highness, in their culture this is considered a token of appreciation."
Josh Burger, New York, NY

"'Poor Yorick,' indeed! Dashed clever, Elizabeth."
Jim House, New York, NY

A continent away, Tony Blair suffered a fecal urgency like never before.
Rob Leon, White Plains, NY

"Phillip, I do believe he's bogarting the doobage."
Sean Hunter, Nashville, TN

Menace Beach

On page 122 of your August issue, there's a picture of Hiroki dancing with five gorgeous women on a beach somewhere ["Tidal Rave"]. His head looks like it's about to explode. What the hell are you feeding that guy?

Troy Simpson
San Francisco, CA

It's not Hiroki's head that's about to blow. Let's just say the moment got the better of him.

Under Siege

Sure, Gary Busey is batshit crazy. But I thought your one-page interview with him [We Want Answers, August] exposed a thoughtful actor and loving father—in spite of your ridiculous questions, which were plainly obsessed with his former addiction to cocaine. Give the guy a break!

Greg Billory
Cleveland, OH

Oh, OK, next time we'll hound him about his love of Hummels and pretty ponies.

Girlfriend, Interrupted

Thanks for helping me break up with my girlfriend. Your prefab Dear Jane letter ["The Great Escape," June] sure did the trick. I used bits and pieces from it to craft my own girlfriend exit strategy. It was a masterpiece.

Rob H.
Ft. Carson, CO

FYI...your ex has been hounding us for your whereabouts. If Ft. Carson isn't a bogus address, get the hell out of Dodge.

Merry Pranksters

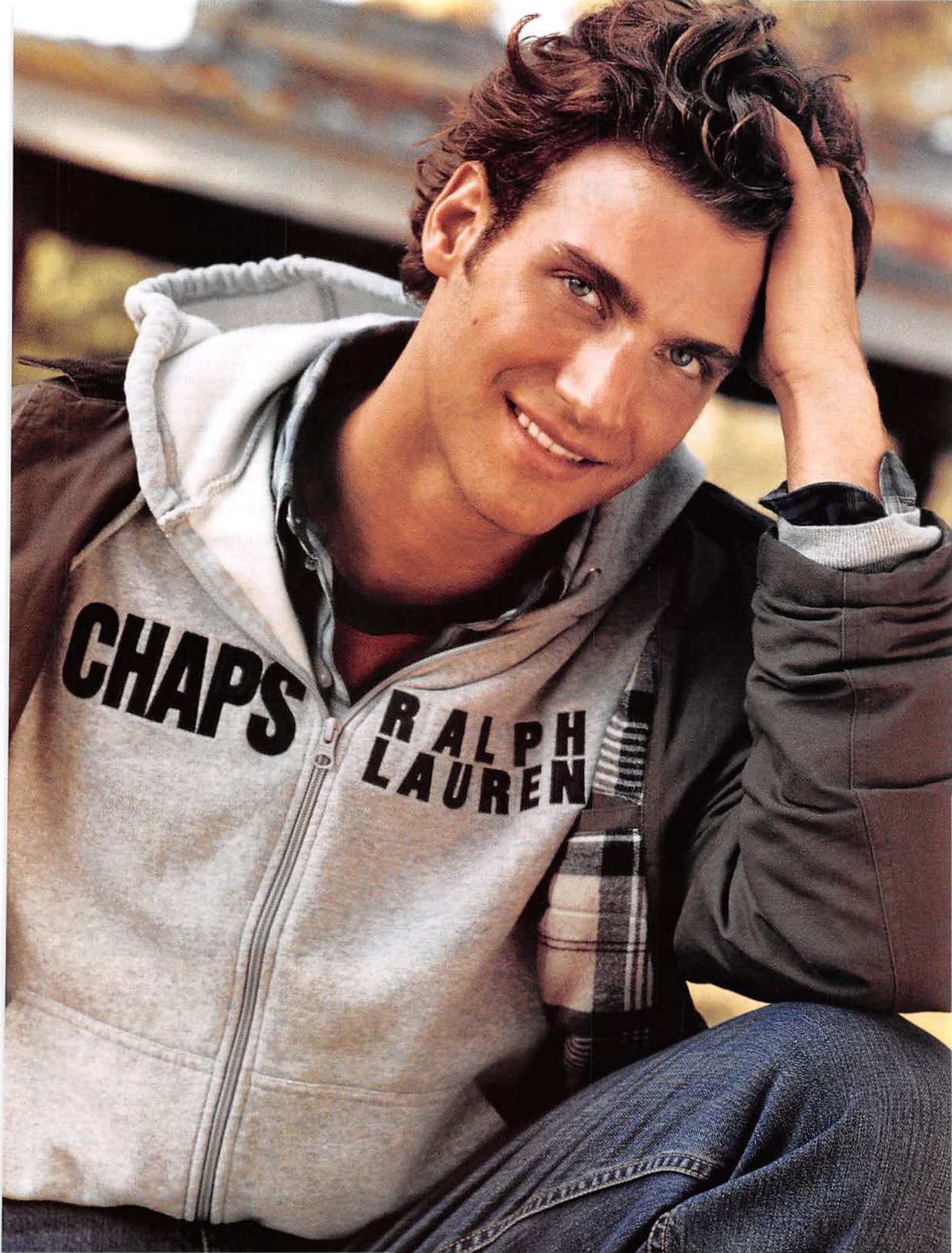
Thanks for the prank ideas ["Dirty Work," August]. My office pulled off a great joke on our boss. While traveling on business, he phoned in to tell us how he had taken a massive dump in his hotel room's bathroom and clogged the shitter. So we drew up a fake bill from the hotel, which showed \$2,300 in charges for labor and hazardous waste removal, and shoved it in his in-box. When he returned home and saw the invoice, he flipped out. It was hilarious.

John McKenzie
Via e-mail

Imagine how funny things will get when he reads about his bathroom escapades in the pages of Maxim...with your name attached to it. Man, are you laughing as hard as we are right now?

His Brother's Keeper

I've been letting my younger, more impressionable brother read your magazine. And now my parents are



LETTERS FROM LADIES

MAXIM TEAM PLAYAS

Last June we invited (OK, begged) female readers to bring it on. We'd just like to say to the male readers who answered our call: Wrong mag.



Keep Your Head in the Game

There's nothing like being at a live football game; the excitement gets me all worked up. I'm talking about the action on the sidelines, of course. Who doesn't like staring at sweat-glistening cheerleaders in pigtails?

Kristen Herold
Diamond Bar, CA

Yeah, we couldn't agree with you more—oh, wait. We thought you said "sweat-glistening pigs in cheerleaders' tails." Never mind, then.

Change Is Good

I'm ready to shed my good-girl image. Come to my college graduation and shoot some sexy photos of me cheerleading; they'd be more exciting than if a local photographer took them.

Tiffany McCallum
Oshkosh, WI

Sorry, but our boss says we're booked solid that weekend, what with the Lipschitz wedding.



Tiffany (left) and Kianna lift our, um, spirits.

Bring It On

I love cheerleading. It's a great excuse for wearing short skirts! I pick up the pompoms for my fiancé; he loves it when I role-play.

Maria Tarrell
Oak Lawn, IL

Hey, we love role-playing, too. Try this: You pretend you're a hot chick, and we'll pretend we're pudgy magazine editors who play Yu-Gi-Oh! in the back of a local chess shop. Wait a sec....reverse that.

Square Root

Hey, Maxim editors, I wrote you a cheer! We've got the heart, we've got the fight! Maxim's gonna win the game tonight! We've got the talent, we've got the heat! Maxim editors just can't be beat!"

Kianna Evelyn Cespedes Robles
Toronto, Ontario

Thanks, Kianna, but that second couplet is totally inaccurate; our boss beats us regularly with the buckle end of his belt.

Women scorned! Wanna get back at your ex-boyfriends? Send all angry rants and pix to editors@maximmag.com or mail us at Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018. If we print yours, we'll reward you with a crisp \$100 bill!

accusing me of being a bad influence on him. As an older brother, I believe it's my duty to teach him about "guy stuff." But how do I convince my folks that Maxim is a good thing?

Joshua Maurer
Cedar Rapids, IA

Don't tell them how great the mag is. Show them. Teach Dad how to perform a blumpkin on Mom.

Paris Is Burning

Love her or hate her, rich bitch Paris Hilton is by far the hottest babe on the media-whore circuit. Man, the pictorial of her in your August issue ["Girls Gone Wild Kingdom"] was simply hypnotizing. I can't stop staring at the shot of her fondling a pitchfork.

Timothy Veatch
Miami, FL

You should've seen the outtakes. Man, that was one lucky manure spreader.

Golden Fleeces

In your feature "The King of Cons" [August], you failed to include two of my favorite frauds: Charles Ponzi and Boss Tweed. The former invented the pyramid scheme. The latter bilked New York City out of an estimated \$200 million during the 1860s—adjusted for inflation, that's about \$3 billion!

Val Goldberg
Mahopac, NY

Don't you have some episodes of Babylon 5 to watch or something? ☒

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YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Rear Guard

Woo-hoo, you're about to score! In a bar's bathroom stall! With a chick! Now what? You could reach for the brittle, desiccated jimmy cap that's been incarcerated in your wallet for about, oh, 10 years. (Man, the prom sucked.) Or you could take a chance on the lime-flavored French ticklers dispensed from the sketchy men's room vending machine. Hell, bro, you need some surge protection. This month we're giving away a year's supply of LifeStyles

hood ornaments in assorted colors, styles, and flavors, including vanilla, strawberry, and banana. Sorry, no snozzberry. As an added bonus, we're awarding our winner a luxurious \$700 padded faux-suede iJoy Massage Chair, with robotic massage rollers...for those lonelier nights. For your chance to win this amazing collection of spanky hankies, log on to maximonline.com. And as always, fellas, all phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be slathered in ketchup and fed to our ravenous pet wolverine.





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FOOTWEAR

NAUTICA

NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay \$150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maxim.com or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Drugstore Cowgirl

A woman walks into a drugstore and asks the pharmacist if the store carries extra-large condoms.

"Yes we do," he says. "Would you like to buy some?"

"No," she replies. "But do you mind if I wait around until someone does?"

—Dan Mohr, Hamilton, NJ

Bumpkin Bumpin'

Q: What do you call the sweat that's produced when two rednecks are having sex?

A: Relative humidity.

—Greg Robertson, Denton, TX

Happy Hour

A man goes into a repair shop to get his watch fixed. But when he sees that the girl running the store is extremely hot, he unzips his pants and lays his johnson on the counter.

"Sir, what are you doing? This is a clock shop!" the shocked girl shouts.

"I know," he replies. "I'd like to get a pair of hands and a face put on this."

—Robert Reyes, via e-mail

Tall Order

A giraffe walks into a bar and says, "High balls on me."

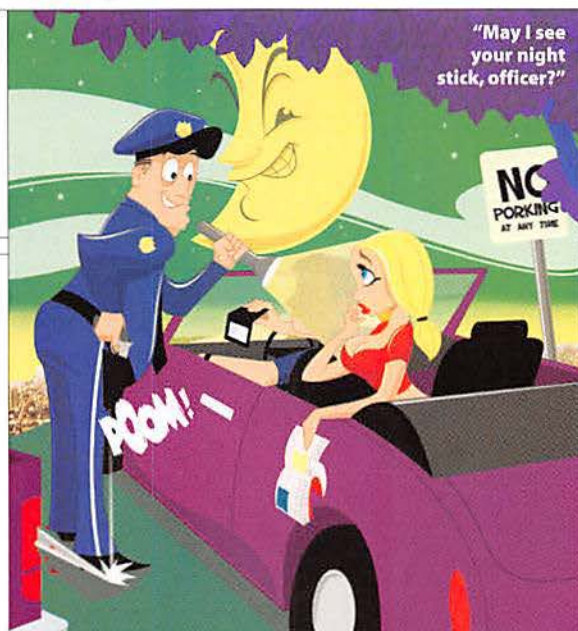
—Troy Johnson, Trenton, NJ

Pet Peeve

Q: Why did the blonde want to become a veterinarian?

A: Because she loved children.

—Benjamin Bellins, via e-mail



THE \$150 JOKE

Auto Erotic

A policeman passes a parking lot around midnight and notices a couple inside a parked car. He stops to investigate and sees a man in the driver's seat and a young lady sitting in the backseat, quietly reading a magazine.

The officer knocks on the driver's window and asks what's going on.

"Listening to music," the guy says.

Pointing toward the young lady in the backseat, the officer asks, "And what's she doing?"

"Reading a magazine, of course."

"How old are you?" asks the officer.

"I'm 28."

"And how old is she?"

The guy looks at his watch and says, "Well, in 11 minutes she'll be 18."

—Jeremy Nelson, Westminster, CO

Workin' Out the Kinks

A man and woman are sitting next to each other at a bar. After a few drinks, the man turns to the woman and asks why she looks so down.

"My husband just left me," she says.

"He thinks I'm too kinky in bed."

"What a coincidence! My wife just left me," the man replies. "She said I was too kinky for her!"

Ten minutes later, back at her place, the woman says, "Let me slip into something more comfortable," and she goes into the bathroom to change into a leather dominatrix outfit. But when she returns, the man is walking out the door.

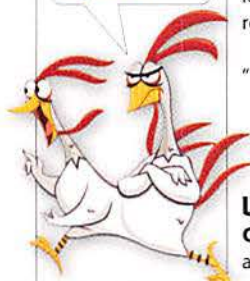
"Where are you going?" she asks.

"Didn't you want to have kinky sex?"

"Well," he says. "I just screwed your dog and shit in your purse. I'm done!"

—Sean Shurtleff, Jupiter, FL

Q: How did the math professor get rid of his hemorrhoid?
A: He worked it out with a pencil.



Unhitched

Q: What do a jackknifed semi in Ohio, a guy getting a divorce in Alabama, and

a tornado in Kansas have in common?

A: They're all fixin' to lose a trailer.

—Omid Gillani, Chicago, IL

Gettysburg Undressed

A man wearing a stovepipe hat, a fake beard, and a waistcoat sits down at a bar and orders a drink.

"Goin' to a party?" the bartender asks.

"Yeah," the man replies. "I'm supposed to go dressed as my love life."

"But you look like Abe Lincoln."

"That's right. My last four scores were seven years ago."

—Gene Azarskis, Spring Valley, IL

After-School Special

Q: Why did the blonde coed have sex with a Mexican guy?

A: The teacher told her to do an essay.

—Nate Cooper, Denver, CO



Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at maximonline.com.



NEXT MONTH: THE ORIGINS OF THE JAPANESE FLAG

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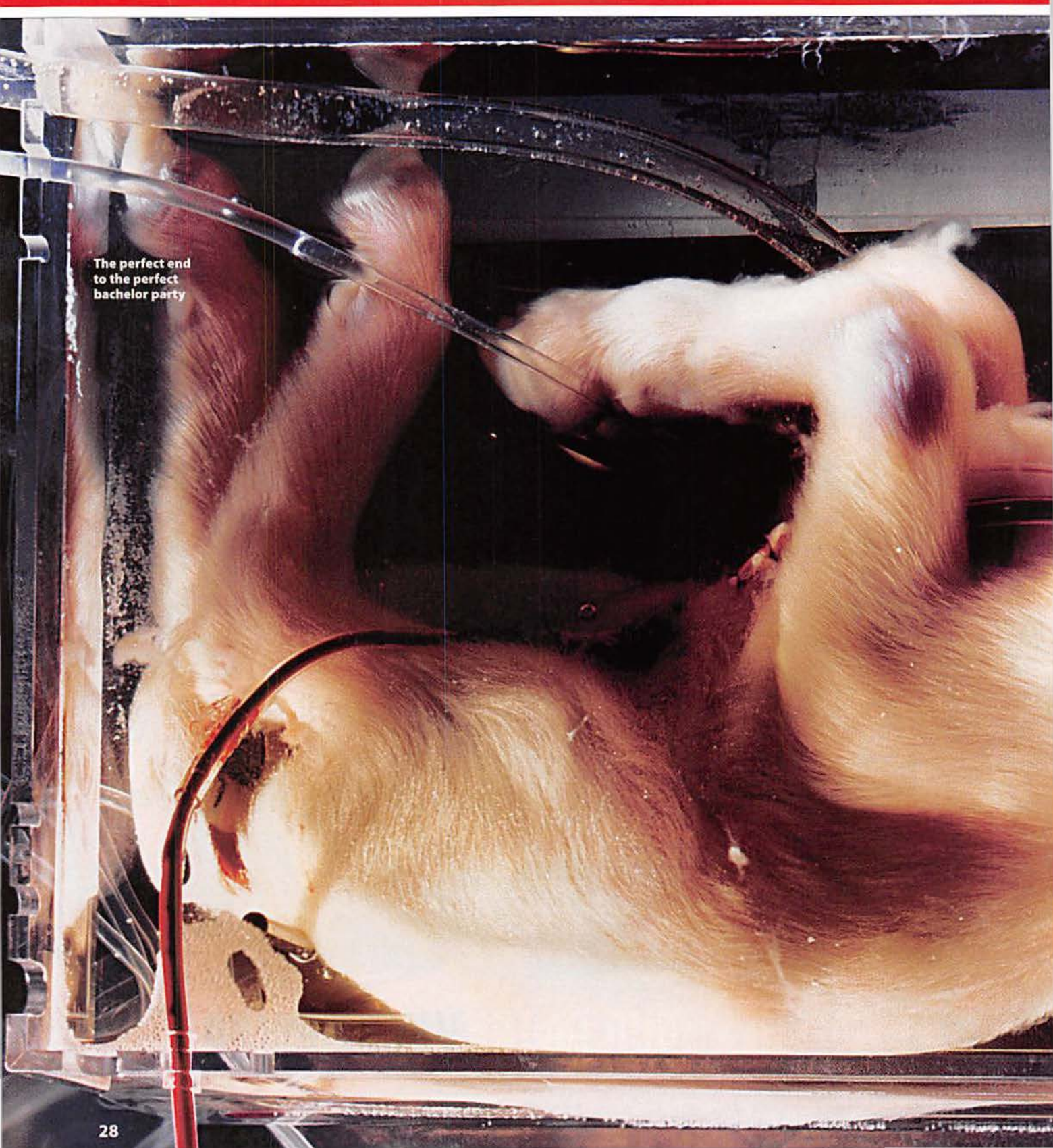
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to the perfect
bachelor party

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A Maxim
View of
the World

> THE BIG PICTURE

OPEN WOMB

Is it a box lunch for pit bulls? Nope, it's a uterus. Read on...

Many problems can occur with natural childbirth—miscarriage, congenital defects, ugly babies—so Japanese scientists developed this prototype for the world's first artificial womb. The test subject is a goat fetus, taken from its mother's body after 17 weeks and raised for the final three weeks of its term in a clear acrylic tank. Submerged in a synthetic amniotic fluid, the prenatal goat has its blood cleaned, oxygenated, and enriched with nutrients by machines connected to its umbilical cord. But growing a goat in a jar ain't as easy as it sounds—one survived for six years outside the tank, but most croak only a few days after being removed. Undeterred, head scientist Yoshinori Kuwabara hopes to develop a uterus able to support human fetuses through an entire term within five years. Hyperethical naysayers worry that easy access to the fetus could tempt parents to genetically modify their children, creating freakishly perfect "designer babies." But we say that if there's any way to supersize the penises of unborn lads and spare them the tortured insecurity all you guys face, then, by God, it's worth it!



"Someday I'll be
part of a show in a
Mexican whorehouse!"

HIROKI! EATS AMERICA!

LIBERTY BELCH

We sent our Japanese art assistant to Philly to rate cheesesteak stands. The catch? He had to write his reviews in "English."

**Geno's Steaks****Price:** \$5.75

Hiroki wrote: "Bread is good Franch, it's stylish. It's enough size to gobble. I feel almost throwing up. I hate this wiz orange oily jizm. Congrats! With onion needs more fried. Painted orange wet my appetite."
★★★★☆

**Jim's Steaks****Price:** \$5.70

Hiroki wrote: "Totally it's great, number one Philly steak. Onion is so sweet soft cooked, best onion, cheese is royal cheese, melty and tasty. Beef is hashed, easy to gobble. Sometimes use a chopsticks, will be Korean style."
★★★★★

Nick's Roast Beef**Price:** \$4.25

Hiroki wrote: "Cooking style is kebab style, you should eat before roast beef got cold. But I don't like a bun, just roll. Need improvement. Not to try and keep wet. Beef taste is not juicy. Means sweet."
★★★★☆



(Not actually Allen Iverson)

Pat's King of Steaks**Price:** \$5.15

Hiroki wrote: "Steak is much more better than Geno's. Cheese is much salty, onion is perfect cooked. Means not chopped, lazy. That's enough, *no mas* Philly steaks. Now my lips is getting numb."
★★★★☆

**Dalessandro's Steaks****Price:** \$4.70

Hiroki wrote: "The size is huge! As big as 1.5 times New York size with mushroom. Juicy is dripping cheese with sauce. Beef wasn't slice cut so it's easy to eat. Looks like Dinamite meat bomb, tons of hum."
★★★★★

**Le Bec-Fin****Price:** \$400

Hiroki wrote: "Oh my goodness! Liberty in my mouth! I've never had like this sensitive lemon. Veal perfect with red wine feels like Godfather, just bite like beast. Tea and cakes feels like a English people. Thank you, budda!"
★★★★★

THE MAXIM LIST

EIGHT WORST COSTUMES

1. Professional soccer player
2. Sheldon R. Fishbein, tax attorney
3. The middle child
4. Gérard Depardieu in *Green Card*
5. Noted CNN anchor Aaron Brown
6. Oates
7. Colostomy bag
8. Mrs. bin Laden



30

Number of muscles in a cat's ear.

"Why do I always get the apples with razor blades?"

ON LANGUAGE

CUNNING LINGUAL

Increase your vocab with this glossary of crude euphemisms.

consisting of many units of pants, and a fondness for rotten apples.
airplane blonde (ār plān blōnd) *n.* a dyed-blond woman who comes equipped with a black box.
beeriod (bērē-əd) *n.* moodiness due to extreme hangover.
Bruce Lees (brōōs lēz) *n.* hard nips.
Ikea™ bulb (ī-kē'yā bulb) *n.* a woman who blows the moment she's turned on.

the common method for ready a one-night stand.
NYPD blue (abbr. New York Police Department, blōō) *v.* to make sweet love to a woman whose arms and legs are spread against the hood of a cop car.
tit pants (tīt pānts) *n.* a bra.
vommunion (vom yōō-nish'an) *n.* food eaten to line the stomach before binge drinking.
wolfbagging (wōōlf bāg-ing) *v.* to have sex with a wolf whilst inside a large bag



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Los Angeles, CA

310.555.1234

Tarita Virtue

Private Investigator



> WORKING GIRL

MANHUNTER

This month feast your eyes on America's hottest private eye.

Name: Tarita Virtue

Experience: When we think P.I., we think Magnum. Thankfully, Tarita doesn't sport a gay-porn-star 'stache, but she *does* enjoy the mayhem of being a high-profile private investigator in Los Angeles. "I've had to chase famous producers down Rodeo Drive, then through restaurants while the kitchen staff yelled, 'He went that way!'" And like any good detective, she's no stranger to undercover work. "I pretended I was a lesbian once," she says. "I thought I could just wing it, but there were a few terms I wasn't familiar with." We had to look up *slot-locking*, too.

Qualifications: Tarita has some *huge* guns: a Glock 9 mm, a Winchester rifle, and a shotgun. Yet her most fearsome weapon may be a laptop. "I could get your PIN codes, your credit card numbers—I could do anything," she says, knowing we'd let her. Lucky for the guys she dates, however, Tarita doesn't use her powers for evil. "Some people deserve to have dirty secrets." Tell that to our IRS auditor.

HELP WANTED!

- > Know a hot smoke jumper?
- > A frisk-worthy cop?
- > Or any hottie with a cool job?
- > E-mail her pics and info to workinggirl@maximmag.com and we'll give her a page in *Maxim*!

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA



Maxim subscribers see more photos for free in the Maxim Lounge at maximonline.com.

BLOOMINGDALE'S, BURDINE'S, MACY'S, RICH'S/LAZARUS/GOLDSMITH, THE BON MARCHE © ARAMIS INC.

ARAMIS LIFE



LIFE. IT'S A GREAT GAME.

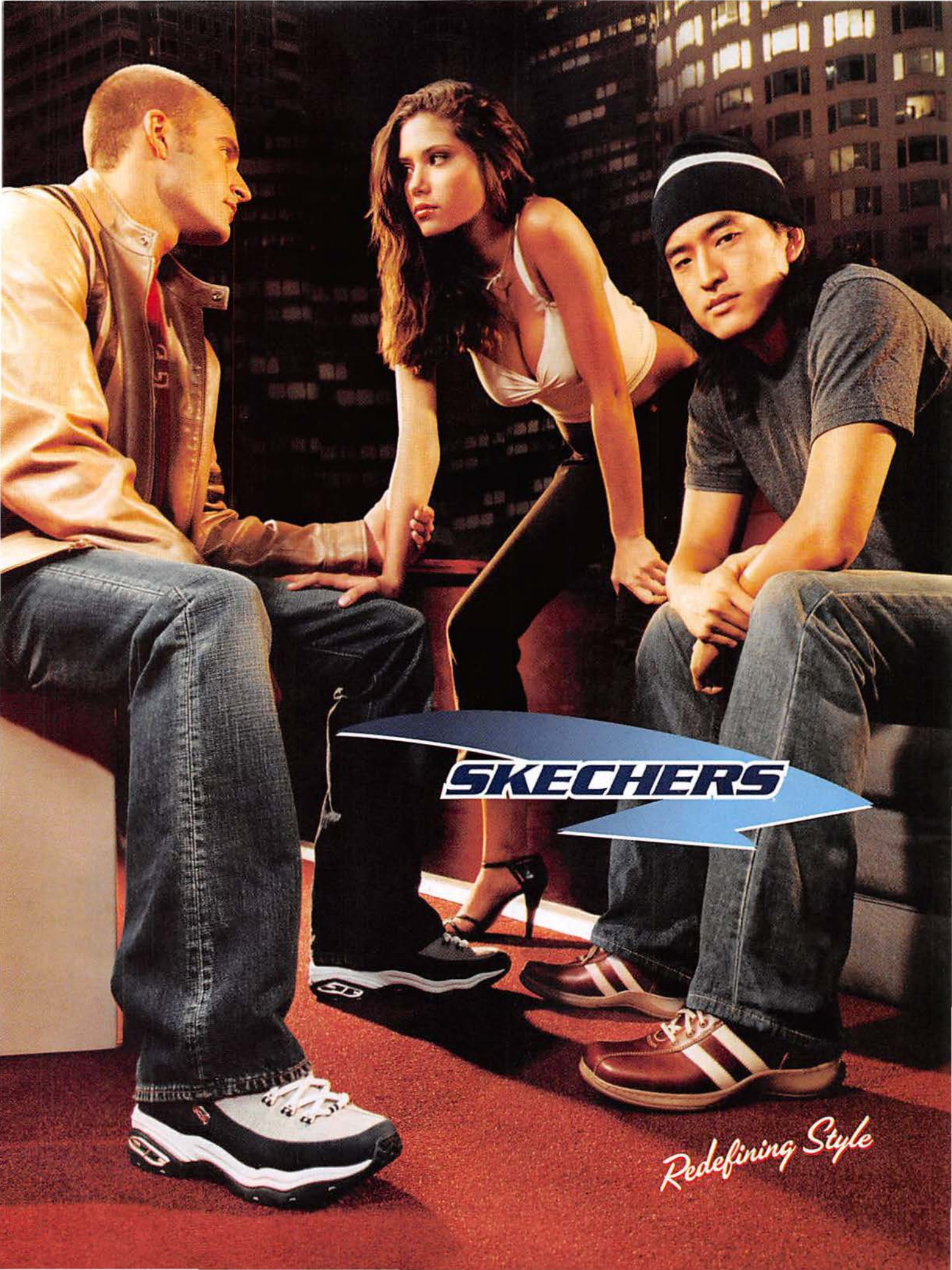
-ANDRE AGASSI

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Beav come
out to play?



> BAD TRIPS

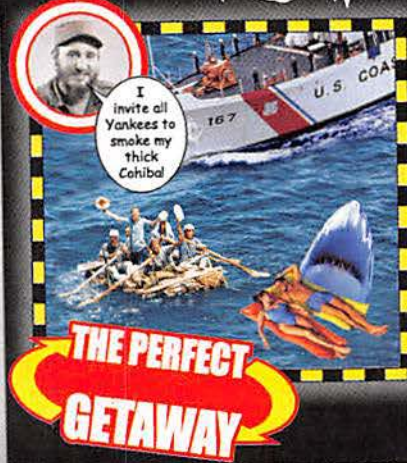
BOMB VOYAGE

Looking to vacation somewhere exotic this
year? Behold the power of advertising!

When SARS hit, Hong Kong wisely scrapped
its "We'll take your breath away!" ad campaign.
These troubled countries weren't so on the ball.

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LIKE CIGARS?
HATE CAPITALISM?
IT'S TIME YOU ESCAPED TO...

CUBA



THE PERFECT
GETAWAY

See: Women's eyebrows!

BACKSTABBING ALLIES!

TERRORIST CAMPS!

OIL!

Come
to

SAUDI ARABIA

land of sobriety and

PUNITIVE AMPUTATION!

We swear to

GOD

you'll be

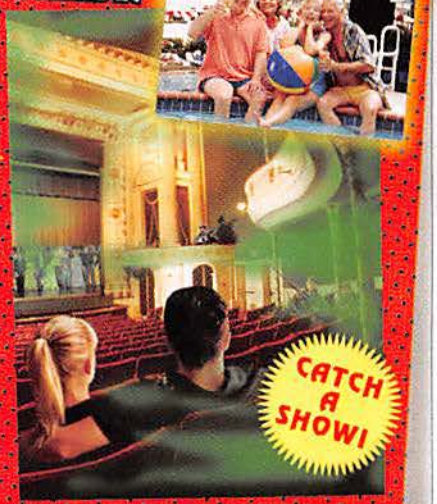
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A REVOLUTIONARY VACATION!

CHECHNYA

WHERE
VODKA
AND
ISLAM
COLLIDE!

MOLOTOV
COCKTAILS
BY THE
POOL!



CATCH
A
SHOW!

TRON 2.0

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THE WORLD INSIDE YOUR COMPUTER.

A viral agent threatens computer systems worldwide. Countermeasure programs have identified you as the source. Battle to survive the sinister conspiracy that threatens to corrupt one reality and forever transform another.

JET BRADLEY
THE USER

The word surrender does not compute.

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NVIDIA GeForce FX
The GPU of TRON 2.0

NEWS YOU CAN LOSE

THIS JUST IN!

If someone else printed it first, then it *must* be true...

Three of these stories are factual. Can you guess the one we made up?

FISHERMAN CATCHES SHARK, HELL

A man angling off a Los Angeles pier caught a 6-12-foot-long great white shark, then was threatened with a misdemeanor when he killed and ate the protected species. A state wildlife official tracked down the man after seeing a newspaper photo of him posing with his catch.

CITY LOATHES SELF

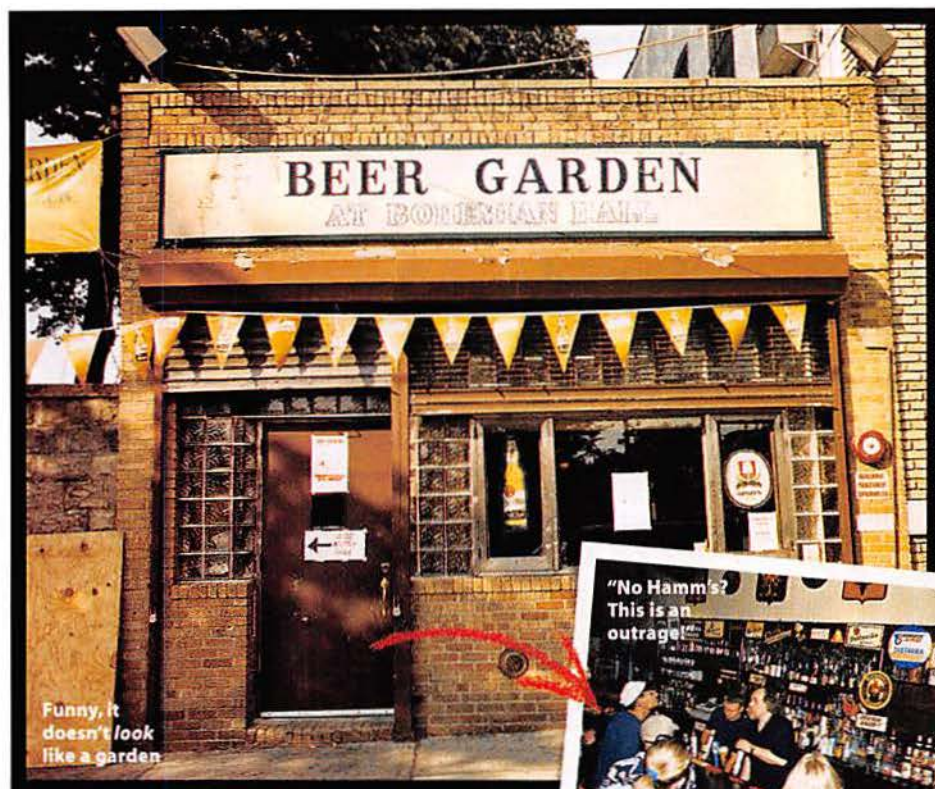
The town of Lone Rivers, Illinois changed its name to Joan Rivers in an attempt to lure tourists. The reconstructed former comedienne has never visited the 647-person hamlet, located 120 miles east of St. Louis. Officials are even considering using Rivers' voice in lieu of the town's air-raid siren.

MILWAUKEE FULL OF SCUMBAGS

Hundreds of used condoms were found bobbing in Milwaukee's harbor after the Cream City's sewage treatment plant spewed them into Lake Michigan. Plant representatives say the love gloves were flushed down city toilets, but didn't know why the plant failed to filter the party balloons properly.

ELDERLY EAT OUT FOR LESS

An enterprising Australian brothel is giving senior citizens a five percent discount every Sunday. "We thought if we gave pensioners a discount like other businesses," said Neil Campbell, owner of the Viper Room in Brisbane, "they might come more often."



BAR O' THE MONTH

BOHEMIAN HALL

Experience a little old-world gluttony in craptastic Queens, New York.

It's nice to know there's a place where a New Yorker can drink his weight in beer all day without being bothered by the neighbors.

Unfortunately, that place is in middle-of-freakin'-nowhere Queens. Bohemian Hall, the city's last remaining European-style beer garden, is a walled-in oasis within the urban blight.

"People can come here and be as noisy as they want," says manager Maria Jelinek. The 25,000-square-foot beer garden opened in 1919 as a Czech community center but now caters to throngs of younger partyers looking to relive the backyard keggers of yore. Wash down your goulash with frosty Staropramen while an oompah band plays and you'll forget what city—and what year—you're living in. "We try to give you a lot of food, just like the Czechs," Jelinek says. "We want to stuff you." Sound good? Czech out Bohemian Hall at 29-19 24th Ave., Astoria, New York, or call 718-274-4925.



Value of Ron Werner's world-record beer bottle collection, if returned for recycling.



Look at those jugs!



Fiddle me this...



Drunk-yard dogs

Enter your dive at mybar@maximag.com to win \$250. Hit up maximonline.com for rules.

He used to be the good guy.

WEDNESDAYS

The WB's
SMALLVILLE



SEASON PREMIERE 10/1



Own SMALLVILLE: The complete first season on DVD 9/23

DIRTY WORDS

Like the vast majority of our brilliant ideas, this one came to us while we were stupid drunk at our favorite dive bar.

- Rules For Using Public Bathroom
1. FIND A clean stall.
 2. USE T.P. TO COVER SEAT.
 3. BE SURE stink doesn't touch seat.
 4. BE AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE.
 5. WHEN LEAVING MAKE SURE COAST IS CLEAR.



YOU CAN DRINK SCOTCH + SODA,
I'LL TAKE RON SWOBODA.

TRUST FUND?

GO GO BACK TO
KANSAS

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE
IS NOT A PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED,
BUT A REALITY TO BE EXPERIENCED.

EVEL KNEIVEL
FOR PRESIDENT

Realize that one day there won't be anymore
BEER + WINE TO SHY AWAY FROM THE PAIN AND
DESPAIR OF LIFE.



I THINK
MY ASS
JUST PUKED!

SATAN WAS HERE!

SATAN POOPS?

Where do you think
Republicans Come from

ALWAYS
MESS
WITH
TEXAS

THE
MOUTSTACHE
LIVES!

UNION MEMBERS
ARE LAZY



ISRAEL
OUT
OF
PALESTINE!

LET ME PLINCH YOU IN THE NUTS!
11:30 FRIDAYS?

We're Drunk!!
We're ON Duty!!
We're The Government!!
Repect! Mikhael Gorbachev
2004

LIFE...
SLEEP...
WORK...
SEX...

DEATH...
ORDER...

PUT THEM IN THE RIGHT
+ YOU WIN.

WHO THE HELL IS SCOTTY BOWMAN?
hes the coach of the Redwings

400 YEARS OF OPPRESSION!
WHITE PEOPLE GO HOME!

Why are Aussies
BETTER THAN FRENCH?
CAUSE THEY KISS
LIKE FRENCH
ONLY UNDER

YOUR MIND IS A WEAPON—
CONFUSE IT.

SORRY "Army Goy" My Mind is
More Like a Copsie Pelican gland.

HELP ME
SOMEONE



uh right

I WOULD WRITE MY
NAME HERE.
BUT THAT WOULD BE
VANDALISM!



I WOULD HAVE CUT HERE
WHEN I WAS A MOB SPOT
1960-1970s

007
IS
KING

MAY
JIMMY
ARMSTRONG
REST IN
PEACE
A LEADER
AMONGST
DRINKERS
AND A
FANTASTIC
FISH
SOUP!

Ew! Who left
the seat up?

You're watching a bad movie.
She puts her hand on your knee.
You're watching the greatest movie in the history of film.



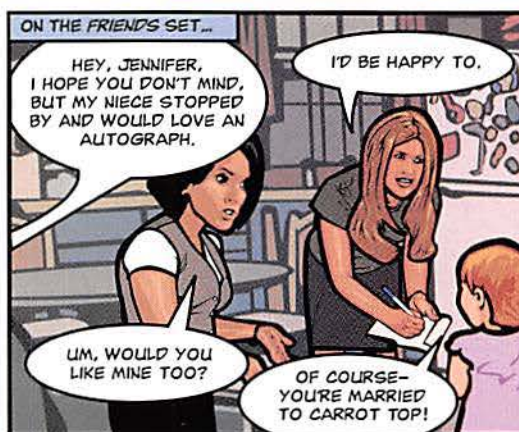
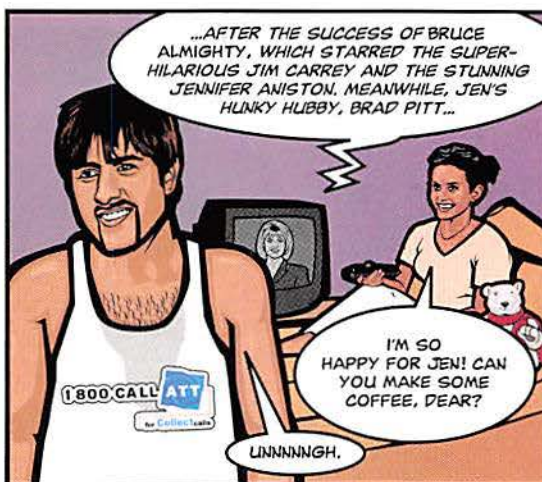
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BY COJO "ART. JOGGERNAUT"



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MILITARY OUTFITS

DRESSED TO KILL

The Pentagon brass preps for future ops with these killer new duds, due in 2006.



■ Helmets contain built-in binoculars, radios, infrared cameras, and screens to show GPS coordinates so GIs can always find Shoney's.



■ The uniform technology, dubbed the Objective Force Warrior, relays a soldier's vital signs to CENTCOM.



■ Rather than weigh down a grunt with 120 pounds of gear, as is common now, key equipment is incorporated directly into the suit.



■ The armor holds water, ammo, batteries, and pics of Ellie Mae from back home. Good news for pussies: Artificial muscles may be added.

"Warriors...come out and play-e-yea."

■ "This will make a soldier a walking F-16," says Dutch DeGay, project engineer for the OFW program in Natick, Massachusetts.

■ Can't decide between khaki or camo? "Chameleonic technology" could allow for uniforms that mimic soldiers' surroundings.

■ So where did the OFW program look for inspiration? "Predator sparked a lot of thought in the community," says DeGay, Junior, not so much.

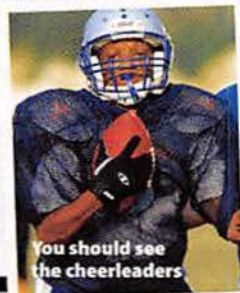
■ The new uniforms won't be field-tested until 2010, but a few may be ready for combat—and rap videos—as early as 2006.



FOUR QUESTIONS FOR CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS

...the oldest player in the Independent Women's Football League.

You're goin' down!



You should see the cheerleaders

1. How does a 5'4", 70-year-old great-grandmother become a safety for the Orlando Starz?

Two years ago I saw a sign advertising tryouts. I wrote on the application that I was born in 1932, but apparently the coach thought I was 32.

2. Got any gridiron role models?

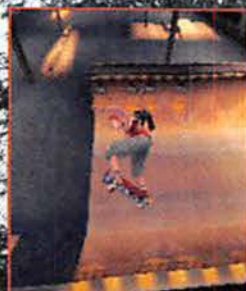
I like Warren Sapp—he reminds me of one of my grandsons.

3. How do your gargantuan teammates feel about you?

I sense the girls holding back sometimes, but I'm like, "Hey, I'm going to lay you out." Some may think I'm crazy, but the players all respect me because I made the team.

4. How much do you bench?

Thirty pounds, at least twice a week. And I eat like a horse.



More Tony Hawk's Pro Skater



More Tomb Raider



More Red Faction



More SonicN



More MotoGP



A black and white photograph of a mobile home with a curved front, situated in a clearing surrounded by tall evergreen trees. The home has several windows with curtains and a small porch with stairs.

This is where
I left Kate, Lucy and Michelle
begging for more.



Wireless multiplayer game play
Game card titles from top publishers
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Bluetooth technology
MP3 music player-FM radio
Built-in mobile phone
n-gage.com

N-GAGE
NOKIA

anyone
anywhere

> PLANET MAXIM

NINA
MORIC

It's about time Eastern Europe made up for the Yugo.

As seen in: Polish *Maxim*, November 2002

Her story: For Nina, squeaking out a living as a glamorous model and a star of Italian television is fine as day jobs go, but her real dream is to become...a lawyer? This former Miss Croatia is best known to American audiences as the drool-inducing seductress who gets manhandled by Menudo's own Ricky Martin in the "Livin' la Vida Loca" video. Perhaps scarred by this experience, she's now finishing her law degree while simultaneously hosting the popular Italian variety show *Torno Sabato*. How does this hot legal eagle feel about being the center of so much attention? "I don't see myself as a sexy girl, but I do like my breasts," she says. "They're great." She'll get no objections from us.



Maxim subscribers see more photos for free in the Maxim Lounge at maximonline.com.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUNO BISANG

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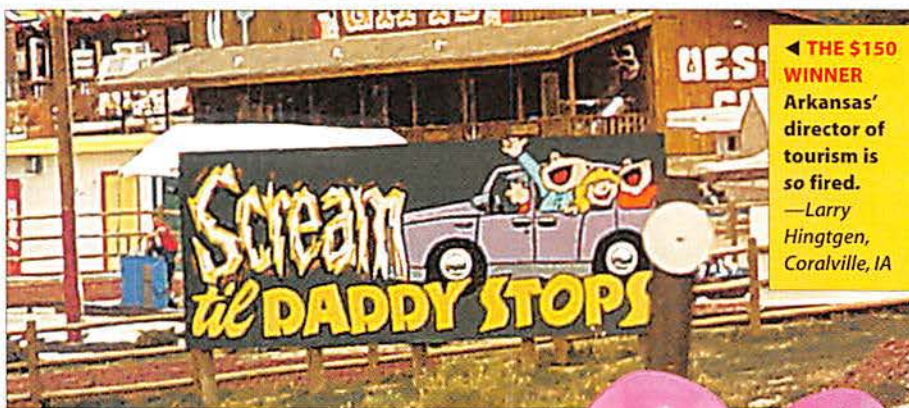
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- Controls flaking, itching and irritation associated with dandruff



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GARNIER



◀ THE \$150 WINNER

Arkansas' director of tourism is so fired.

—Larry Hingtgen, Coralville, IA

> SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

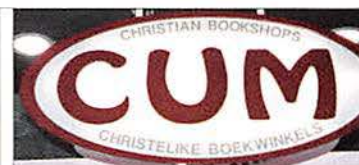
FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.

RUNNER-UP

Junior size? Uh, they look plenty big to us.

—Charles Ashton, Ephrata, PA



▲ RUNNER-UP

"Excuse me. Where are your books on the golden shower rule?"

—Sharon Mozgai, Edison, NJ

RUNNER-UP ▶

Eating out tonight, ladies?

—Tyler Costen, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia



▲ RUNNER-UP

"The hydrant loves me, you bitch!"

—James A. Brown, Vancouver, WA

HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL SMUT LATELY?

If it turns us on, we'll send you \$150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., New York, NY 10018.

> SEX GEAR

THIGH DIVING

Nothing says "I love you" like a gizmo that says, "Fire in the hole!"

Not sure going to bed with you is humiliating enough for a woman? Then strap on the Pussy Snorkel, a totally tubular breathing apparatus that lets you give her a good tongue lashing without being subjected to her musky essence. Simply insert the nasal stems into your nostrils, tighten the one-size-fits-all head clasp, and use the built-in clitoral stimulator to...wait, where'd she go? "I've used it on a woman, and I've also had it used on me by both women and men," swears creator Michelle Basilotto, who touts the underwater potential of the device. "All three ways were equally enjoyable!" Whether you're into three-ways or not, you can buy your one-way ticket to loneliness for 13 bearded clams at pussysnorkel.com.

Leave it to beaver!



20

Percentage of Americans who clean up after their dogs only if someone is watching.

> LAW AND DISORDER

NUISANCE SUITS

If disgruntled Creed fans can sue the band for sucking, then we're gonna demand some justice of our own!



1. Defendant: BETTY FORD

Charge: While she may save a life occasionally, Ford and her "clinic" have turned our most debauched stars into whimpering talent voids.

Damages: Pursuant to the Chevy Chase Accord, Ford shall supply cocaine, whiskey, and lap dances until all clean and sober celebrities start back on the path to ruin.



2. Defendant: ALF

Charge: Reckless endangerment due to his reintroduction into the national consciousness via grating TV commercials.

Damages: The wisecracking, oily-furred puppet must offer full compensation for every book, movie, and ballet we've shelled out for now that we're terrified of watching television—again.



3. Defendant: JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

Charge: Despite negligible talent, he popped Britney's cherry and beds starlets at will. This simply cannot stand.

Damages: Upholding the ruling in *U.S. v. Wahlberg*, the defendant must remain 200 yards from any MTV event and do community service at Hefty Pines Camp for Overweight Teens.



4. Defendant: BEER

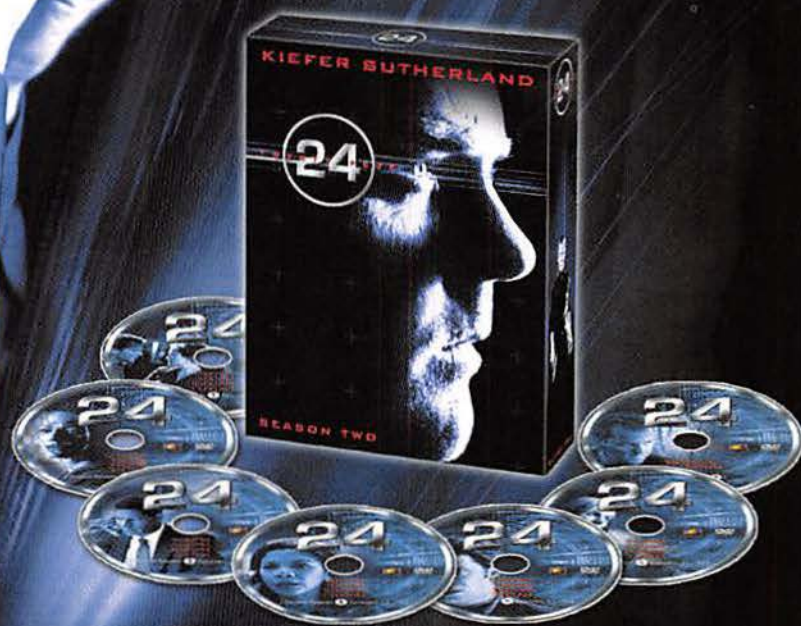
Charge: Despite its promise of hot chicks and unforgettable fun, the defendant has given us little more than a huge piss belly and the inability to remember college.

Damages: All decent breweries will provide us with a lifetime supply of their sweet nectar.



**"24 Is Original, Wild And Very Cool...
DVD Is Absolutely The Perfect Way To Enjoy It."**

— TheDigitalBits.com



OWN SEASON TWO ON DVD

Nothing else on television could compare to the second season of "24" — except for the **THIRD SEASON**.
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ENTERTAINMENT

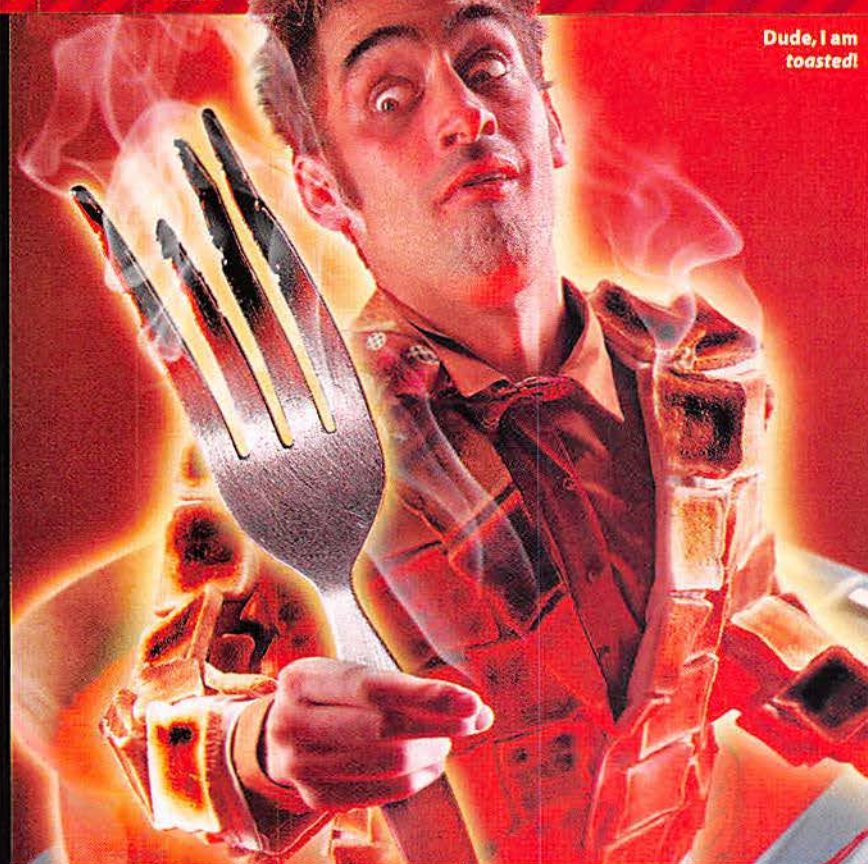


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Dude, I am
toasted!



The perils of Internet dating

gigantic ice cube: England, Argentina, Chile, Norway, Australia, New Zealand, and France. "Save for Norway and France, the nations do not recognize each other's claims," explains Christopher Joyner, professor of international law at Georgetown University. In other words, no one friggin' cares—after all, the terrain is uninhabitable unless you're building a Fortress of Solitude. Besides, the "finders keepers" theory doesn't apply: The Russians claim their Admiral Thaddeus von Bellingshausen washed his balls in Antarctica's ice water in 1821, but the U.S. contends that an American named Nathaniel B. Palmer saw it in 1820. Hey...come to think of it, that place is ours!

Q: What's the difference between first- and second-degree murder?

A: Aw, are those bullies from the mailroom picking on you? "Conditions vary from state to state, but first-degree murder generally involves both intent and premeditation," says Daniel Conti, a criminal defense attorney in Uniondale, New York. Let's say Joe goes out with a gun in his hand to shoot down his old lady—that's first-degree. But if Joe comes home to find her with a backdoor man and kills her out of rage, that's second-degree. (If he shoots the sheriff or any other officer, it's automatically first-degree in some states.) Voluntary manslaughter means someone negligently endangered a life, a common charge for drunk-driving deaths. But if someone is killed with no intent to injure or in self-defense, it's involuntary. Got it, Matlock?

Yay—a
cookie
cutter!

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers your electric-shock, ice-block, smokin'-Glock questions.

Q: Can I really electrocute myself by sticking a fork in an outlet?

A: Let's hope so. In the mildest scenario—there's *always* the chance it could kill you—the outlet would send three milliamps ($\frac{3}{1,000}$ of an amp) of current into you, enough for a tingle. But at 14 milliamps, you'd experience muscle contractions and the always hilarious can't...let...go sensation. Now, if you stick a fork in an outlet and you're wet, that current can jump to 500 milliamps. "Water reduces the body's resistance to voltage," explains Michael Morse, Ph.D., associate

professor of electrical engineering at the University of San Diego. If—er, *when*—you get the electric chair, you'll have 10 amps delivered straight into the brain, cooking you all the way through. Lightning, which carries thousands of amps, passes through your body quickly on its way to the ground. If it misses your vital organs, not only can you survive but you'll also have cool superpowers!

Q: Who owns Antarctica?

A: Over a 30-year period beginning in 1908, the following countries claimed portions of the

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?

Send them to Ask Anything, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, fat stuff!

> MORAL AUTHORITY

ASK FATHER JOHNSON



WELL, AFTER THE FORNICATION WANES, A MAN NEEDS TO ASSESS HIS HAPPINESS WITH THE RELATIONSHIP HONESTLY. IF HE ISN'T BEING HIMSELF AND HIS FRIENDS ARE GIVING THE GIRL A BIG THUMBS-DOWN, IT'S TIME TO PART WAYS.



Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Mike Austin, Craig Better, Paul Bibeau, Cojo, Chris Connolly, Shauna DeGeorge, Ky Henderson, Steve Kandell, Dan Kraus, Marcy Smith, Andrew Vontz, Jon Wilde. Father Johnson illustrations by Lyman Daily.

NAUTICA COMPETITION

THE NEWEST PLAYER IN MEN'S FRAGRANCE

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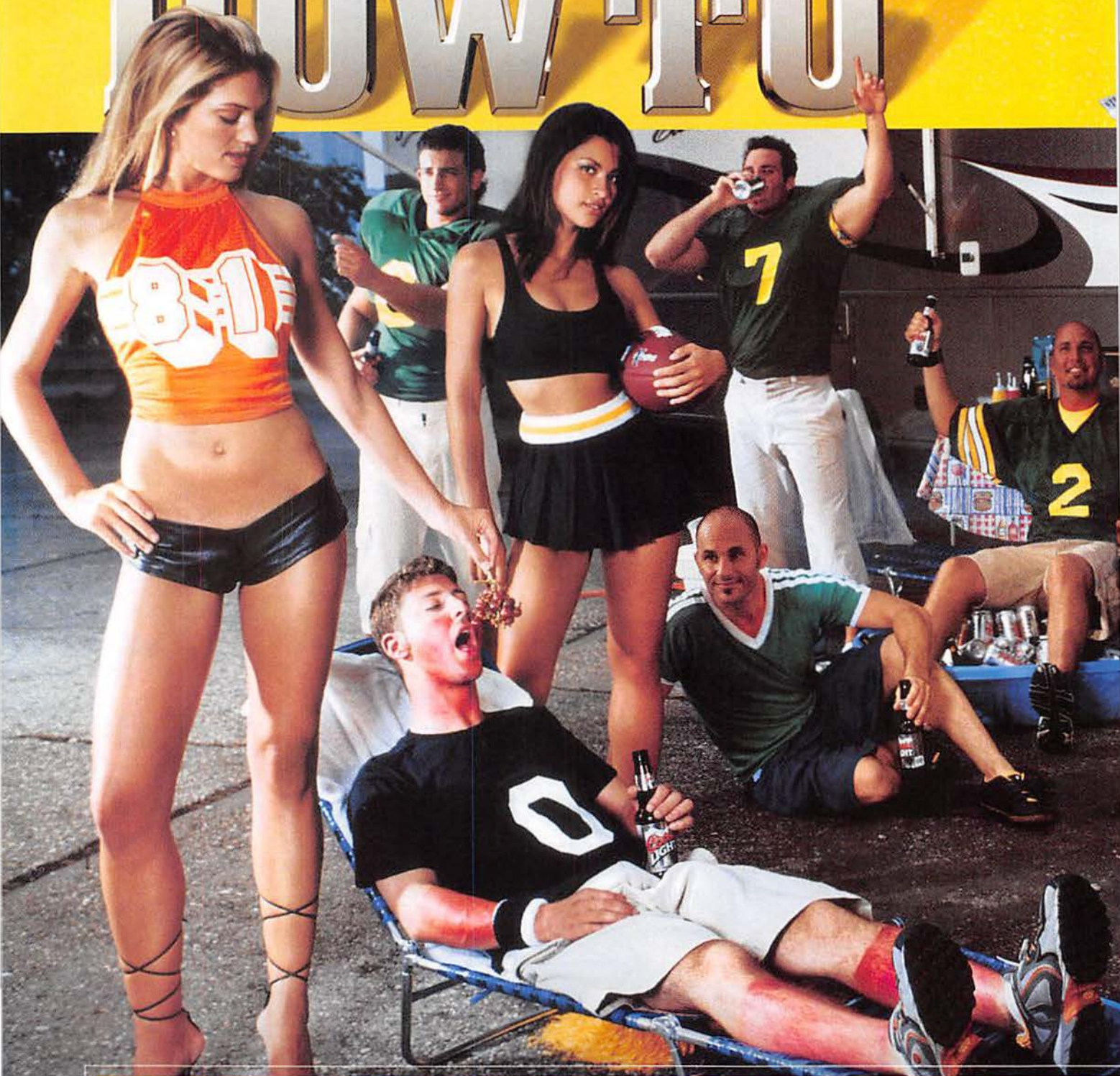
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HOW TO



> HOW TO

TAILGATE LIKE A PRO

Host a rip-roarin' concrete picnic with food, booze, and 50,000 of your closest friends!



They sure take their peewee football seriously around here



Football season isn't just an excuse to sit around on Sunday grilling meat, inhaling Chee-tos, and guzzling beer. It's an excuse to do it *in a parking lot!* Let our experts show you how.

1. PLAN AHEAD

"Start the party Saturday afternoon," suggests the eminently wise Greg "Tittletown's No. 1 Clown" Jenss, who's been entertaining Packers fans in his green and gold clown makeup for 11 years. Pack your food in plastic containers and load nonperishables into the car the night before. If you're cheering on the Cardinals, bring a kiddie pool for a beer cooler/wading pool. If you're cheering on the Bills, bring a steel campfire ring. If you're cheering on the Bengals... oh, just kill yourself.

2. MARK YOUR TERRITORY

Professional tailgater Joe Cahn—it's his full-time job—suggests arriving at the stadium three hours before kickoff. Why? Because he's insane. But it *will* guarantee you a parking spot at the end of a row so you'll have extra room to spread out the party. If friends are meeting you, fly a team banner near your car. Tip: Hot-pink boxers tied to the car's antenna work even better.

3. DRINK UP

The most important part of any tailgate is booze. Jenss brings a Bloody Mary bar to early-morning and cold-weather games, but beer is the key. Figure 1.5 brewskis per person per hour—and don't forget the postgame wait while the lot clears out. Freeze two gallon jugs of water the night before; they'll keep the beer cold in the cooler, then provide water to put out the grill.

4. CHOW DOWN

It's not the size of your grill; it's how you use it. Whether you steal your neighbor's Weber or turn your pickup into a giant hibachi, don't cook anything fancier than hot dogs, burgers, brats, and chicken. Bring enough food for your friends—plan on each one deep-throating three sausages—plus extra to share with nearby moochers and roving packs of wild dogs.

5. OH, YEAH—WATCH THE GAME!

"You don't need a ticket to tailgate," Jenss says. A car radio will broadcast the game just fine, but serious fans bring TVs and gas-powered generators so they can watch from the comfort of their own cars. Just be sure to have a set of jumper cables handy, especially if you're using the car radio. On the other hand, a dead battery is just an excuse to stake out your spot for next week!

HOW TO

"Hey, Kissinger, bring lemonade. It's hot down here."



> HOW TO

SPOT A COUNTERFEIT

Recognize fake twenties so you can fob them off on the elderly!

Although the new \$20 bill—the most counterfeited denomination—is more difficult to duplicate than its predecessor, any punk

with a printer can still mint funny money. In fact, according to Special Agent Brian Marr of the U.S. Secret Service, \$70 million in bogus cur-

rency is currently in circulation. "Counterfeiters use the same networks as drug traffickers," he explains. Use this handy guide to keep it real.

1. Even without the cool glasses, Andrew Jackson's portrait looks 3-D on the new bills because the frame has been removed. "Fakes look flat," Marr says. It's the opposite of breasts.

2. New twenties have pastel shades of green, peach, and blue. Ink-jets can copy these fabulous hues, but even the best printouts will look—ew!—pixelated.

3. A vertical security thread along the side reads USA TWENTY. Since many counterfeiters print twenties onto bleached-out singles, this feature is often absent from phonies. Also, any bill with Snoop Dogg's face on it is *not* legal tender.



4. A ghostly Andrew Jackson watermark should appear when you hold it up to the light. Not only is this spo-o-o-o-ky; it's too expensive to dupe.

5. The 20 in the bottom right corner will change color from copper to green as you tilt the bill up and down.

6. Look for faint yellow 20s in the background. Then scratch and sniff—mmm, lemony!

7. The biggest challenge is replicating the paper, which isn't paper at all. "American currency is a blend of cotton and linen," Marr says. You really *do* feel a difference when you wipe your ass with it!



▲ Pinch tightly in order to get the right spin.



▲ Tilt your wrist slightly and throw overhand.



> HOW TO

THROW A BOOMERANG

Play with yourself in public the same way real Australians do!

PREFLIGHT

Like your ex-girlfriends, boomerangs come in a variety of odd shapes and sizes; that, plus the right combination of spin, arc, and wind resistance prevent them from flying straight. A basic crescent shape—like an airplane wing, the bottom is flat and the top is curved—with an 80- to 120-degree angle is a good starter 'rang (pick one up at the United States Boomerang Association Web site, usba.org). Wait for a windless day, then find a place with 50 yards of open space, like a meadow or a church.

HOLDING PATTERN

Pinch the bottom of the boomerang tightly between your thumb and the side of your index finger, with the curved surface against your thumb. "If 12

o'clock is holding it straight up and down, twist your wrist and tilt it to about 1:30," says USBA president Tony Brazelton. This will give your curved stick upward propulsion, which should be a nice change of pace for you.

LIFTOFF

Never throw sidearm—the boomerang will flip and crash to the ground faster than Pauly Shore's career. Throw overhand, stepping forward with your opposite foot. "A tight pinch will enable you to give it a snap," Brazelton explains. "That's what's going to provide the spin." Follow through with your arm extended in front of you at eye level. Catch the boomerang by clapping it between your hands...or put an apple on your head and go for style.

"Call me Kangaroo Jack one more time and I'll kill you."



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WHY WAIT
WHEN THERE'S

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HOW TO



> HOW TO

SURVIVE MOVING

Landlord found the bodies in your closet? Time to plan a hassle-free move!

1. ADD IT UP

Moving always sucks, but there are ways to make it suck less. You can save money by doing it yourself—or by bribing your pals with beer—but according to David Sparkman, V.P. of communications for the American Moving and Storage Association, there are hidden expenses. “The biggest cost is your own labor,” he says. Allow yourself two weeks to pack up a one-bedroom apartment, and measure out what can fit into your new place so you’re not forced to take a chain saw to your spakin’- new couch.

2. PACK IT AWAY

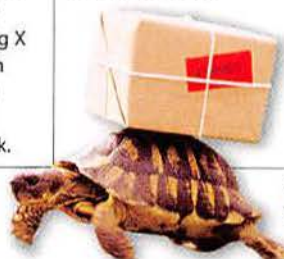
Stealing boxes from the grocer ain’t gonna cut it—check uhaul.com to find out just how many you’ll need. Pack a few boxes each day and store them all in one room so they’re not in the way. If you’re moving a computer, search the hard drive for a program called ship.exe, which will retract the internal moving parts. Framed pictures should be packed in flat boxes, with paper around the edges. Bubble-wrap mirrors and put a big X across the glass with masking tape—you don’t need another seven years’ bad luck.

3. FARM IT OUT

If you’ve got the cash, hire pros, but investigate ‘em before handing complete strangers your worldly possessions. “Call three moving companies, minimum,” Sparkman suggests. Go through the AMSA mover referral service (moving.org) to feel hernia-belt secure about your choice. Also, movingadvocatetam.com lists notorious scofflaws—so don’t hire those bums.

4. KEEP IT CLEAN

Be wary if one estimate is much lower than the others; it might be setting you up for surprise charges later. “A big red flag is an estimate based on cubic feet instead of weight,” Sparkman says. Weight can be checked, but movers can pack a truck to inflate cubic feet. Keep an eye on them as they’re loading so your new plasma screen isn’t smashed into a fine powder. If anything is damaged, note it on the paperwork—you’ll have nine months to file a complaint, and they’ll have 120 days to pay up. Bon voyage, sucker!



“Yo, hare!
Wait up!”



ACTIVE

ANTI-PERSPIRANTS & DEODORANTS

Developed with Athletes



*For 24 hour
odor and wetness protection*



> HOW TO

CONDUCT A STAKEOUT

Like to sit on your ass and wait for stuff to happen? Perfect!

BASIC TRAINING

Want proof the mailman and his dad are banging your girlfriend? Do as the Feds do. "Familiarize yourself with the surroundings," says Mike B, a special agent for the FBI. Unless you're staking out a pimp convention, wear bland clothes; the idea is to avoid looking suspicious while loitering for hours. Mike suggests carrying a cell phone, a newspaper, and a small cooler; people pull over to make calls or eat all the time. Depending on the intelligence (we use that term loosely) you're collecting, you'll need anything from notes to photos to videotape. If, for instance, you want to prove your boss is selling human organs, use a camera and zoom lens to record the exchange of cash and spleens.

FIELD WORK

Unlike in the movies, it's actually tough to follow someone in a car, so get your buddies to help by positioning their jalopies a few blocks away in all directions. If you're on foot, you'll have to get more creative. "When most people think they're being followed, they look directly behind them," Mike says. "So sometimes you want to be across the street or in a store looking out a window." If anyone does confront you, have a legitimate reason for being there; if you're in a drugstore, for instance, explain that you're merely buying a douche. Once you get that pic of Cliff Clavin wearing your girlfriend's panties on his head, get a lawyer, you stalker freak.



> HOW TO

DATE A COWORKER

Because there's nothing worse than an underworked staff.

1. CONTACT NEGOTIATIONS

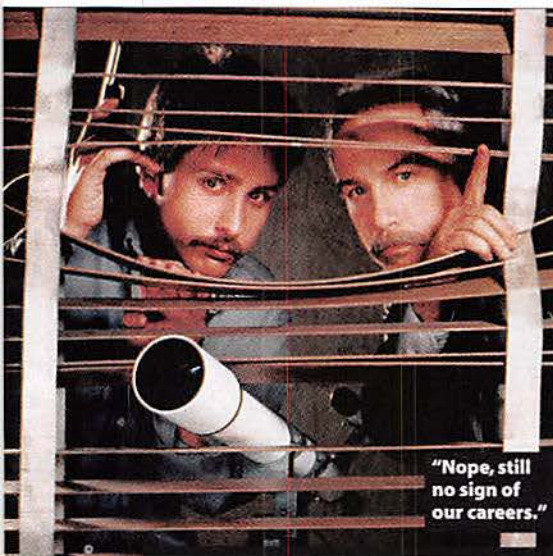
Tragically, you spend more of your meaningless life at work than in bars. So instead of wasting precious time "doing your job," why not use it to meet women? "Since you're constantly around her, you can quickly gain a sense of who a female coworker is," says sex therapist Sue McGarvie, host of sexwithsue.com. While standing around the water cooler or deep fryer, tell her about your weekend—um, gloss over the part about the tap classes—so she sees you as a real person instead of just another drone. Then bring up a stressful work topic and casually invite her out for a drink to unwind. She'll drop her guard, and you'll get your hard drive formatted in no time.

2. PROHIBITED CONDUCT

You can't plan for love—or gin-fueled hookups—but avoid big problems down the line by steering clear of supervisors and interns. Check your company's policy on "fraternization"; if it's forbidden, never communicate over e-mail or voice mail—Instant Messenger's safer—and keep weeknight sleepovers to a minimum, since people will catch on if you leave and arrive together. To avoid seeing too much of each other, sidestep lunchtime plans by claiming you have a meeting, a lot of work to do, or a debilitating eating disorder. Finally, leave your emotions at home; your boss won't take kindly to teary-eyed, closed-door discussions—especially if she's the one crying.

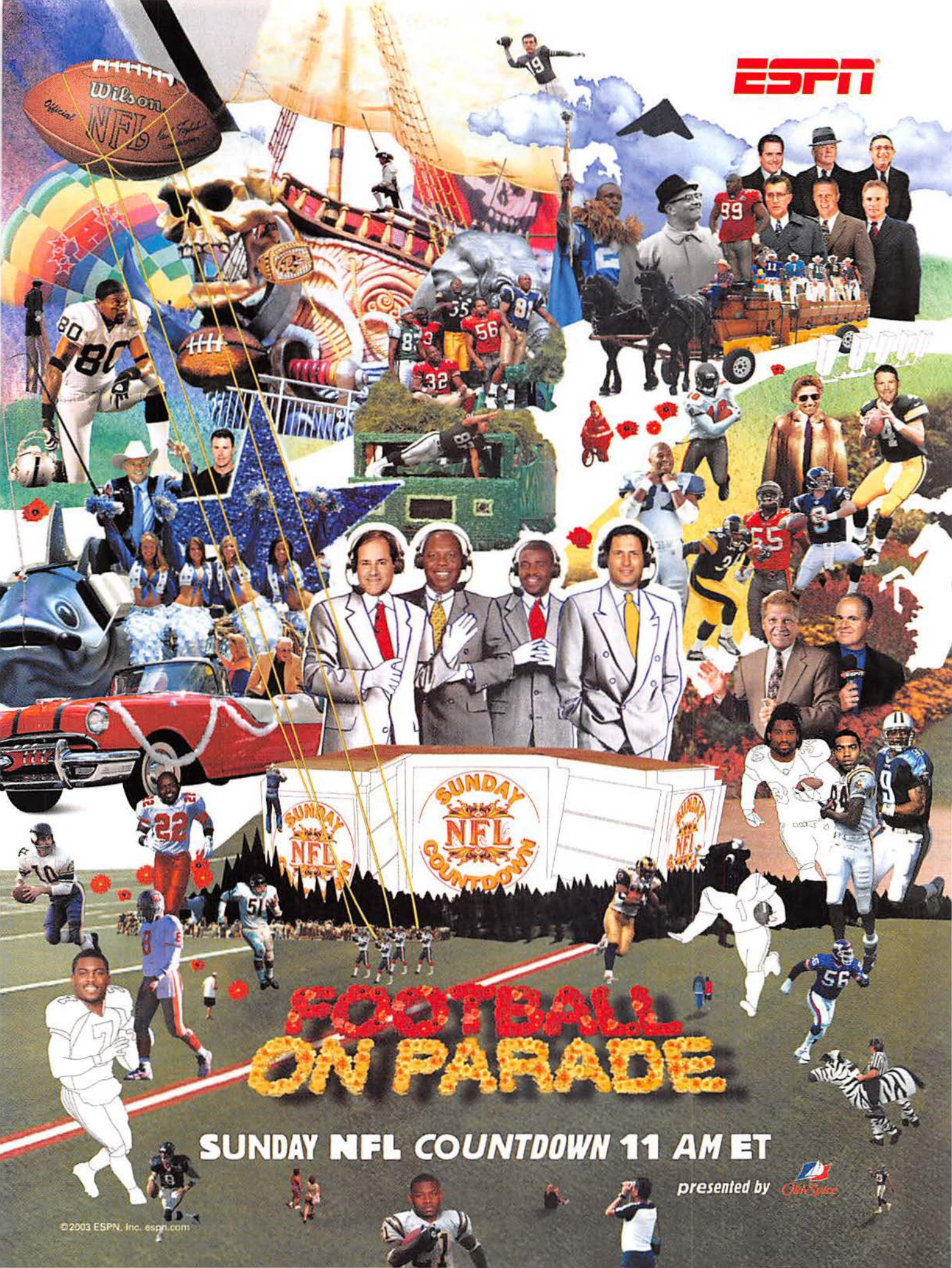
3. DOWNSIZING

All you wanted was the occasional quickie on the copier, but she's in the market for his-and-hers filing cabinets. Let her down easy—bring her somewhere neutral, like a park or Switzerland, and break the news on a Friday after work so she has the weekend to recover. "Take six weeks without any interaction that isn't on a professional level," recommends McGarvie. You can ignore passive aggressiveness, but be prepared for her to go nuts and spill her guts to your coworkers. Once she calms down, invite her for a friendly lunch to smooth things over. Ask advice on work issues to let her know you value her opinion, but avoid sensitive topics like, say, the sweater kittens on the new redhead in accounting.



Look sharp!

ESPN

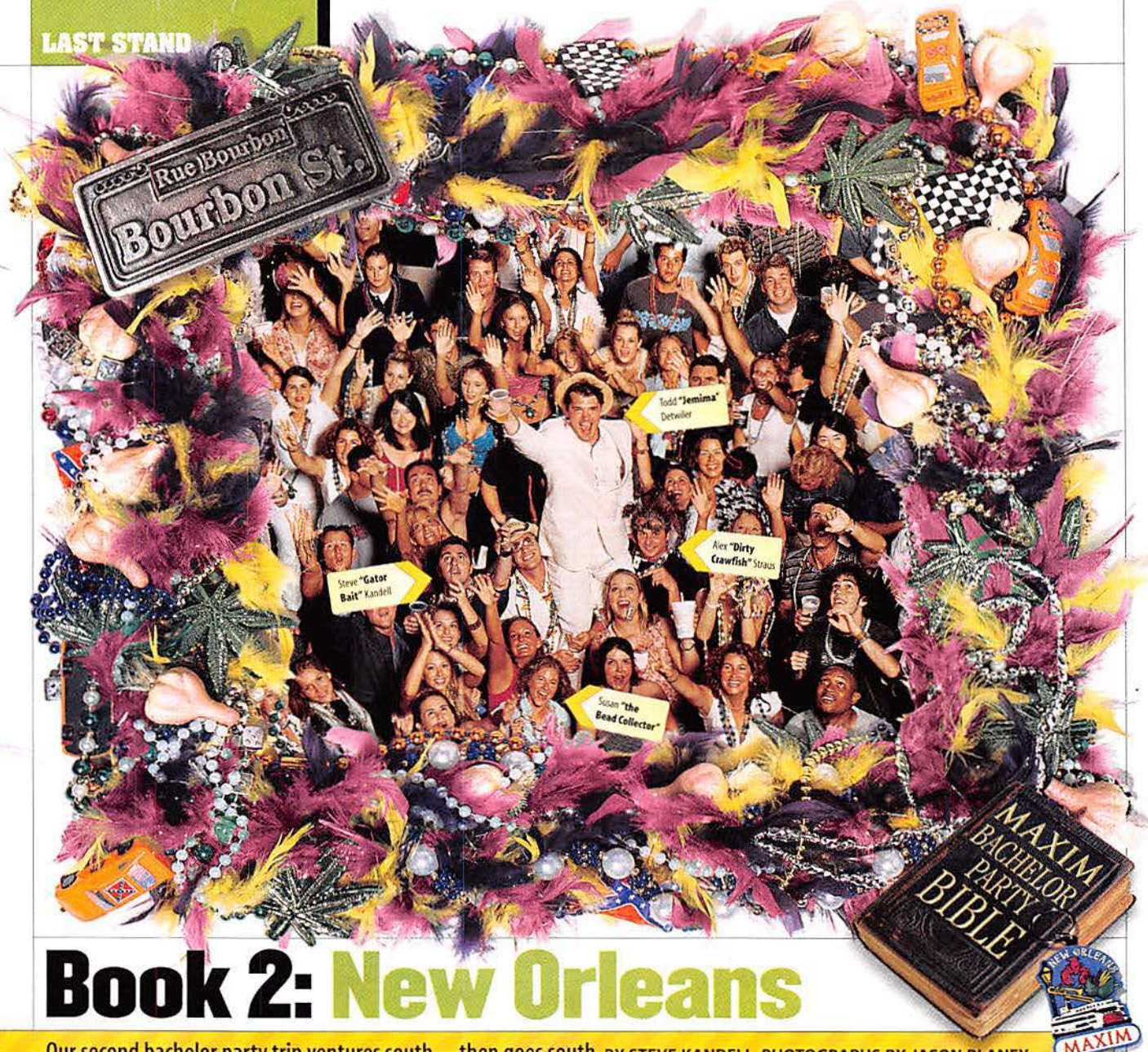


FOOTBALL ON PARADE

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Book 2: New Orleans

Our second bachelor party trip ventures south—then goes south. BY STEVE KANDELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON BLANEY

BAYOU BITS

The spicy Cajun-style numbers behind N'awlins.

➤ **1,282** Arrests for drunkenness at last year's Mardi Gras.

➤ **24** Arrests in a normal week.

➤ **12** Strip clubs in the square-mile French Quarter.

➤ **0** Supermarkets in the Quarter.



Hey, there are no cocks allowed back here, buddy! This is our freakin' Fortress of Solitude!"

The inner sanctum of this grimy New Orleans strip joint has everything I always imagined it would: naked women, skunkweed smoke, and bad metal. DeLuxe, the dark-haired dancer who has invited us back into Temptations' backstage chambers, quickly assures her spun-out colleague we're just helping pick out songs for her next set.

"No Scorpions!" warns the crazy-eyed blonde. "I fucking hate the Scorpions." Fine. Ratt it is, then.

Unless you've been living under a rock (or missed Issue #69), you know why we're here. This 36-hour all-expenses-paid scouting trip is a *Maxim* community service: to boldly test the waters of hallowed bachelor party haunts and

report back to you which ones are worth your fleeting time. Follow our lead and your pal's last hurrah will make his impending sexless marriage feel like a chance to catch his breath.

The last temptation

The big knock against Bourbon Street is that it's a tourist trap... and it is. But Walt Disney World it ain't. Out-of-towners flock to this piece of swamp real estate 'cause it's blessed with cheap hooch and even cheaper cooch. Yeah, we know New Orleans is rich in unique French-Creole culture. But this is a stag party. There are laws to break and orgies to attend—you can check out the jazz clubs with your boyfriend.

As we're quickly finding out, New Orleans gentlemen's clubs come in three flavors: the dirty, the really dirty, and the pig-in-filth dirty. Unfortunately, piggy

dirt in the Big Easy means exactly that. In fact, Artist Café on Iberville Street smells downright soiled. Maybe it's something the old ladies stripping onstage are secreting. Or possibly the cheap beer's finally getting to us. Either way, after halfheartedly slipping singles between stretch marks for a few sets, we're starting to feel a little unsanitary ourselves. But just a little...

Lesson #1: Dirty is sexy. *Really* dirty isn't.

Lesson #2: Man cannot live on boobs and Beam alone. We should know—we tried.

After slowly extracting the barstools growing out of our collective ass, we walk around the corner to the world-famous Acme Oyster House. Greeting us is self-proclaimed "bad mothershucker" Michael "Hollywood" Broadway, who has shucked 1,100 oysters per day for 21 years (that's a total of... who cares). I jump behind the bar for a lesson, ▶



Bootleg Lisa Simpson trading card



MADE TO MOVE

MICHAEL VICK
NIKE PRO VENT COMPRESSION TOP
FLEXIBILITY TO GO

A photograph of two black street signs with white lettering, mounted on a corkboard. The sign on the left is tilted and reads 'Rue Bourbon' in a serif font. The sign on the right is also tilted and reads 'Rue D'Orléans' in a smaller font at the top, and 'Orleans' in a larger font below it. In the background, a green sign with the words 'LAST STAND' is partially visible.

Rue Bourbon

Rue D'Orléans

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10 P.M. Rock 'n' Bowl, a bowling alley/bar: the calm before the sex storm.



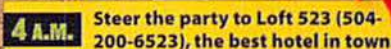
1 A.M. Grab nine girls ASAP. Niccol's Limo (504-468-1787) sold separately.



Noon Fill 'er up at René Bistrot (504-412-2580). Hey, it's good for the skin!



2 P.M. Beer, blowup girls, and gators with Captain Tommy (504-689-7497).



4 A.M. Steer the party to Loft 523 (504-200-6523), the best hotel in town



3 A.M. Finally! Rick's on Bourbon is the cream of the strip-circuit crop.



2 A.M. Make an idiot of yourself at Coyote Ugly. And love every minute of it...



8 P.M. Booze? Babes? Beef? Get all three at Ruth's Chris Steak House.



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?? A.M. Every bachelor party must go out with a bang. Two if you're lucky...

BAYOU BITS

➤ **9.1** Dollars spent on beads and trinkets during Mardi Gras... in millions.

➤ **2,274** Trash
(not including
us) picked up
during Mardi Gras
2002... in tons.

and in the time Hollywood shucks three dozen, I manage to open one oyster and one major artery. Time to blow this joint before the health inspectors show up.

"I want to see dead people," mutters Todd as we stumble out of Acme. This isn't quite as deranged as it sounds: New Orleans is a full eight feet below sea level and sinking. As a result, since the 18th century, when flooding sent coffins popping out of the ground, N'awlins stiffs have been interred in ornate above-ground mausoleums. We're off, *Easy Rider*-style, to the graveyards. Good times.

So what do we learn after two hours in a maze of marble while suffering detox symptoms? Todd's an idiot. Right at this very moment, the French Quarter is a magical alternate universe where chintzy plastic beads are redeemed for sexual favors. Time to make a move. Later, stiffs.

Show us your beads!

With a suite at the Royal Sonesta, life out on the balcony should be hetero heaven. But there's a problem. While we keep running to the store for overpriced beads and getting

Lesson #3: Only suckers buy retail.

Lesson #3: Only suckers buy retail.
With our pockets nearly emptied of cash, it's off to the Mardi Gras Zone, a bead warehouse in the seedy Bywater District. Here the trinkets are almost worthless, but back on Bourbon Street they're redeemable for immediate and gratuitous nudity! (If you're too cheap to pay for strippers, make sure the Zone is your first port of call.)

Like sharks to chum, girls circle below

3:00 AM... CONCERT...



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THINGS ARE GETTING GOOD? WAKING UP IN THE
MORNING AND SEEING THE FUN TIME OTHERS
HAD WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR ~~WAKE~~ FACE?
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UP TO A MASK
OF SHAME
AGAINx

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COOL IF THIS GUY'S
HAT ACTUALLY
SAID "SOBE"
ON IT?



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ARE YOU WITH US?

DON'T BOTHER
READING THIS ~~STUFF~~ **2**

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BAYOU BITS

➤ **15** Percentage of New Orleans' population that practices voodoo.

➤ **2:1** Gator-to-human ratio in St. Charles Parish.

➤ **3,000** Gallons in the world's largest Bloody Mary, mixed in New Orleans.

➤ **67** Seconds it takes Michael "Hollywood" Broadway to shuck a dozen oysters.

➤ **120** Seconds it took our writer to eat 'em.

➤ **12** Oysters in a dozen. (C'mon, some of you out there ain't dat swift.)



our balcony, lifting their shirts and flashing us as if their lives depend on it. Naturally, we reward them with a meteor shower of plastic beads on their pretty little heads.

Swamp thing

Amazingly, it turns out that there are activities in NOLA that don't involve naked breasts. So on day two we drag ourselves out of bed at the crack of noon and drive 20 miles outside the city to meet a fella named Captain Tommy at Airboat Swamp Tours. For \$75 a head, Tommy whips the boat around in wicked 360s that threaten to invite last night's dinner for a return visit. Feel the need to blow the shit out of some varmint? Do the environment a favor: Grab a .22 and hunt the 20-pound swamp rats called nutria that are destroying the wetlands (they're in season late winter). All in all, not a bad way to bask in the sun and nurse a hangover... until the insanely noisy engine goes disturbingly silent.

"We ran outta gas," Tommy drawls. "That nevu hapuns." He tries radioing for help, and the reality sets in: We're marooned in the middle of a gator-filled swamp without a single stripper to be found. Susan, the one girl brave enough to join us for this ill-fated trip,



We get our girls the old-fashioned way: We steal 'em.



POCKET PROTECTION

WORDS TO THE WICKED

Thanks to local wisdom, the Big Easy just got even easier.

■ "Pissing in the street is the surest way to get jailed in this town. Maybe the *only* way." —Thomas, 41, graphic designer

■ "If some homeless guy comes up to you and says, 'I'll bet you 10 bucks I know where you got your shoes,' don't take the bet. He's about to say, 'On yo' feet.'" —Josh, 30, bum

■ "All strippers go to Alibi after work. From 4 A.M. until about 8 A.M., the bar is packed with workin' girls." —Dave, 31, student

peels down to her bikini top, but it's not the same. Eventually, Tommy's fiancée shows up with a full rack (and a tank of gas), sparing us from total mammary withdrawal.

The horror of nudity deprivation leads us to reevaluate our priorities. We decide that, for the rest of the trip, we'll be within a bill's throw of naked girls at all times. That's the rule, and we make all kinds of sacrifices to stick to it, skipping our scheduled séance with the voodoo priestess and forgoing riverboat blackjack. Even our favorite dive bar, Lafitte's

Blacksmith Shop, has to wait. By the time we wash the swamp scum off our faces, it's nearly 10 P.M.: show time!

Our buddies at Bachelor Blowout (877-226-7278), full-service



Play that funky music, white...D'oh!

■ "Bangkok Health Spa is the cheapest 40-minute massage—and by far the cheapest happy ending—you're ever going to find in New Orleans." —Mike, 80, personal trainer

■ "I've lived here for seven years, and the only guys I'll ever flash are ones who don't ask. Just make eye contact, hold out your best beads, and get that camera ready." —Jenny, 24, waitress

(in every sense) bachelor party planners, have made all the arrangements: For \$500 we own the entire second floor of Ampersand, the hottest club in town. There's a full bar, a kitchen, two "bed" rooms, and a window overlooking the dance floor. The best part? The girl-on-girl show we've brought is hidden from the riffraff by a steel door manned by two huge bouncers.

Next thing we know we're in a car and Todd's got a suction cup dildo stuck to his forehead. It's 3:30 A.M.... or so the cops, who offer us a one-way ride to the airport the next day, tell us.

After our 36-hour exotic dance seminar, the flight home sucks. When the stewardess asks if we need anything to drink, Todd pulls out two singles to put in her garter, but I swat his hand away. We need to hang on to those notes for our next field trip, when we regroup and head north to sunny Vancouver! **M**

POCKET PROTECTION

CAJUN KILLERS

Alcohol poisoning. Voodoo. A sax enema. There are beaucoup wild ways to die in the Big Easy. Here are our favorites.

FLYING BEADS
Danger: You've seen it a thousand times: Hot chick flashes the crowd, inciting a deadly downpour of beads.
Advice: Wear a hat, Jimmy. Always!

DEVoured BY SWAMP HICK
Danger: Just ask Ned Beatty.
Advice: Memorize this sentence: "No, sir, I shall *not* squeal like a pig—good day to you!"

LUCKY DOG
Danger: Those dirty-water dogs cry out for you at 3 A.M. By 3:30 even Kobayashi is hurling.
Advice: Blow chunks and grab another, sissy boy.

VOODOO PRIESTESS
Danger: That's not a hangover you're feeling... it's a spell.
Advice: Be careful who you yell "Show your tits!" to.

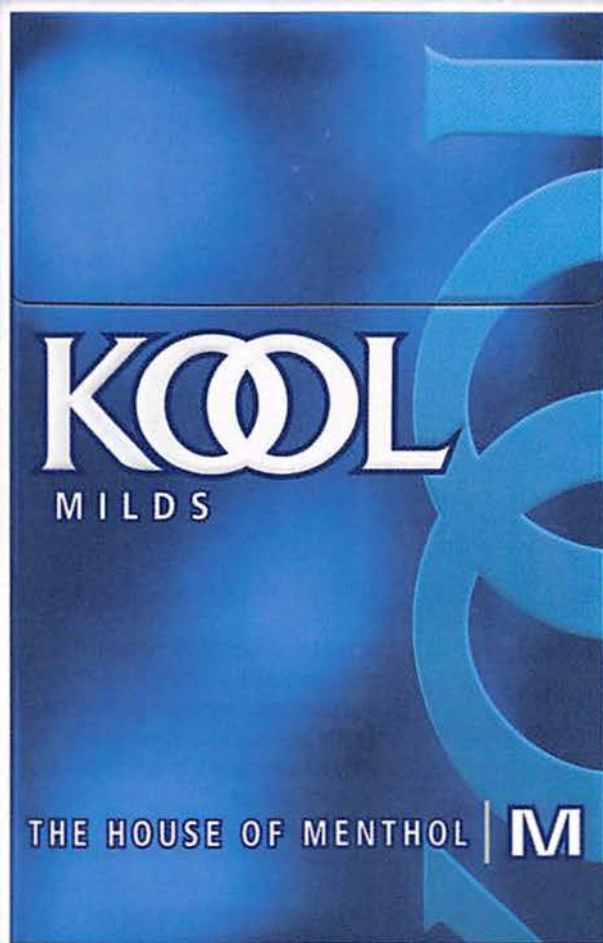
EATEN BY GATORS
Danger: You're drunk. Far too drunk to be on a boat.
Advice: Local legend says gators hate the smell of human urine... so you should be fine.

SUFFOCATION BY BREASTS
Danger: Hey, everybody's gotta go sometime.
Advice: Hubba bubba!



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Take Her Home...Guaranteed!*

Every girl's been suckered into casual sex by a smooth-talking stranger. Laura Gilbert explains how you can be that stranger.



One-night stands: They're quick, easy, and fun for everyone involved. Now, I'm not going to lie and tell you that we girls are dying for a string of short-lived sex partners. But whether or not we'll admit it, a night of anonymous debauchery is often exactly what we want. And all you have to do is figure out what's going to tip our scales from "Maybe" to "Do me!" I got a few girlfriends (no, not *that* kind) to tell me what convinced them to take the plunge and follow a total stranger into bed, and now I'm spilling their surefire strategies to you. These five tips will ensure that when opportunity knocks, you'll be ready... in a bathrobe, with two glasses of wine.

Step 1: Acquire a realistic target.

Not every girl's ready for a one-night stand. First you've got to learn to spot the one who is. The one dancing on the

Not every girl's ready for a one-nighter. You've got to learn to spot the one who is.



bar and doing shots of Jäger off her best friend is an obvious possibility. But you'll have to go head to head with every guy in the bar to get to her—and you may end up babysitting a drunk instead of bumping uglies. A better bet? Look past the party girl to one of her friends who's still having a good time but isn't the center of attention. Chances are she's just a little bit jealous that her squeaky-wheel friend is always getting the grease, and she'll be flattered when you focus on her instead of her showboating sister. You can even use her friend as a conversation topic, but make sure you stick to positives ("I can't imagine even walking in heels like that—how do you girls dance?") instead of negatives ("I've got a bachelor party to book! Is your friend a professional?") that will put her on the defensive. "I used to go out dancing with my friend Angela all the time," says Carol, 21. "She'd always climb up to the DJ booth above the dance floor, then start grinding away

and go home with her pick of the guys. I always felt like I was just her wingman. So one night when a guy approached me to start dancing, it was a total turn-on, because he obviously was attracted to me and not just trying to get close to Ms. Cleavage." You can even show a touch of chivalry by offering to call her friend a cab or drop her off at home yourself. You gentleman, you! (Insert ironic cackle here.)

Step 2: Show her you're safe.

Now that you've cornered your prey...er, partner, you've only got a few minutes to establish that you're a nice guy with a horny side, not a total creep. Slip in a few reassuring statements during initial small talk and you'll quash her natural fears ("Is he a mass murderer?") before they come to the surface. The key is to let her know you're someone who can be trusted, at least for the next few hours. A shortcut: Find ways to casually mention your female friends, secure job, and the close relationship you share with your

The nature of man



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family. "I met a guy at a bar, and we somehow got on the topic of horrible license photos," says Carol, 26. "He pulled out his work ID card, which was cool, because it showed me that he had a good sense of humor about bad photos and, more importantly, that he actually had a job. It made me feel a lot more secure about him as a person." Just make sure the name on your license matches the one you give her, "Mr. Pitt."

Step 3: Focus her in.

Now that you've got her interested, it's time to crank up your mojo a notch. Just remember to limit the scope of your conversation so she knows you're not looking for a girlfriend—simply an intense, memorable experience. Lean in closer, touch her wrist or knee if it feels appropriate, and hone in on one topic so you can engage her fully and demonstrate your ability to focus on her. The nonverbal implication: You're a hell of a lover. "I met Eric at a club a few weeks ago," says Dana, 26. "He was pretty good-looking, but when he started asking about my work with at-risk teens, I just melted. He seemed so fascinated, and it was so sexy, because I rarely find someone who wants to talk about that, much less at a club!" Stay away from standard getting-to-know-you tacks like "What are your hobbies?" Not only does that bore you both, but it makes you more likely to lie about wanting to "get together to see the new butterfly exhibit when it opens." The key is to pull her into an intense conversation quickly to show you mean business, so find a topic that gets her riled up or is close to her heart.

Step 4: Plot her escape.

If what you're advertising is a no-strings liaison, prove it by framing the evening so it's clear you'll be going your separate ways afterward. "I met an amazing Irish guy on the last

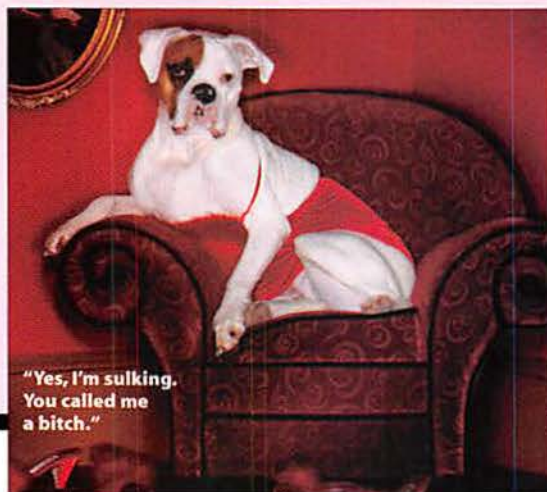


Hone in on one topic. Implication: You're a hell of a lover.

weekend of his tour in the States," says Natasha, 23. "We had great chemistry, a ton in common, and he knew how to kiss. He told me, 'I don't know whether to be bummed I can't spend more time with you or thankful I got to meet you in the first place.' He was amazing! It seemed like we were star-crossed lovers, so of course we were going to make the most of our one night together!" If you're not fortunate enough to find a girl on her last night before heading off for two years in the Peace Corps, it's up to you to define yourself as

out of reach after tonight. Tell her your just-out-of-rehab best friend (aren't you a pal!) is coming to crash on your couch for two months, so you can have neither a social life nor visitors. . . you're about to dive into a massive work project that's going to mean 100-hour weeks until further notice. . . you're moving to Bali on Tuesday. You get the idea. Just put it out there matter-of-factly *before* you hit the bedroom so she won't feel like she's been taken advantage of when you breeze out the door the next morning. ▶

DEAL BREAKERS



WATCH YOUR MOUTH!

It's never too late to blow a sure thing. Here's how...

- "I usually let the dog watch, if that's cool with you."
- "Let's just pray none of my brothers wake up this time."
- "Would you mind wearing this wig and letting me call you Mommy?"
- "Let me see your panties. I've been dying to do this one thing I saw on *Ricki*."
- "I think pain is the ultimate pleasure. Don't you?"
- "I'm confused—the last girl I did this with had much bigger tits."
- "That's not a picture of my sister. That's me before the operation."
- "I say we get matching tattoos in the morning!" —Marcy Smith

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This page needs more butts! —Eds.

BAWDY LANGUAGE

HOW'S SHE HANDLE?

The host of audible.com's *In Bed With Susie Bright* predicts a stranger's bedroom style.

If she walks with a strut...

It means: She likes to experiment. A girl with a swiveling, sexy gait isn't inhibited and likes to try new things. "She may have a dildo harness at home," muses Bright.

If she bites her lips...

It means: This one's a tiger. Get ready for a night of nibbling, licking, and other oral activities. If she's drawing blood, though, keep her away from your dreamsicle.

If she uses big hand gestures...

It means: It's all about her. The motions draw a lot of attention, and that's what she'll expect from the guy she brings home. "Those sweeping gestures are what you'll see when she waves you out the door the next morning, too," says Bright.

If she doesn't move...

It means: She's a cold fish. Sitting up perfectly straight with her hands still? Now picture her that way in your bed. Exactly.

If she never blinks, bites head off beer bottle...

It means: She's a Terminator X-style cyborg out to off the human race—after sex with you. Beam us up!—Cheryl Maday

Sex is about giving in to instincts, and we're drawn to cocky guys.

Step 5: Make your move.

If anything will make a girl think twice about doing something impulsive, it's giving her time to think about it... hence the term *impulsive*. So gear yourself up to strike while the iron's hot, especially if you usually wind up as the nice guy who lets opportunity slip away. Paying attention early on in the conversation will clue you in as to how to suggest a joint exit. Did she mention that it was loud in the bar? Tell her you think they keep kicking up the volume and you'd love to escape so you can really talk. Did she say something about skipping dinner? Tell her a bite to eat is beginning to sound really good. Naturally, she's invited. And if you've played the rest of your playa cards right, she'll gladly accept. If all else fails, play the alpha-male

card, even if it's not your usual style. You see, casual sex for girls is about giving in to carnal instincts, and we're naturally drawn to guys who seem cocky. "I was at a bar with my neighbor and his friends, and I already loved that he was the center of attention," says Toni, 24. "Then he turned to me and asked if I could get the next pitcher, but instead of handing me the money, he winked and slipped it into my waistband like I was a stripper or something. It was so flirty, I totally wanted him." If you're not bold enough to treat a girl like paid entertainment but you're sure she's digging you, try using that awkward silence as your cue to lean in and kiss her... like you mean it. If you've been right so far, the next words out of her mouth will be, "Check, please!" 

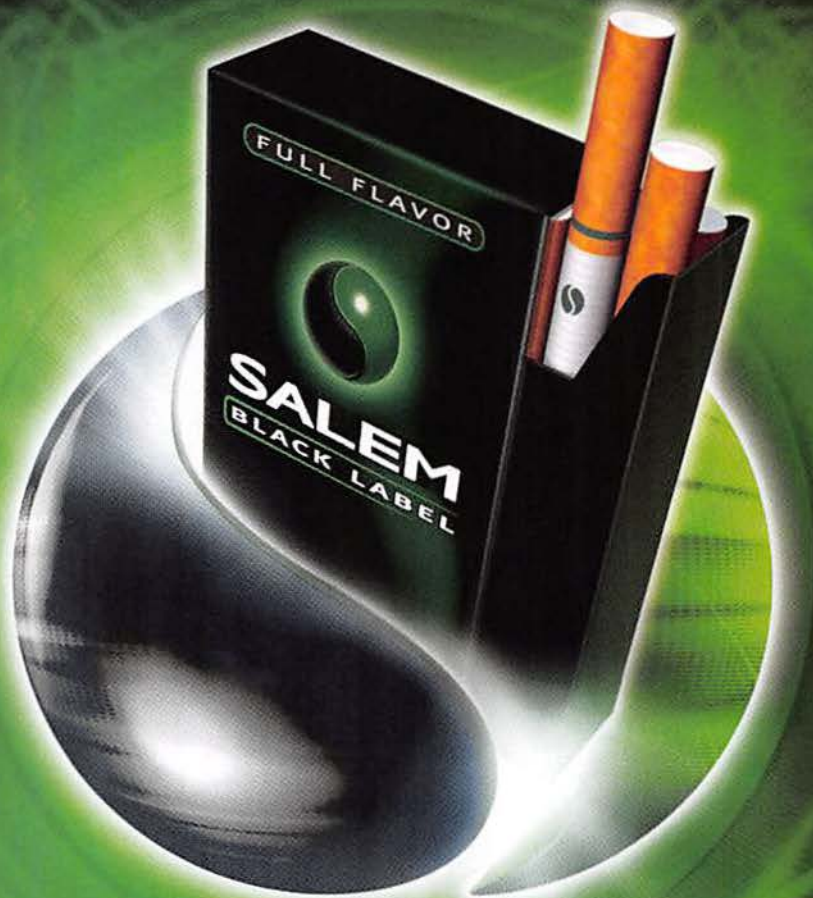


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SHIFT capability

I WAS THERE

Higgs (below) living large in Costa Rica before the Brothers screwed him. Enrique's at right.



Billion Dollar Dupe

Writer Phil Higgs fell for a crackpot investment scheme... and decided to get his money back.

The voice at the end of the line is slow and foreign. "I wish to speak with Filipino," it croaks.

"That's me."

"You are looking for information about the Brothers, yes?"

Yes, yes. I don't know much about the Brothers—Osvaldo and Luis Enrique Villalobos—except that they may have ties to Oliver North and Contra comandantes, and until recently they ran a crackpot investment scheme out of Costa Rica worth an estimated billion dollars. I've come to Costa Rica to settle a little score, something I hope the man on the phone can help me with: Fifteen thousand of that billion was mine. Last October one of them walked off with it, and I aim to get it back.

So how did the deal work? You "loaned" the Brothers a minimum of \$10,000, and they paid you three percent interest—monthly. Thirty six percent annually. Forty two if you let it compound. Investments of more than \$100,000 were common, and a couple of yahoos invested a million or more. I didn't meet one gringo in Costa Rica who wasn't involved. The scam had been going on for an incredible 20 years, which is why I trusted it.



Higgs, on the hunt for his money

Rumor had it that Enrique had run guns for the Contras.

But all good things come to an end, and the scheme was eventually busted by the *federales*. Turns out an unrelated investigation into drug money by Canadian authorities led to a currency exchange run by Osvaldo, who was eventually arrested. Enrique is still on the lam but pops up, Osama-like, in e-mails to the press. The Costa Rican government took over the investments and have managed to recover only a small percentage of the total money. I figure if I can find Enrique, maybe I can get paid. But where to start?

The loan ranger

I set myself up with a rented cell phone in a hotel outside San José and put out word that I'm looking for information on Enrique. The phone begins to ring immediately as innumerable gringos crowd the line, each wanting to tell me his story of life with the Brothers.

The business was run out of a shopping mall in San Pedro, a suburb of San José. There were very few requirements. Principal was to be invested for at least a year. Investors were to speak rarely, if at all, about the Brothers, and new customers had to be vouched for as trustworthy and discreet. Across San José, scrotums wrinkled at the "in with the

locals" exclusivity of the scheme.

Officially, Enrique ran the investment side of things while Osvaldo ran a licensed currency exchange next door. Once a month a line of investors would collect their dividends. An entire shadow economy had sprung up around them. With almost 6,300 investors, the Brothers handed out a minimum of nearly \$2 million in interest every month.

I wasn't alone in my blind faith.

Incredibly, nobody seemed to have any idea how the house made money.

Theories ran rampant, everything from straight financial genius to latter-day Iran-Contra shenanigans. One popular notion involved some creative dithering with Latin American currency exchanges: A money-changer in Colombia busied himself handing out Colombian pesos for dollars and

Deutsche marks, then air-freighted the hard cash to a bank in the U.S., land of the minimally fluctuating currency. From these accounts, the Colombian money-changers drew pesos from ATMs in downtown Bogotá and sold them back to tourists. Somewhere in there, sieved through the whims of currency supply and demand, emerged massive profits that were split with investors. Until now.

O brother, where art thou?

I'm giving up for the day, heading into San José for a drink, when the phone rings. It's the Voice. The owner prefers to remain nameless but divulges that he is the former ambassador of a country in the Axis of Evil. "I have many interesting stories to tell you," he hints.

We arrange to meet in the lobby café of the Gran Hotel Costa Rica, in downtown San José. The Voice turns out to be a tiny man of around 80; he wears a white hat and smokes a pipe. He pencils his name on my notepad before proclaiming, "Napoleon has said that before every battle, you must do one thing: take a leak." He gets up and is gone for what must be 20 minutes. Waiting, I



Thanks for the postcard, Osama!

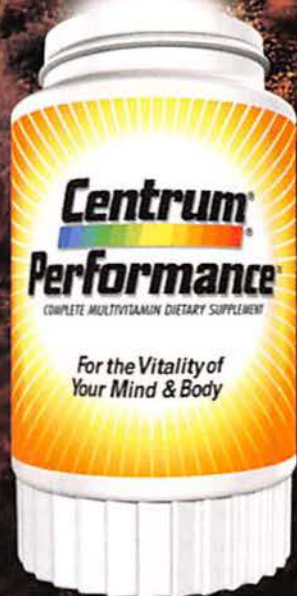


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TRAVEL ADVISORY

TOUR RIDES

There's a con for every country. Damn foreigners!

"Well, I'm not talking to you either, Habibi."



THAILAND

A well-dressed local chats you up at a Buddhist temple. He says he's in town to buy cheap gems at a wholesale jewelry convention. He can sell 'em back in the States for three times the money. Want in on a buy? After you hand over the cash, that's the last you'll see of him. The only jewels you'll have are your own sorry nuts.

ENGLAND

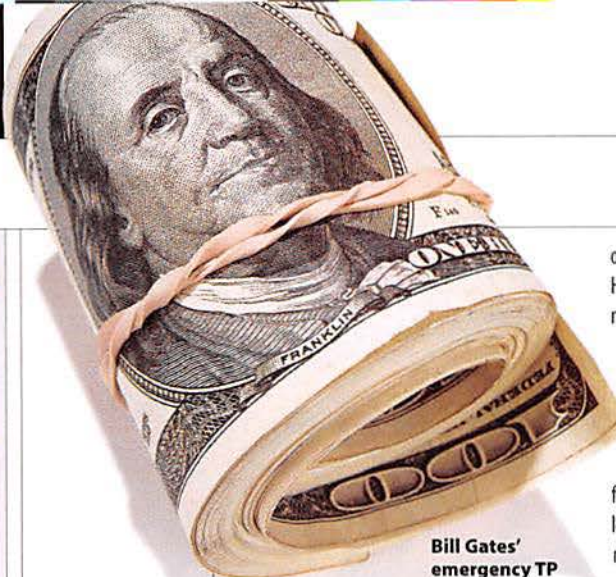
Eager to see some British dirty, you track down a "live sex" show in London's Soho. After ordering a Coke, you wait for the action. It never comes. Two large limeys bring you a bill for \$100 (the fine print on the menu, which you never read, indeed says a Coke is \$100). Unless you want your ass kicked, you'd better pay up, mate.

SPAIN

While kickin' back on the beach, you're given a scratch card and win a free holiday travel package. To claim it you just have to attend a short presentation on holiday discounts. Three hours later you buy into three years of vacations at prices so low it's unbelievable. Too bad none of the packages exist, you stupid gringo.

EGYPT

Ah, land of the pharaohs!—and camels. But who wants to pay \$50 for a ride? Little Rasheed offers one for "free," but an hour later and halfway to Sinai, you realize you ain't gettin' off the bad-tempered beast until Rasheed makes it stop and kneel... and that costs \$80. You just got humped!



Bill Gates' emergency TP

watch the other gringos check out the prostitutes ambling by.

When the Voice returns he sadly informs me that he "wouldn't want to know" where Enrique is hiding. On the plus side, he *does* know where Saddam has his weapons of mass destruction... he's been e-mailing Donald Rumsfeld about it, but the bastard never replies! The whole scene would be funny if it weren't for two facts: (1) My \$15,000 is still missing and (2) the beach, where I could be surfing and enjoying that drink, is a mere two hours away. Instead, I'm sitting here wondering how the Voice got hold of Rumsfeld's e-mail address.

A sure thing

San José is now crawling with lawyers and private investigators as well as expats. One endless afternoon at a T.G.I. Friday's, a stubbly former PI from Arizona assures me he will "bring Enrique to justice" using mobile command centers, night-vision goggles, that sort

Enrique ain't coming back, and neither is my money.

of thing. He just needs high-dollar "sponsors." He says, "This is not some bad Clint Eastwood movie." Yeah. It ain't a good one either.

Trekking around this beautiful country with its beaches, cheap plastic surgery, legalized prostitution, and surfeit of pretty women, it's easy to understand why 41,000 North American expats—taut-faced retirees, dazed trust-funders, bong-loaded surfers—now live here. The Brothers made life in the sun possible for lots of them.

I powwow with operatives from groups that want to sue the Costa Rican government, others who hope to force it into an international court of arbitration under the auspices of the World Bank, and loads of folks who are happy simply to wait for Enrique's return, perhaps on a bank of clouds from which he may once again shower his riches. The only certainty is that Enrique—whether he's in Baltimore or the Bay of Biscay—ain't coming back, and neither is my money.

Thoroughly dispirited, I finally do what I should have done on day one: head for the beach. The guy who rents me a surfboard asks me what I do. I tell him I'm investigating a financial scandal that's messing with a lot of people here. He laughs: "The Brothers, huh? Yeah, I know about them. Dude, the stories I could tell you about the Brothers..."

I'm happy to have contributed to Central American folklore, but I sure would've preferred getting my money back. As I paddle into the ocean, I popder how much better it feels getting soaked this time around. **M**

SWEET REVENGE

A SCAM TO END ALL SPAM

This Internet prankster turned the tables on the scammers.



Ah, dinner in Iraq

Ever get a desperate e-mail from some African dude asking for help in moving millions of American dollars out of his country? Suckers have made

the Nigerian Letter scam, also called the 4-1-9 scam (after section 4-1-9 of the Nigerian penal code), into Nigeria's largest criminal

enterprise. But one prankster turned the tables on a con who claimed to be Timothy Sese-Seko, son of Zaire's former president Mobutu Sese-Seko.

Posing as "Wendy Willcox," part owner of the Swollennutz Development Corp., the joker agreed to help Tim move \$144 million.

Over more than 75 e-mails, "she" cajoled her way into meeting Tim's partners in Amsterdam, promising \$15,000. She even e-mailed Tim her butt-ugly photo, which the schemer wrote was "beautiful."

The scammers, of course, had no idea that Wendy's proposed meeting

spot fell in full view of a Web cam. At home "Wendy" watched two confused cons looking for her, then later posted screen grabs on her Web site (willcoxinfo.bravepages.com/bankwire.htm). She e-mailed the address to Tim, along with a farewell message: Kiss my ass.



Are there enough beers in the universe?



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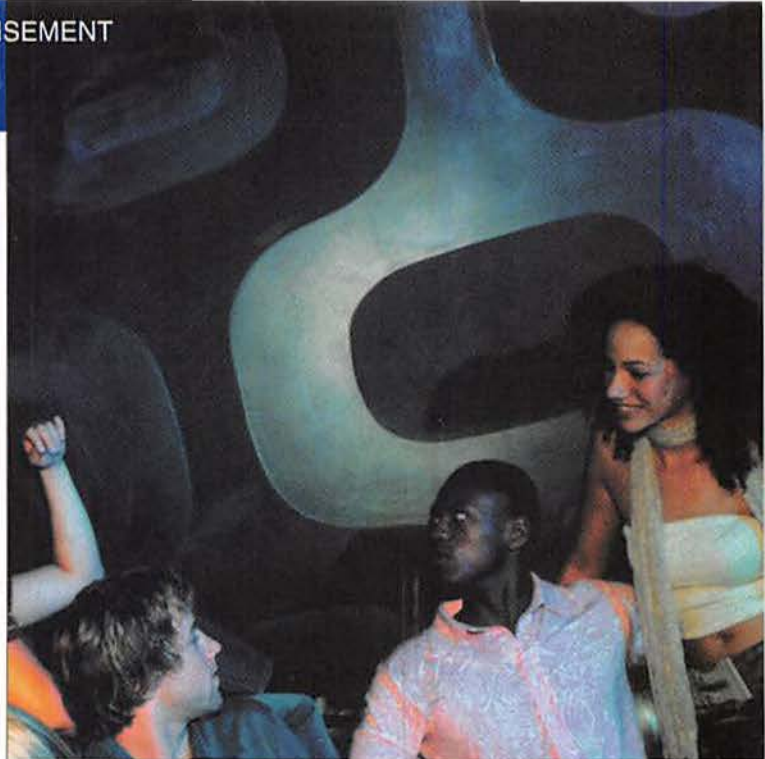
LIFE BEHIND BARS

Bud Light's all-star team of bartenders with a few thoughts on making a night of it in their establishments.



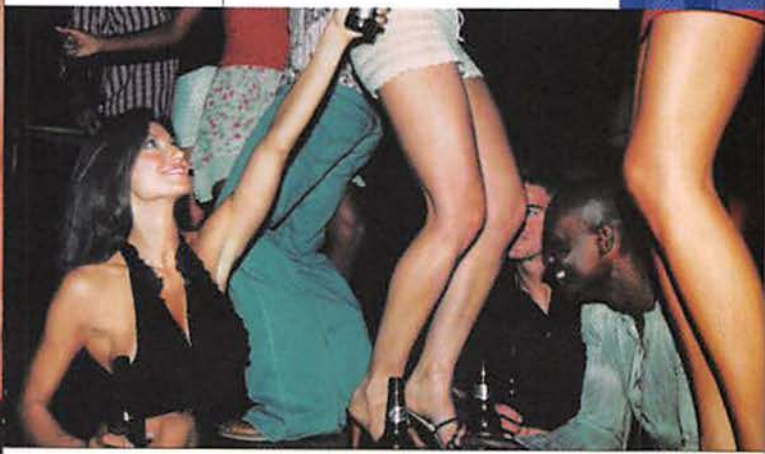
COURTNEY ORICK- L.A.

Fly across the country. Stop in four very different cities. And spend a night with four of the finest bartenders. You learn one thing- everyone has their unique flavor, but everyone's out for the same reason. The hook up. "The girls in here want it just as bad as the guys," says L.A.



CARLA CUGINI- MIAMI

bartender Courtney Orick. In the dark corners of Chicago's neighborhood bars it's all about lip service. On the wide-open dance floors of Miami they're losing the little bit of clothing they came in with. And in the V.I.P. rooms of New York and Los Angeles it's





FAITH MAC- N.Y.

anything goes. "On a Saturday night I'll have three or four couples making out right at the bar," says Faith Mac of one of New York's premier establishments. How long will these relationships last? Some of these club couples don't even bother swapping phone



CARLY WOJAS- CHICAGO

numbers. Yet each of these bartenders has experienced the instant marriage proposal. None accepted, but they've all dated guys they met while behind the bar. On a night out, it seems everyone's in play.



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MAKING A KILLING

Ten things you need to know about *Kill Bill: Volumes 1 & 2*.

1. The plot: Uma Thurman's character was once a part of a group of assassins (along with Michael Madsen, Daryl Hannah, Vivica A. Fox, and Lucy Liu). She's betrayed and left for dead. Waking up from a coma years later, she sets about getting revenge on them and her former boss, Bill.

2. Warren Beatty was originally offered the role of Bill. He turned it down, so David Carradine was brought on.

3. Quentin Tarantino was constantly writing and shooting new scenes during production,

generating massive amounts of footage and resulting in the eventual decision to break the movie in two.

4. The amount of time scheduled to pass between the release of *Volume 1* and *Volume 2* is believed to be anywhere from one to three months.

5. It's rumored that every time Uma says her character's name, it's bleeped out... until it is finally revealed in *Volume 2*.

6. Japanese action star Sonny Chiba (who's referred to in a line of dialogue in the Tarantino-penned *True Romance* as "bar none, the greatest actor working in

martial arts movies today") cameos as master sword craftsman Hattori Hanzo.

7. Uma and Tarantino came up with the idea for this movie together during late-night breaks filming *Pulp Fiction*.

8. Parts of the movie use miniature sets left over from a *Godzilla* movie.

9. Tarantino tried to avoid using digital effects in the movie whenever possible, relying instead on old-school techniques (e.g., condoms full of fake blood that explode on impact).

10. *Kill Bill Volume 1* gets medieval on audiences October 10. Hi-ya!



Don't ever
put MSG in
Uma's beef
and broccoli



GET THIS!

> The yellow jumpsuit Uma wears is a nod to Lee's *Game of Death*.

> WHAT'S FUN THIS MONTH

MAIN EVENTS

OCT. 1

■ Yo, gamers. *XIII*, a shoot-'em-up starring rapper Eve, comes out for the Xbox. Boing!



OCT. 2

■ "Are you ready to rock? We can't hear you!" Kiss and Aerosmith play the Smirnoff Music Center in Dallas.



OCT. 4

■ *Saturday Night Live* kicks off season 29. This year, it's all about the Sanz.



OCT. 6

■ The powerful Indianapolis Colts offense runs headlong into the defending champ Tampa Bay Buccaneers defense on Monday Night Football. Take the Bucs, no matter what the spread.

OCT. 7

■ The Wes Craven Collection on DVD is released today. Better pick up some diapers too.



OCT. 10

■ *Kill Bill Volume 1* slashes into theaters. But—wait—so does *Intolerable Cruelty*. D'oh!



OCT. 19

■ NASCAR's Subway 500 at noon (ET) at Martinsville Speedway. Come on, #38!



OCT. 21

■ *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*'s DVD package is available today. Yum!

OCT. 22

■ Robert Evans' edgy, something-to-offend-everyone animated series *Kid Notorious* debuts on Comedy Central at 10:30 P.M. ET.



OCT. 27

■ Catch Fang vs. Fiction: *The Real Underworld of Vampires and Werewolves* on AMC, 2:45 P.M. ET.



OCT. 28

■ Court dates... and court dates. The new NBA season tips off.



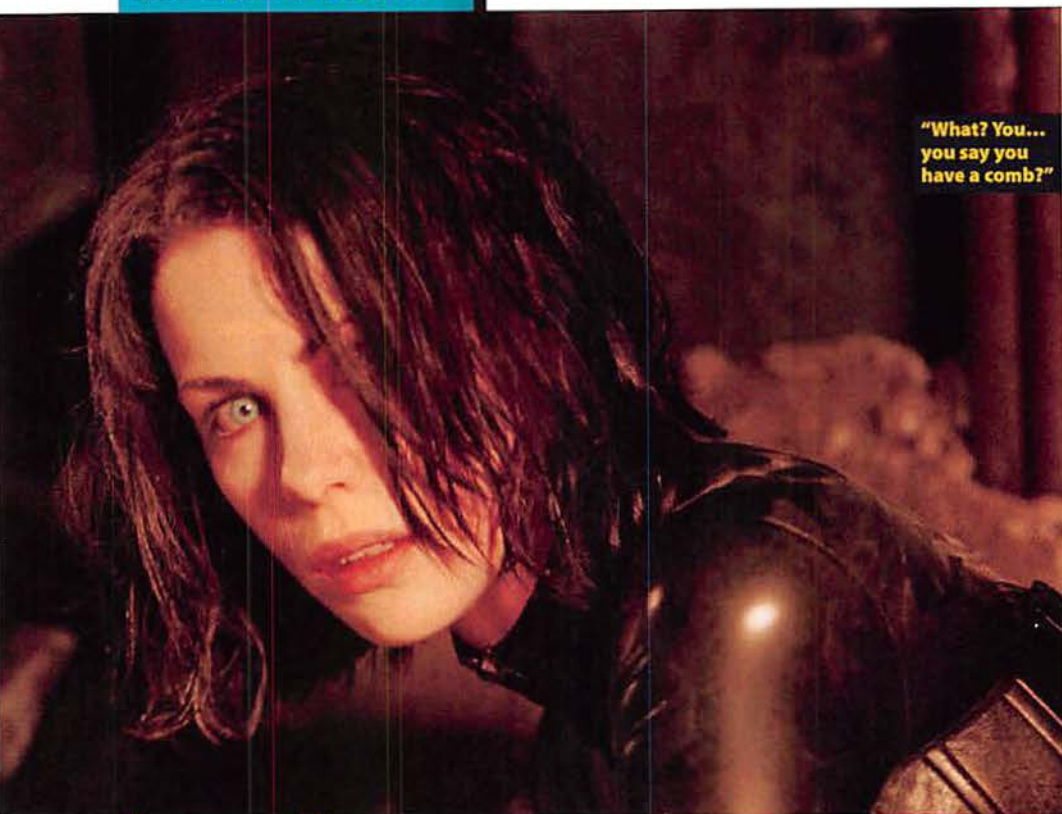
OCT. 31

■ If you live in L.A., take the bag off your head and peep the Halloween party at the L.A. Sports Arena.



THE MAXIM LOUNGE

Get more movie reviews and features at maximonline.com.



"What? You...
you say you
have a comb?"

> ALSO PLAYING



"Aren't you married
to...Karl Malden?"

INTOLERABLE CRUELTY

A couple of smarmy lawyers get premeditative on each other. Yes!

Out: October 10

Director: Joel and Ethan Coen

Stars: George Clooney, Catherine Zeta-Jones, Billy Bob Thornton, Geoffrey Rush

The story: Clooney plays a cocky divorce lawyer bored to tears with winning and womanizing his way to the top. Seeking fresh challenges, he meets and marries a woman (Zeta-Jones) who's made a profitable career out of divorcing wealthy schlubs. Early chatter in the network promises that this black comedy outing will be heavy on the "black" as these two marital vultures tear into each other. Incidentally, there's no tap dancing.

The buzz: If this were anyone else but Joel and Ethan Coen, we'd give it a big "no way." The directors of *Blood Simple* and *Fargo* might not always make great films, but that's where the smart bet is. Put us down for \$8.50.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

HORROR SHOW

> *Anything Else* (Out: Sept. 19)—
Woody Allen just won't give up...

> MAIN ATTRACTION

UNDERWORLD

Vamps vs. werewolves in a no-claws-barred dustup.

Out: September 19 **Director:** Len Wiseman

Stars: Kate Beckinsale, Scott Speedman

The story: You know what William Shakespeare's writing was lacking? Hot vampire chicks and werewolves. *Underworld* fixes things by reimagining *Romeo and Juliet* by way of *Blade* and *An American Werewolf in London*. Beckinsale's a leather-clad vamp whose family has been at war with werewolves for centuries. When she falls for a recently werewolf-ized human (Speedman), things get... hairy.

The buzz: We're welcoming the chance to see the Bard dragged through the pages of *Fangoria*. And since she's been known more for corsets than wire fighting, Beckinsale might just surprise everyone as the sexiest bloodsucker this side of the Hilton sisters.

We're guessing: ★★★★★



GET THIS!

> Speedman auditioned to play Robin in *Batman Forever*.



RATINGS:

LIVING DAYLIGHTS

★☆☆☆☆

GOLDENEYE

★★☆☆☆

MOONRAKER

★★★☆☆

THUNDERBALL

★★★★☆

DR. NO

★★★★★

> THE BOTTOM LINE



THE RUNDOWN

Out: September 26

Mr. Rock plays a bounty hunter on the trail of some baddies in this action comedy. Could be entertaining; could be XXX.

We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆



RUNAWAY JURY

Out: October 17

Its plot is more twisted than our panty stash, but this cast is worth swearing in for: John Cusack, Gene Hackman, and Dusty Hoffman.

We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆



WONDERLAND

Out: October 10

Hollywood's biggest dick, Val Kilmer, plays porn's biggest dick, John Holmes, in this look at the notorious 1981 Wonderland murders.

We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆



MYSTIC RIVER

Out: October 10

Sean Penn, Kevin Bacon, and Tim Robbins play childhood friends who reunite after Penn's daughter is murdered. Clint Eastwood directs!

We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name:

Tamie Sheffield

Better known as:

A nameless mystery woman in the upcoming Coen Brothers movie *Intolerable Cruelty*.

Her story:

When we asked Tamie if she was looking for a little action, we got more than we bargained for. "I'm an adrenaline junkie," says the former Pennsylvania farm girl, who began satisfying her action jones as part of *WOW: Women of Wrestling* and took it to the next level on NBC's *Fear Factor*. "The worst thing we had to do was eat rotten, rancid cheese covered in maggots," she says. "I threw up 20 times after that one." Besides puking dairy, Tamie's busy developing a show of her own. "It will be like *Wild On* but with more sports and more danger," she says. "Danger turns me on." Hey, that's funny—it usually makes us drench our shorts.

> 'I love shock value. I can get down and dirty...in more ways than one.'



CHEESE!

> It's even better on the way up

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> LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

TEXAS FUNERAL

We visited the set of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Cold cuts, anyone?

Twenty-one-year-old Jessica Biel and a group of friends are driving cross-country in a battered van, and, like many foolish hippies, they stop in Texas, where they promptly run into a masked maniac looking to make people bite-size with a Black & Decker. His name, we already know, is Leatherface.

"You never know who's going to come out of the woods," says the sultry Jessica, catching a rare breather one balmy night in Austin on the set of the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* remake. "But down here you have more to worry about with the insects than psychos." Her voice raspy from screaming bloody murder for the past several hours, she explains her approach to the project. Immediately after securing the role, Jessica checked out Tobe Hooper's 1974 cult classic

for the first time. "I wanted to see what made it so scary," she croaks. "And then make sure we did that here."

The difficult task of remaking *Chainsaw* fell into the hands of music video director Marcus Nispel and executive producer Brad Fuller. However, the word *remake* is about as welcome to them as the phrase *psycho hillbilly* is to your average camper. "We're revealing a new telling of the Ed Gein story," explains Fuller, name-checking the real-life serial murderer who inspired the original *Chainsaw* (among other movies). One updated element was the casting of Jessica as a tough but sexy tomboy. "She gets more kick-ass as the movie goes along," she says, her hair nappy with sweat and fake blood. "She uses her brain." With that Jessica swats a flying bloodsucker and preps for another take. "Arrggghhh!" she screams. "Damn mosquitoes!" —Chris Garcia

Andrew
Bryniarski plays
LeatherfaceTo avoid lawsuits,
the brand of chain
saw is never shown"Leather apron"
was one of Jack the
Ripper's nicknamesStay tuned for the
season finale of
Trading Spaces!Biel is a German,
French, and Native
American mixNispel directed
No Doubt's
"Spiderwebs" video

> FRESH POOP

George Lucas is making the cast of *Star Wars*—*Episode III*: Title TBD grow '70s-style hairdos in order to make them look more like the likable characters in the 1977 original. ... **Matt LeBlanc's** *Friends* spin-off, *Joey*, will likely go into production sometime next year. Rumors of it sucking should begin shortly thereafter. ... **Keanu Reeves** is prepping to star in a remake of *Billy Jack*, about a half-Native American ex-Green Beret fighting the Man. ... **Britney Spears** wants to star in a movie called *Trading Paint*, in which she'll portray the heir to a NASCAR dynasty. ... At last, a big-screen version of *The A-Team* is in the works, with **Brendan Fraser** rumored to be up for the role of Face and **Owen Wilson** sought after for the role of Murdoch. Yes!

GET THIS!

> The *Lord of the Rings* movies have grossed \$1.78 billion so far.

> RECONNECTING

MAXIM RINGS...

TV DAD JOHN AMOS



Famous Amos

Maxim: Hi, John!

Where are you living these days?

John: I live primarily aboard my vessel, my boat, which is docked in La Paz, Mexico. I've been living on it for the past two years.

M: How'd you get into acting?

J: I was working in prisons as a social worker during the day, and then at night I'd go to Greenwich Village and do stand-up

comedy. It was the only way I could save my sanity. You spend 10 or 12 hours in the joint, you'd better have some place to work it off. **M:** Ever want to work with your *Die Hard 2* costar Bruce Willis again?

J: I'd love to. We had a few differences at the time, because I have a low bullshit threshold and he wasn't as humble as I'd like to think he is now. If he's cool with

it, fine, but it's not a prerequisite for me to have a full life.

M: Favorite moment? **J:** When I'm revealed as the bad guy and the audience goes, "What the hell's going on?" I like that.

M: So, how's J.J.? **J:** I've reached out to him, but he declines my overtures of friendship. But life's too short for me to worry about some knucklehead. I can only wish him the best of Dy-no-mite!

Whoever said "no pain, no gain" was right.
Masochistic, but right.

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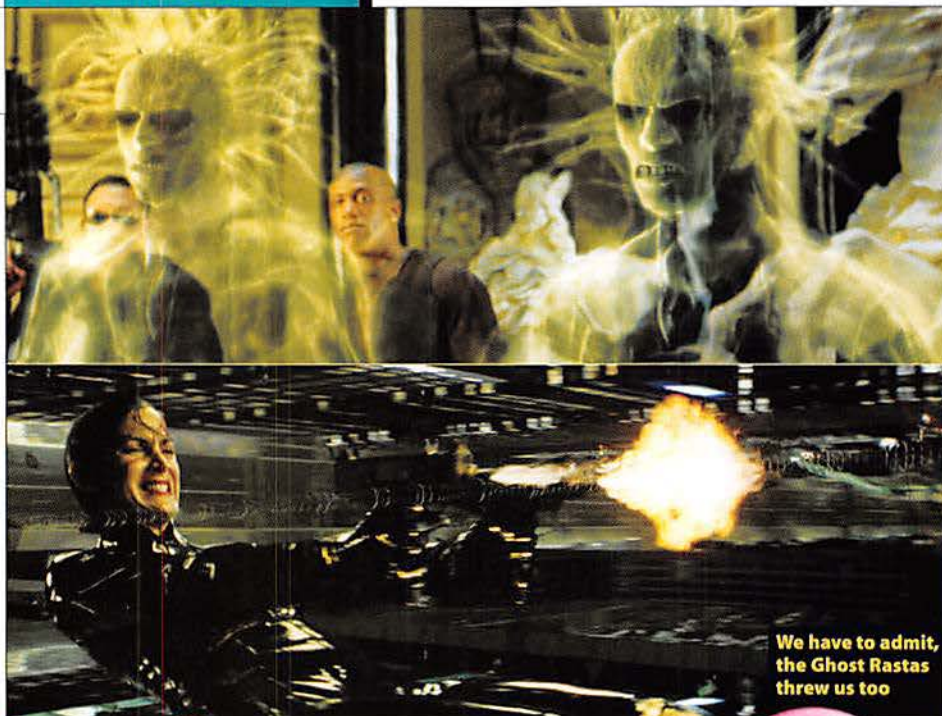
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We have to admit, the Ghost Rastas threw us too

> MUST WATCH

THE MATRIX: RELOADED

Release date: **October 14**

OK, so endless speeches weren't what we expected from the second chapter in the *Matrix* trilogy, but luckily the DVD of *Reloaded* lets you relive the cool parts (the Agent Smith pile-on, the freeway chase), skip the lame parts (most of the first hour), and cram for the final exam in November (*The Matrix: Revolutions*). Unlike the original *Matrix* DVD, which skimped on special features, *Reloaded* is stocked. This

Movie: ★★★★★

two-disc package takes extensive looks inside the movie and also ties in the *Animatrix* DVD and the *Enter the Matrix* video game. There's no fighting it—the *Matrix* has you.

Extra! A making-of featurette; an extensive look at the freeway chase sequence; advertising clips inspired by the movie.

Trivia: During production, the *Reloaded* script was titled *The Burly Man*, which is the script John Turturro is working on in the Coen brothers' *Barton Fink*.

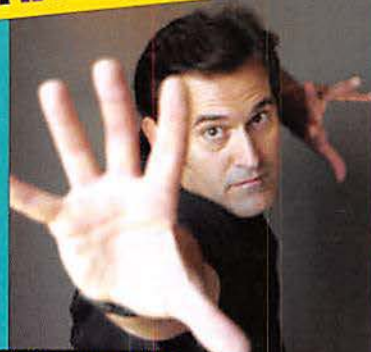
Special features: ★★★★★



MAXIM
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DVD!



! DVD VAULT !



No, Bruce, we asked for three DVDs...

> BRUCE CAMPBELL

The *Evil Dead* star picks his top three cult horror DVDs.

1. The Tenant (1976)

"It's about a guy who's slowly going insane, and you don't know if he's actually going insane or if everyone else really is. It's psychological horror. I like 'em raw."

2. The Haunting (1963)

"The remake is abysmal. I can hear the pitch: 'Remember *The Haunting*, the one with with no special effects? Let's do it with nothing but special effects.' Bad move."

3. The Exorcist (1973)

"Despite the torture Linda Blair went through, I have no sympathy for her, having survived *Evil Dead*. But she was young and didn't know any better. Sadly, I did."



> MUST OWN

ANNIVERSARY EDITION: SCARFACE

Release date: **September 30**

In this country you gotta get the money first. When you get the money, you get the power. When you get the power, you get the fully loaded DVD. You may already own the original *Scarface* disc, but as Tony has taught us, you can't have too much of a good thing. **Extra!** New interviews with director Brian DePalma; a featurette on the movie's troubles with the ratings board.

Trivia: True fans will want to shell out for the gift set, which comes packaged with original lobby cards, a copy of the 1932 *Scarface* movie, and a monogrammed money clip.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

> MEET THE RENTS

2 FAST 2 FURIOUS (September 30)

Guess it wasn't Vin Diesel who brought the millions the first time around, since this embarrassingly titled sequel did fine without his bald ass. Not great, but entertaining.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

DREAMCATCHER (September 30)

Pretty much a disaster from the get-go, this Stephen King toss-off features a man getting attacked by a shit creature. That pretty much sums it up for us.

Maxim rating: ★☆☆☆☆

DOWN WITH LOVE (October 7)

Ewan McGregor and Renée Zellweger star in this '60s-style romp that's not as bad as it sounds. Still, this is only for your girl or that David Hyde Pierce completist in your family.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

WILLARD (October 7)

This hit-and-miss remake of the 1971 horror flick about a man who controls an army of rats scores big points by casting walking freak show Crispin Glover.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

Brian Urlacher says new Red Zone
deodorant is the best you can get.
Care to disagree?



SPICE THINGS UP.



New Red Zone deodorant has the new Odor Defense System that helps stop odor before it starts. If you don't like it, call 1-800-PROVE-IT and Old Spice will buy you a stick of your old stuff.

> BEST IMPORT



THE OFFICE

Release date: **October 7**

Assuming you don't bother watching BBC America, you probably missed the entire first season of *The Office*. That's too bad; it's one of the funniest things we've ever seen on TV. A mockumentary following the hapless office drones in a paper company somewhere in the dull-as-a-PBS-telethon British suburbs, this cringe-inducing look at asshole bosses, office romances, and lame job descriptions is a crackup.

Extra! Slang dictionary (for us Yanks).

Trivia: Ricky Gervais, who plays the asshole boss, co-created the show.

Movie: ★★★★★ **Special features:** ★★☆☆☆

CRITICAL
ENGLISH SLANG:

BOLLOCKS = NUTS

SNOG = KISS

SILLYCOW = ENGLISH
WOMAN!

By law, English
men must get
stupid haircuts



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HOSTED BY:

TIM CONWAY

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A TOUR OF THE NFL'S MOST STORIED STADIUMS

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THEY DON'T MAKE CARS
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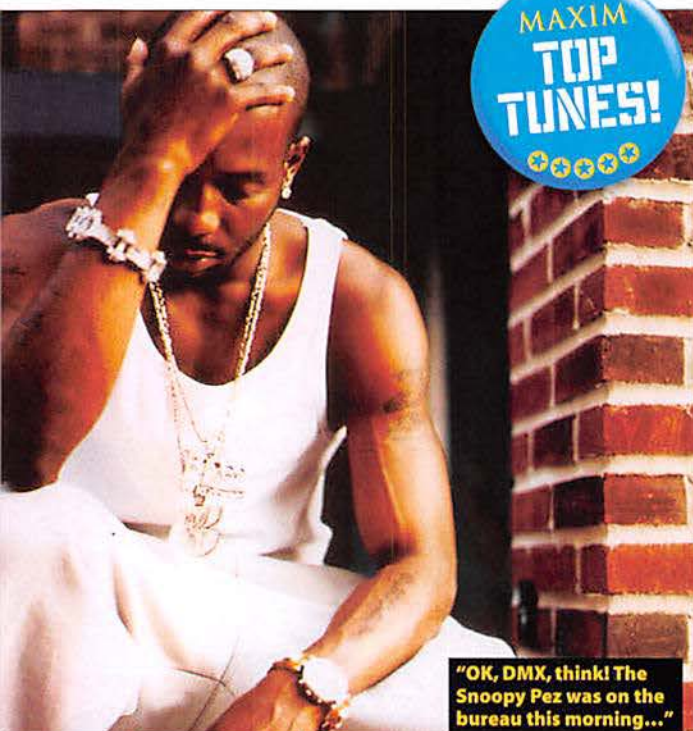
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IF YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED AT FORD LATELY...
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MAXIM
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TUNES!
★★★★★

"OK, DMX, think! The Snoopy Pez was on the bureau this morning..."

> ALBUM OF THE MONTH

DMX

Grand Champ (Ruff Ryders/Def Jam)

DMX is through. After this, his fifth album, the gravelly-voiced rapper claims he's dropping his mike and AK-47 for good and picking up a Bible. Whatever. We'll believe it when we see it, since Dark Man's lyrics have been known to stomp Commandments like mouthy rivals. (He already hinted at his departure way back in his song "Fuckin' Wit' D": "Yeah, it was wrong, dog, but I slid/I'll repent one day, just not right now/You hear my shit all in the street/I'm kinda hot right now.") But *Grand Champ* is still one loud day of reckoning, as DMX unleashes lyrical fire and brimstone on ferocious bangers like "Where the Hood At," "We Go Hard," and "Shot Down," featuring the bullet-scarred 50 Cent and the recently-released-from-prison Styles. He may have gotten religious, but he sure as hell hasn't gotten soft. His rage ceases only for "Ayo Kato," a moving tribute to a slain friend, and the shouted- (not spoken-) word track "Prayer V," wherein the retiring rapper counts his many blessings. If DMX remains true to his word, *Grand Champ* will stand as one grand finale. —Bill Crandall

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

LIKE THIS?
TRY THESE



2Pac

All Eyez on Me
(Death Row, 1996)



50 Cent

Get Rich or Die Tryin'
(Interscope, 2003)



GET THIS!

> One of DMX's tattoos is in honor of his dog that got run over.

RATINGS:

KID A

★★★★★

AMNESIAC

★★★

PABLO HONEY

★★★

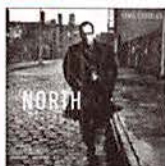
THE BENDS

★★★★★

OK COMPUTER

★★★★★

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE



ELVIS COSTELLO

North

(Deutsche Grammophon)

Just when you thought Costello had returned to the snarl of his youth with last year's *When I Was Cruel*, he releases an orchestral pop record filled with strings, piano flourishes, and melancholy vocals. It's not bad, but the syrupy tunes that fill up the second part of the album grate after a while. We liked him much better when he was cruel.

—David Peisner

★★★★



SPIRITUALIZED

Amazing Grace

(Arista)

At first glance *Amazing Grace* seems like an odd title for an album by pasty white Brits. Yet Spiritualized's vocal king Jason Pierce has always seen their songs essentially as gospel music. It all makes sense as he works his croaky voice with swelling orchestras and soaring choirs, never sounding pretentious in the process... which in itself is a minor miracle. —D.P.

★★★★★



SAVES THE DAY

In Reverie

(Dreamworks)

Like a lot of people, we overlooked this New Jersey pop outfit. But with their fourth album, it's clear that STD are spreading (sorry) and delivering something worth noticing. With some Weezer-inspired guitar stomps, cooing harmonies, and the sort of ballads Paul McCartney used to write in his sleep, this is worth picking up as you skateboard past the record store. —D.P.

★★★★★



DAVE MATTHEWS

Some Devil

(RCA)

We're not trying to save space; *the* and *Band* have been cut for this solo outing. But not so you'd notice. Matthews strikes out on his own and produces... a standard Dave Matthews Band album. Sure, Phish's Trey Anastasio stops by and spices things up a bit, but the fine distinction will likely be lost on Matthews' stoner coed following.

—Dan Catalano

★★★★



VERTICAL HORIZON

Go

(RCA)

You know those radio songs that get played every hour on the hour yet leave no lasting impression whatsoever? Vertical Horizon write them. OK, OK—they don't write *all* of them, but their 1999 major label debut, *Everything You Want*, churned out more than should be allowed by law, and their follow-up, *Go*, will likely produce more. It's the kind of gushy, competent modern-rock background noise that, when all's said and done, isn't even interesting enough to hate. —D.P.

★★★

IN THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

Mono One More Step and You Die (Arista Rock, 2003)	The Kills Keep on Your Mean Side (Rough Trade/Domino, 2003)
The Spicy Rizzaks Operation: Donkey Punch (spicyrizzaks.com, 2003)	Laika Lost in Space Vol. 1 (93-02) (Too Pure, 2003)

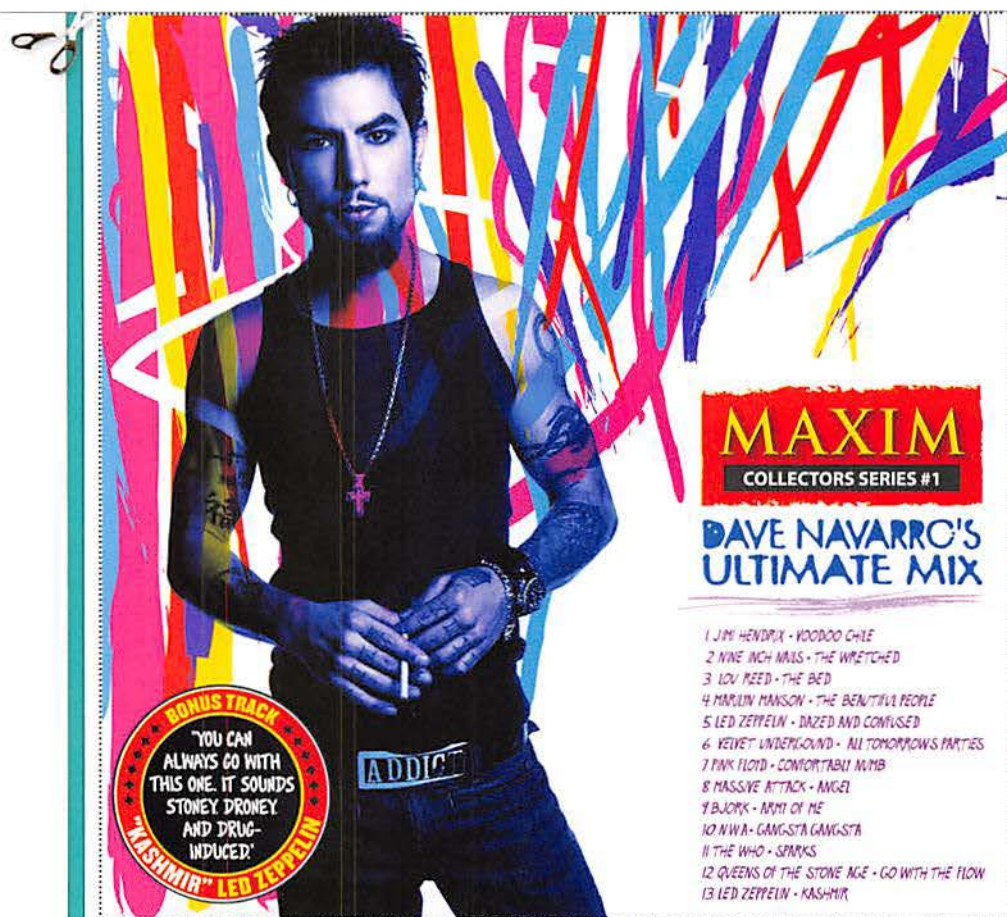
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"YOU CAN ALWAYS GO WITH THIS ONE. IT SOUNDS STONEY DROEY AND DRUG-INDUCED."
"KASHMIR" LED ZEPPELIN

1. JIMI HENDRIX • Voodoo Chile
2. NINE INCH NAILS • THE WRETCHED
3. LOU REED • THE BED
4. MARILYN MANSON • THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
5. LED ZEPPELIN • DAZED AND CONFUSED
6. VELVET UNDERGROUND • ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES
7. PINK FLOYD • COMFORTABLY NUMB
8. MASSIVE ATTACK • ANGEL
9. BJÖRK • NIMI OF ME
10. N.W.A. • GANGSTA GANGSTA
11. THE WHO • SPARKS
12. QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE • GO WITH THE FLOW
13. LED ZEPPELIN • KASHMIR

> PRIVATE STOCK

DAVE NAVARRO'S

BURN THIS!

Jane's Addiction's ax murderer selects his favorite cuts.



1. "Voodoo Chile"—Jimi Hendrix
"This song made me want to play guitar."
2. "The Wretched"—Nine Inch Nails
"This is a nasty, dirty, but also sexy tune."
3. "The Bed"—Lou Reed
"Another dirty, nasty song."
4. "The Beautiful People"—Marilyn Manson
"By far the best Marilyn Manson song. It's harsh and judgmental. Sometimes it's fun to be judgmental."
5. "Dazed and Confused"—Led Zeppelin
"The way Jimmy Page changes colors sonically in this song was very inspiring to me."
6. "All Tomorrow's Parties"—Velvet Underground
"It reminds me of the first Lollapalooza, performing this song with Siouxsie & the Banshees. It was a good time in my life."

7. "Comfortably Numb"—Pink Floyd
"I relate to the character in this song in a really close way."
8. "Angel"—Massive Attack
"I was listening to this song a lot when I first met Carmen." [Ed. note: Yeah, baby!]
9. "Army of Me"—Björk
"Just a relentless song. And it completely transports you to another place. I enjoy songs that can do that."
10. "Gangsta Gangsta"—N.W.A.
"This song introduced me to rap. Actually, I think it introduced a lot of white guys to rap."
11. "Sparks"—The Who
"From Tommy. It's jammy and instrumental, but it takes you on a journey."
12. "Go With the Flow"—Queens of the Stone Age
"I've been hearing this one daily during Lollapalooza. These guys are friends."

**GET THIS!**

> In 1994 the Flaming Lips appeared on *Beverly Hills 90210*.



> POP QUIZ

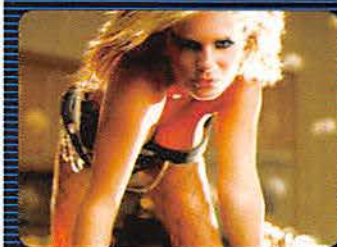
ROCK OF AGES

Do you have the holy know-how to tell Bible verses from song lyrics?

1. "And the sea gave up the dead in it, Death and Hades gave up the dead in them, and all were judged by what they had done."
2. "The netherworld is gathered in the glare. Prince By-Tor takes the cavern to the north light. The sign of Eth is rising in the air."
3. "So kiss your rosary beads and sing a silent one 'cause I promise if you get it, it's gone be a violent one."
4. "If anyone kills his neighbor unintentionally without having been at enmity with him in time past, he may flee to one of these cities and save his life."
5. "How like a widow has she become, she that was great among the nations! She weeps bitterly in the night, tears on her cheeks. Among all her lovers she has none to comfort her."
6. "Just when you think she's yours, she's flown to other shores, to laugh at how you break and melt into this lake."

Answers: 1. Bible verse (Revelations 20:13-14); 2. Song lyric (Rush, "By-Tor and the Snow Dog"); 3. Song lyric (Ludacris, "Stick Em Up"); 4. Bible verse (Deuteronomy 19:4-5); 5. Bible verse (Lamentations 1:1-2); 6. Song lyric (Echo and the Bunnymen, "Lips Like Sugar")

>>> MAXIM'S VIDEO >>> OF THE MONTH

**FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE**

"Stacy's Mom" (S-Curve Records)

Appropriately, the video for the Fountains' ode to MILF stars one of the hottest ones in the world—former supermodel and Rod Stewart arm candy Rachel Hunter. Ms. Hunter, are you trying to seduce us?

Photograph, Chris Cuffaro (Navarro)

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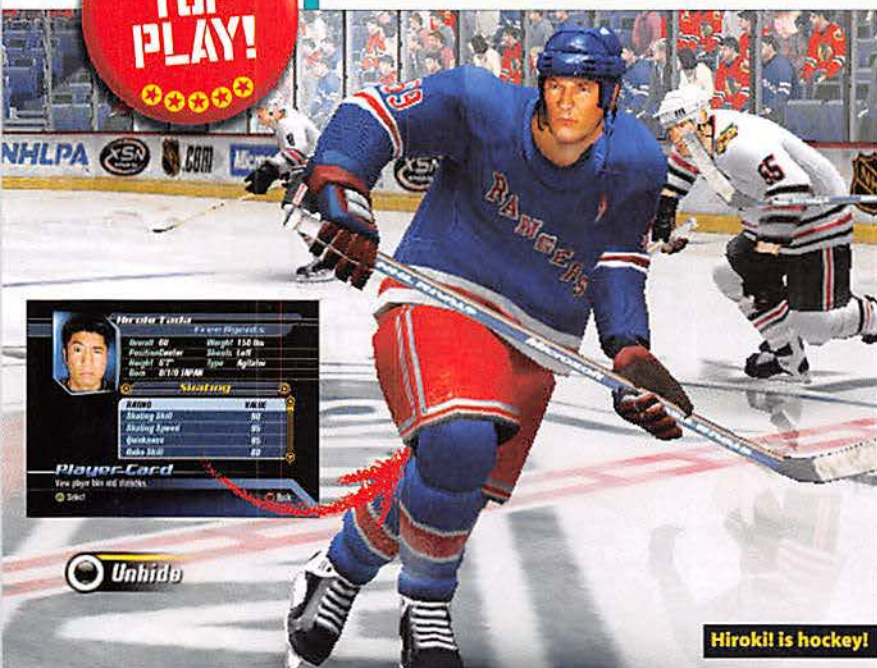
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PLAY!

> GAME ON!



NHL RIVALS 2004

Microsoft [●]

For the fan who knows all the words to the Canadian national anthem and loves to chuck full beers at the visiting team, there's no substitute for the live hockey experience. For the rest of us, playing this game online courtesy of Xbox Live (where stats, scores, and standings are tracked) satisfies our inner hoser. *Rivals* (Microsoft's first hockey attempt) impresses with smooth, realistic game play and a real sense of rib-cage-crushing intensity. But why do we really love this game? Because they've slapped some skates on *Maxim's* own spokesmodel Hiroki and included him in the game as a free agent. He doesn't know a goalie's stick from a chopstick, but he's willing to lose a few incisors for the team. —Alex Porter
Maxim rating: ★★★★★

Hiroki is hockey!

GAME KEY:

XBOX

PS2

GAME CUBE

PC

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



VOODOO VINCE Microsoft [●]

In this platform adventure, you actually *want* to get hurt. As a living voodoo doll, your every injury (including being crushed by rocks and blasted by lasers) hurts your enemies too.
Maxim rating: ★★★★★



THE SUFFERING Midway [●●●●●]

And you thought shower rape was bad. Enter a prison haunted by executed inmates, and try to escape using what few wits a psychologically tortured prisoner can muster.
Maxim rating: ★★★★★

CHEATS!

■ **Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 4** [●●]
If you spend \$9,000 at the in-game "store," you can unlock a skateboarding Jango Fett from *Star Wars—Episode II*.

■ **The Hulk** [●●]
Wanna play as the cool gray Hulk from the comics? Go to a computer terminal in the game and enter "JANITOR."

■ **Enter the Matrix** [●]
This cheat is the ultimate in-joke. To access a secret message from Morpheus, go to the "hacking engine" (you can access it from the main title screen) and enter "COWBOYCURTIS." You see, Laurence Fishburne played the saddlesore sidekick Cowboy Curtis on the TV show *Pee-Wee's Playhouse*.



ARMED & DANGEROUS

LucasArts [●●●]

LucasArts' latest isn't rocket science, but this tongue-in-cheek blaster cuts its nonstop action with enough comedy to make it stand out from the pack. The rogues who double as heroes are after the score of a lifetime, and whether they achieve it depends on your skill behind the trigger. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll wonder why it took this long to get a gun that fires live sharks. —Scott Steinberg
Maxim rating: ★★★★★



GLADIATOR: SWORD OF VENGEANCE

Acclaim [●●●●●]

Ever since Russell Crowe repopularized the art of killing for sport, we've wanted to paint some arena walls red. *Gladiator* (no relation to the film) lets you kickus maximus assus with brutal finishing moves. Unfortunately, the game takes hits for its often crappy camera angles. Still, it'll satisfy your raging blood lust. At your console's signal, unleash hell. —S.S.
Maxim rating: ★★★★★



ESPN NFL FOOTBALL Sega [●●●]

How can they top last year's pigskin spectacular? Introduce a first-ever first-person mode. (Check out the view from inside the helmet and the improved end zone victory dances!)
Maxim rating: ★★★★★



BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER: CHAOS BLEEDS Vivendi Interactive [●●●●●]

Her show is canceled, but the perky cheerleader lives on. Serve legions of the undead hearty helpings of knuckle sandwiches and stakes.
Maxim rating: ★★★★★

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THE COUP DE GRASS!

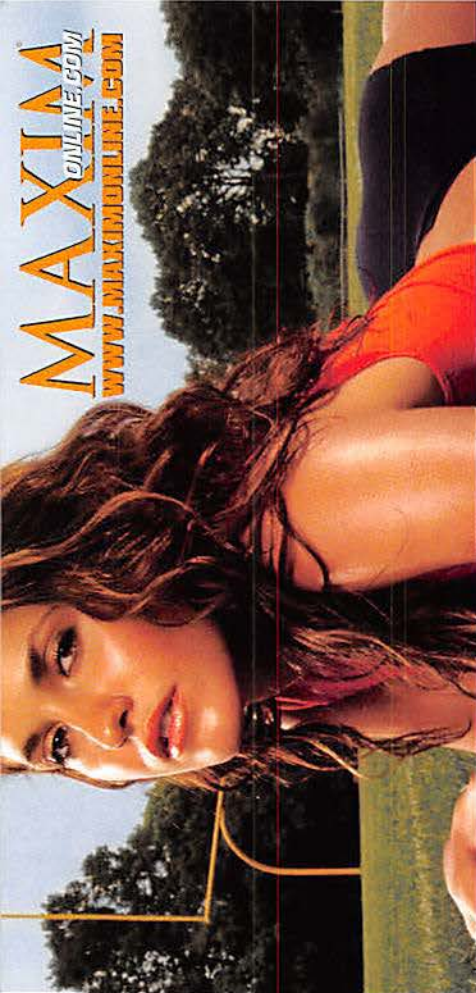
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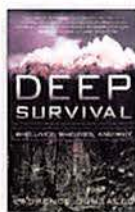
"Float like a lily pad, sting like a paper cut...no, that ain't right..."

MUHAMMAD ALI: THE GLORY YEARS

By Felix Dennis and Don Atyeo (Miramax Books, \$45)

OK, even if this book weren't cowritten by our boss, Felix Dennis, we'd be strong-armed into...um, *interested* in its larger-than-life subject matter. *Glory Years* delivers a riveting account of the Greatest's tumultuous personal and professional lives, with over 300 photos and gritty, punch-for-punch descriptions. ("Pietrzykowski lay draped helplessly over the ropes, blood streaming down his face from cuts around the eyes, nose, and mouth. Clay, by comparison, appeared barely touched...") Bold and nearly overwhelming in scope, the book is a perfect match for the greatest athlete of the 20th century.—Shauna DeGeorge

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

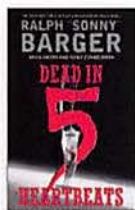


DEEP SURVIVAL: WHO LIVES, WHO DIES, AND WHY

By Laurence Gonzales (W.W. Norton & Company, \$25)

This greatest-hits package of stupidity tries to explain why some people survive staring contests with the Grim Reaper and others don't. Whether adrenaline junkies walk away or not seemingly has to do with equal parts preparation and dumb luck, as some of these true tales of disaster illustrate. When the analytical psychobabble gets tedious, skip to the grisly tales of forest firestorms, lost-at-sea misadventures, and excruciating torture on frozen peaks; the accounts are uncomfortable reminders of why it's usually better to stay home and watch TV.—Gordan Bass

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



DEAD IN 5 HEARTBEATS

By Sonny Barger (William Morrow, \$25)

Legendary Hells Angels founder Barger churns out a work of—*ahem*—"fiction" about two groups of motorcycle toughs (the Infidelz and the 2Wheelers) who get involved in a shootout in a Nevada casino after the Infidelz' leader, Marco, is gunned down outside a bar. Smelling a rat, the Infidelz' president, Patch Kinkade, investigates and realizes what he's always suspected: You can't trust anyone but your brothers and your old lady. With fistfights, beat-downs, and more booze consumed per page than in our magazine, *Dead's* one for the road.—Sumer Rose

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

> THE FINE PRINT

ACCORDING TO THE ROLLING STONES

By the Rolling Stones (Chronicle Books, \$40)
Since you've probably heard every story there is to tell about the Stones, it's kind of refreshing to hear these guys actually talk about music, rather than how many times during a tour they played "find Keith."

★★★★★

BLOODY SUNDAYS

By Mike Freeman (William Morrow, \$25)
There are so many football-related topics—from players to policies—tackled in this nonfiction look at the gridiron that it runs the risk of information overload. Freeman goes long, but luckily he's able to pull it down in time and score. A must-read for fans.

★★★★★

THE PYTHONS

By the Pythons (St. Martin's Press, \$60)
The surviving members of the famed British comedy troupe Monty Python crack wise about the good old days—from *Flying Circus* to *Holy Grail*. However, this scrapbook-style autobiography might be more entertaining to Ivy League geeks.

★★★★★

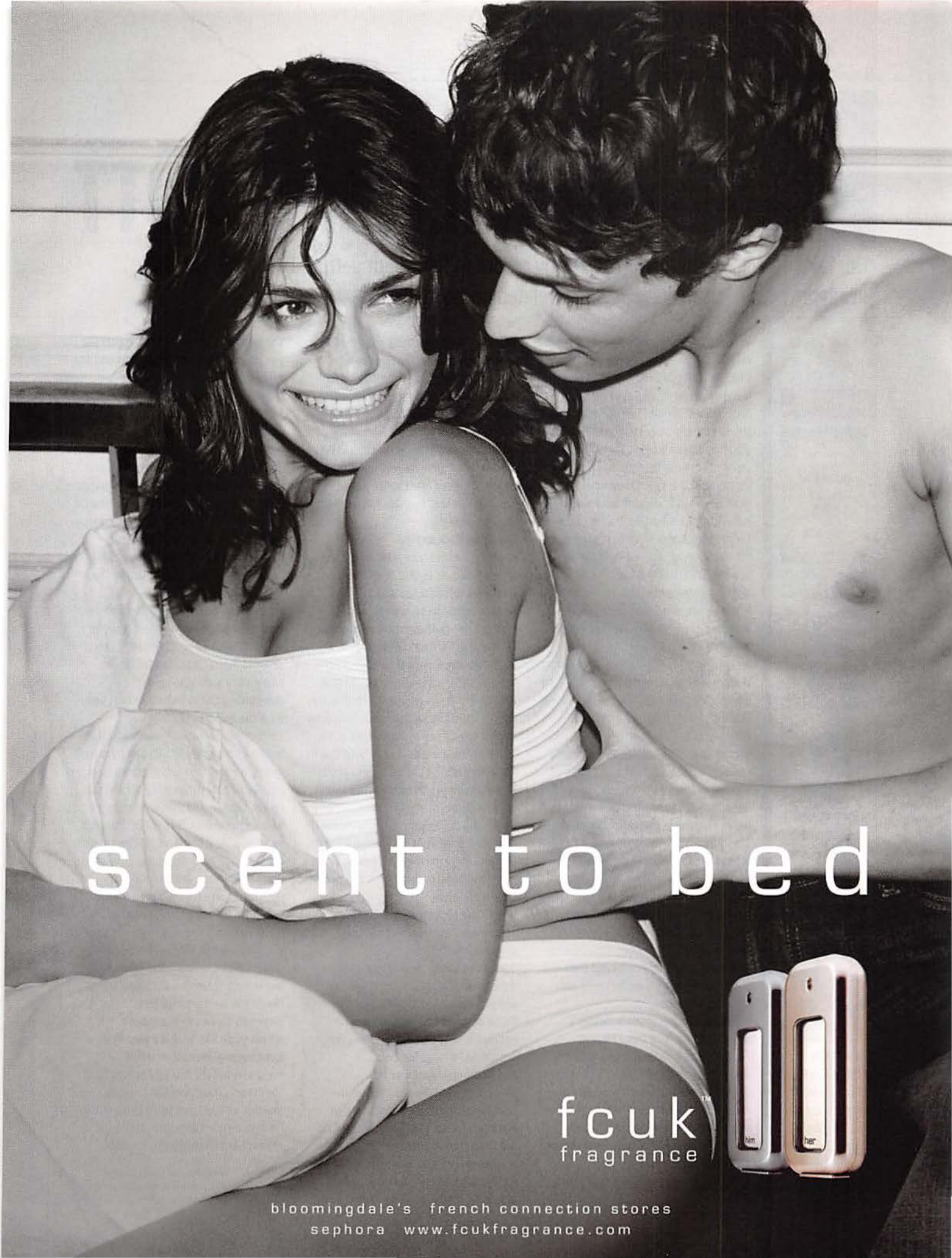
THE BIG MONEY AND OTHER STORIES

By Paul Bibeau (Goblinbooks.com, \$29)
This freaky collection has everything from ghosts to drug dealers to ramblings on life's little foibles. Best of all, most of the stories are short enough to read during a commercial break or a quick trip to the can.

★★★★★



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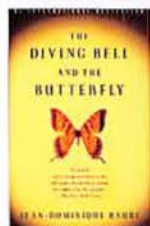
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SEANN WILLIAM SCOTT

Our favorite Will Ferrell-kissing wise guy is back to talk about getting slashed by the Rock, living down Stifler, and one *Baywatch*-related mugging. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN MURPHY

QUICK PICKS



BOOK:

"The Diving Bell and the Butterfly, by Jean-Dominique Bauby. It's a really, really dramatic book."



KICK-ASS MOVIE:

"Rashômon. The Akira Kurosawa movie. People always say how many other films it inspired. It's groundbreaking."



REJECTION

"This girl in Ibiza. I like to think it was because of the language barrier, but I think she probably just shot me down."

We admired your willingness to appear on *MTV Cribs*—your place looked like P. Diddy's...after a fire.

It was a shit hole! It used to be cool. I got that place before *American Pie*. It was really cheap, but over the years it got torn to hell. And then they asked me before *Dude, Where's My Car?* if I'd be one of the *Cribs*. It was the first season, and I didn't even know what the show was. I had a 50-gallon aquarium, and half my fish were dead. An *America's Most Wanted* bank robber was killed right across the way from me. I opened my fridge and was like, "Oh, there's that can of tuna I was looking for three weeks ago."

Is it true you were once mugged by a bunch of gangbangers on your way to audition for *Baywatch*?

I was going to my first audition, and I was on the bus, and I got off at the wrong stop. These guys started fucking with me. So finally I was like, "Fine, take my shirt, take my shoes."

Where was the audition?

It was by the beach in Marina Del Rey. But I took the wrong bus from the Valley, missed my stop, and ended up in South Central. I had just moved to L.A., so I didn't know the bus routes. I fell asleep, thought I heard my stop, but I was definitely wrong.

What's the toughest thing about playing a doofus all the time?

It's hard to do a comedy and play an intelligent guy. It's always about some guy who's not too bright and has to get himself out of a big mess. But I really don't think my characters in *Old School* or *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* were doofuses. They were more like eccentric weirdos.

Is Ashton Kutcher living a "Stifler's mom" fantasy with Demi Moore?

You mean that's what caused Demi and Ashton to get together? No, I don't think so. I don't know much about it. I was out of town, and when I heard, I thought, *Whoa, good for him*. I mean, why not? She's hot as hell.

Do you by any chance have your eye on any older actresses?

Is Meg Ryan single? Let's go and see what she's doing.

What was it like working with the Rock in your new movie, *The Rundown*?

The Rock cut me. I have five stitches in my arm. There was this one scene where my hands were tied behind my back, and he was using a knife to cut the rope, and he cut me accidentally. It was such a clean cut, my skin folded open. We were out in the middle of the rain forest and he felt super bad, but I was like, "They should have given you a prop knife."

Any other Rock stories?

He always had this huge plate of tuna and protein drinks. He liked to burp it in my face. I had weeks of bad tuna burps.

So that's what he's been cooking. At least we got that question answered. Christopher Walken's in the movie, too. Did he do any dancing?

No, man, but he was just amazing. All I did was watch that guy. He was so effortless. One time he walked by me and I went, "Hey, Chris, how's it going?" And he looked back at me and went, "He-e-e-y, du-u-u-de." And then he just walked off.

If you were a pro wrestler, what would your name be?

Oh, I'd want to be Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka. He had such a great name. He was this weird guy who was always on the ropes getting his ass kicked and doing crazy stuff. Not a Lycra guy; didn't wear much.

What's the biggest misconception people have about being a young, single celebrity?

Doing drugs all the time? People think we're out blasting girls, doing drugs, and partying. Maybe half of that is true. [laughs] No, seriously, the first vacation I had was last month. I had been working for a year straight. So I went to Europe.

Any Hemingway moments?

We were going to run with the bulls in Pamplona, but then it seemed so crazy. I told all my friends that I was going to do it, and then it turned out there were a couple of Americans who got gored. So I got all these calls on my cell phone from people wondering if it was me.

You went to Amsterdam too, right? Did you spend any time hanging around the Red-Light District?

I'd been to Amsterdam before, but this time I actually saw how disturbing the pack mentality can be. You see 14 guys and they're just ripped. They're like caged animals checking out the girls. And then there were guys coming out of rooms putting their dicks back into their pants. And 10 guys lined up to go screw the same women. I saw how people have it in them to do bad things.

Speaking of bad things, did anything happen backstage while hosting the MTV Movie Awards?

I missed it all, man. I haven't even seen the awards. I was just worried about doing my job right. I felt a lot of responsibility. I kept saying to myself, "Don't fuck this up. The whole world is going to see it."

Has playing Stifler helped or hurt you with the ladies?

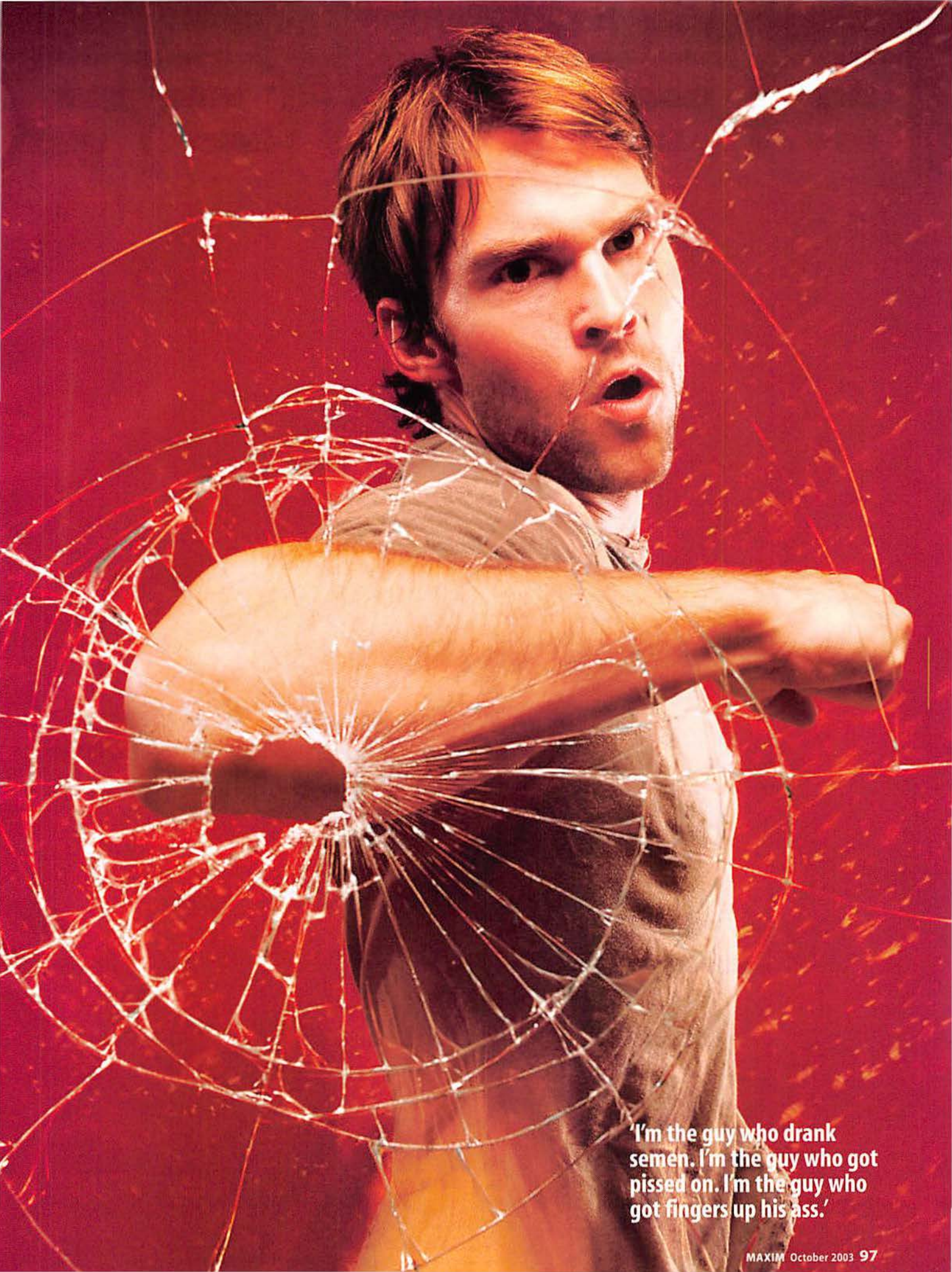
Here's the thing. You get the girls who start laughing. They're like, "Ha, it's that crazy guy." And then you get the girls who are attracted to Stifler, and they think he's a nut and that I'm just like him. And then you get the girls who are freaked out. They're like, "This guy's an asshole." So it hasn't really helped me. It's not like I'm Heath Ledger riding in on a horse next to Mel Gibson. Or Wes Bentley in *American Beauty*. I'm the guy who drank semen. I'm the guy who got pissed on. I'm the guy who got fingers up my ass in *Road Trip*, kissed Ashton Kutcher in *Dude, Where's My Car?*, kissed Jason Biggs in *American Pie 2*, and kissed Will Ferrell in *Old School*. It's not like they've been romantic leads.

Have you given any thought to whom you'd like to share your first heterosexual love scene with?

I've always had the hots for Penélope Cruz. She's so sexy. If we were doing a scene together, we'd just go straight to the action. I'm not sure it would be good for the audience, but it would be great for me.



Interview by Dann Halem. *The Rundown* is in theaters now, so get your candy ass to a theater.



**'I'm the guy who drank
semen. I'm the guy who got
pissed on. I'm the guy who
got fingers up his ass.'**

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HOT LIPS



Sultry Gina Gershon gets mouthy with us, and we couldn't be happier.

With eyes piercing enough to pop a Goodyear, a voice so smoky it practically leaves an ash trail, and—oh, yeah—the sexiest pair of lips in Hollywood, Gina Gershon really has no choice but to play the femme fatale. Luckily, that's exactly what she's done in the likes of *Showgirls* (hey, if nothing else, at least you got to see her topless), *Face/Off*, *The Player*, and the near-legendary *Bound* (directed by *The Matrix*'s Larry and Andy Wachowski and featuring Gina as the sexiest butch lesbian we've ever seen). This month the L.A.-born bombshell brings new meaning to the term "cock rock" in the grungy drama *Prey for Rock & Roll*. Gina's a natural to play Jacki, a sexy, cynical rocker determined to make it on the L.A. punk scene, since music is practically in her blood. She grew up in a family of musicians—her uncle wrote theme songs for TV shows like *Charlie's Angels*—and she spent much of her youth going to concerts. "I think my uncle took me to my first concert when I was nine," she says, "and my sister used to make me go to shows all the time." During high school she jammed with Grammy winner Lenny Kravitz, whom she met in chorus class, and she even performed at the Whiskey A Go-Go before she ever had a lead in a movie. We were lucky enough to nab an exclusive backstage pass to talk to the brainy, ballsy stunner, and, predictably, she rocked our world.

BY PAUL YOUNG
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS





**'I have a really long
tongue. I had to have
speech therapy to
learn how to swallow.'**



Just settle one thing for us: *Prey for Rock & Roll* isn't a chick flick in disguise, is it?

There are a lot of chicks in it, but I wouldn't call it a chick flick. Anyone who likes music and hot chicks and an edgy story should like it. But I'm really proud of it. It's my favorite movie since *Bound*.

Do we get to see you naked?

[laughs] Well, I will say that there's a really hot sex scene in it, and I have a boyfriend *and* a girlfriend. So I'll leave the rest to your imagination.

That's how we get into trouble. Do rock stars have more fun than movie stars?

The thing about musicians is that you can do something really wild and the press is all over it, and people are like, "Yeah, man, awesome!" If an actor does that, it's the end of your career. I mean, actors have all kinds of rules they have to abide by, rules of behavior and all that. So, yeah, I think it's true. Musicians definitely have more fun.

Has this movie made you want to start a band?

I sort of did for a screening at Sundance. Because everyone was like, "You gotta play, you gotta play," and I'm like, "Well, the band in the movie is fake—it's not a real band." So I had about five hours to put a band together, and all of a sudden I had Matt Sorum, Duff McKagan, and Slash from Guns n' Roses. That was my band. Me and Guns n' Roses. So we played this show, and it was probably one of the greatest experiences I've ever had. Then we did another show in New York, and then all of a sudden all these people were like, "Hey, I'd like to work with you." Don Was came along and said he wanted to produce an album; Linda Perry said she'd write with me; Dave Stewart was like, "You gotta do

this"; and Bob Dylan said he wanted to teach me how to play guitar.

Wow! Bob Dylan?

I've known Bob for a while. I met him around the time I was doing *Bound*. At the time I wanted to take up boxing to get in shape, because I thought it would be a really good workout. Then one day my trainer was like, "Well, you need to learn how to spar." So he brings this guy to spar with me and... it's Bob Dylan. Because he loves boxing. So we started sparring, and we eventually became really good buddies.

That's about the most surreal thing we've ever heard. Did Bob give you any tips?

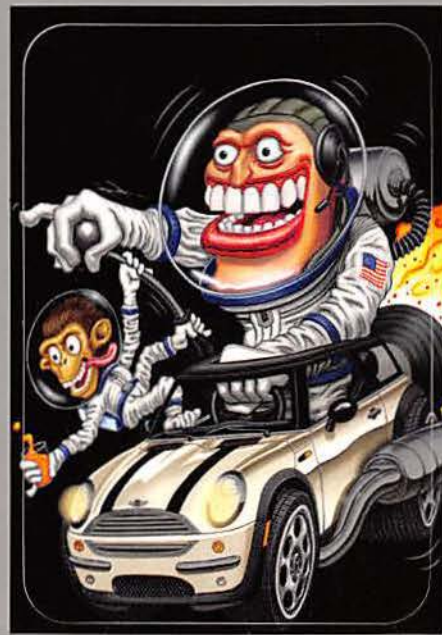
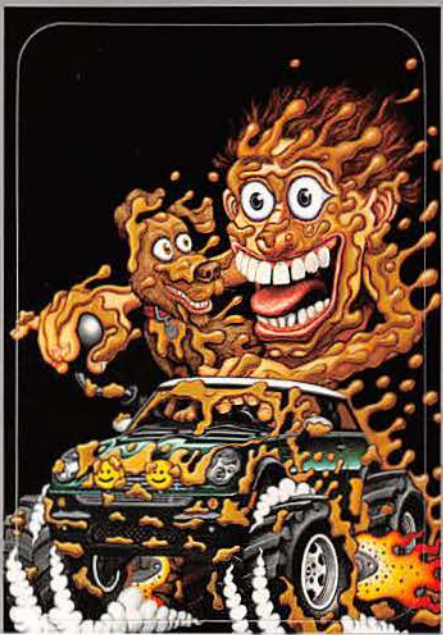
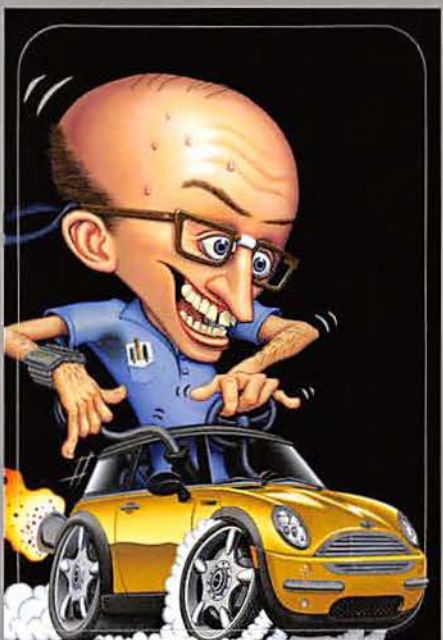
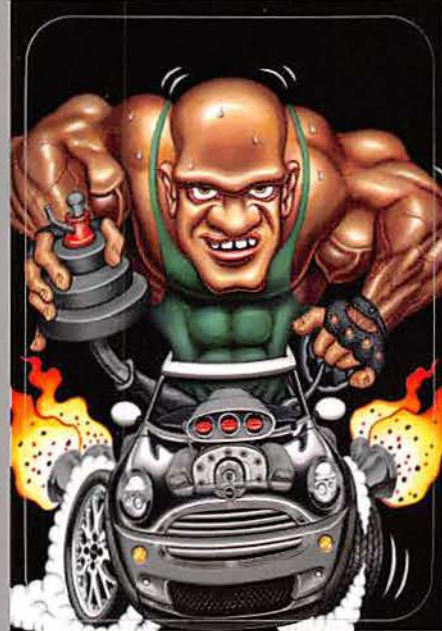
He's been telling me about this thing he calls his system. It's a whole different way of playing guitar, and he's been trying to teach me. We get into these crazy conversations, and sometimes I have to step back and just say, "Wait a minute; you're Bob Dylan!"

While boxing with Dylan is pretty fucking cool, what's the dumbest thing you've ever had to do for a role?

Oh, God, where do I start? I don't know. I remember this one time when I was going to NYU and they were shooting this video for the Cars, so I stopped to check it out. And Andy Warhol was directing it, which was pretty cool. Then someone said, "We need hot and sexy!" So they grabbed me and said, "You've got to be in this video." And I was like, "Well, I have an exam in about two hours." And they were like, "Don't worry, you'll be fine." Then they started looking for someone with a long tongue, and I have a really long tongue.

See, you were born to be a rock star!

Right? I had to have speech therapy to learn how to swallow. ►



MUSCLE MINI

Let's reinvent the hot rod. Let's do more reps with less weight. Let's be proud of what's under the hood. Let's test positive for high octane. **LET'S MOTOR.**



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Let's pick a number. Let's pick a navigator. Let's hit the gas. Let's hang on. And when we come out on top, let's act like we've been there before. **LET'S MOTOR.**



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Let's have the right stuff. Let's take new turns. Let's see new streets. Let's explore strange new neighborhoods. Let's 3. Let's 2. Let's 1. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MESSENGER MINI

Let's motor for a living. Let's sing out loud. Let's brake for pedestrians and squirrels. Let's say we'll be there in 20. Let's actually be there in 10. **LET'S MOTOR.**



MUDDY MINI

Let's backroad it. Let's forget a few car washes. Let's forget a few showers. But let's not forget to write "wash me" on the rear window. **LET'S MOTOR.**



**'I'm in bed thinking,
Here I am with this
really hot guy, and I'm
getting paid for it!'**



Anyway, they grabbed me and said, "OK, we're going to paint the word HELLO on your tongue, and when you hear 'Action!' you have to stick out your tongue." So I was holding it and holding it, and I was thinking how cool it was because Andy Warhol was behind me; he was actually my background. Then they said "Action!" and I opened my mouth and all this saliva came pouring out. So it was a little embarrassing.

Speaking of talented tongues, after *Bound* there were rumors that you were gay. Are you?

I'm not a lesbian, but my girlfriend is. [laughs]

What's the difference between female and male groupies?

Well, I have a lot of female fans because of *Bound* and a few other movies, and the difference is that female fans are a lot more intense. They're really forthcoming in what they want from you and what they want to give you. Guys are like, "Hey, what's up? Liked your flick. Can I take a picture?" Women are like... they tell you everything—what they want to do for you, what they think about you, their sex lives, everything. So I can see how that would be a trip for male rock stars. Because when I did that show in New York, the female fans were—I can't even describe it—they were out of control.

What's the best kissing scene you've ever done?

That depends on what kind of kissing scene you're talking about. But I always remember my first kissing scene in a movie, because it was with Tom Cruise in *Cocktail*. And I kind of had a little crush on him back then. I mean, he was hot. So all of a sudden I'm in bed with him and I'm thinking, God, here I am with this really hot guy, and I'm getting paid for it! Does it get any better than this?



THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more exclusive photos of
Gina at maximonline.com.



What's your biggest rock star fantasy?

When I was in high school, I used to have this fantasy of what I was going to do when I was all grown-up: What I wanted to do was have a loft in New York and put a Jacuzzi in the middle of the room and fill it with wet noodles. That was my idea for an adult party. I was going to have that, and then on the other side I was going to have huge rolls of paper and buckets of nontoxic paint. So after you got out of the Jacuzzi you could make body art.

Would you describe yourself as being a juvenile delinquent growing up?

I definitely went through a time when my family would hang their heads in collective shame. But I think I was just bored. I wasn't being intellectually or creatively stimulated, and when I got like that I'd get depressed. Then all of a sudden lighting fires and stealing things seemed like a creative outlet.

What did you want to be when you grew up?

I wanted to be a hit lady.

Um, a hit lady? You mean you wanted to go around killing people for a living?

Yeah, but this was when I was, like, five or something. And I thought it would be a really cool job. [laughs] Of course, I didn't understand the reality of it. It's like when I was really little and I was sitting around the dinner table, and I picked up a knockwurst and put it in my mouth and said, "Look! I'm giving a blow job!" My mother turned white, and all the food fell out of her mouth. And I just thought it was funny, but I didn't know why. I didn't understand what I was doing. And the hit lady was on the same level. I used to read a lot of fiction about secret agents and stuff, and I thought it seemed so glamorous and cool.

You always seem to play the bad girl—and play it so well. Are you a bad girl in real life?

People always say that, but what's a bad girl? I always go back to the Wicked Witch. Remember what she said in *The Wizard of Oz*? "Who killed my sister?" That's all she wanted to know. I mean, not only did this bitch come and kill her sister, but she ran off with family heirlooms. Now, if someone killed my sister and took the family jewels, I'd get my flying monkeys and kick her ass, too. So the point is, everyone has a reason for doing what they do. It's all how you look at it.

☆ **GIRL ON FILM**

She's been a ruthless topless dancer, a tough lesbian thief, and coming soon, an animated sci-fi sexpot. But underneath, it's 100 percent Gina.



Showgirls (1995)
Admit it, you saw it. And, thankfully, Gina was its saving grace.



Bound (1996)
Gina and Jennifer Tilly made whoopee in this noir thriller.



Face/Off (1997)
Even dodging gunfire, Gina looked calm, cool, and sexy as hell.



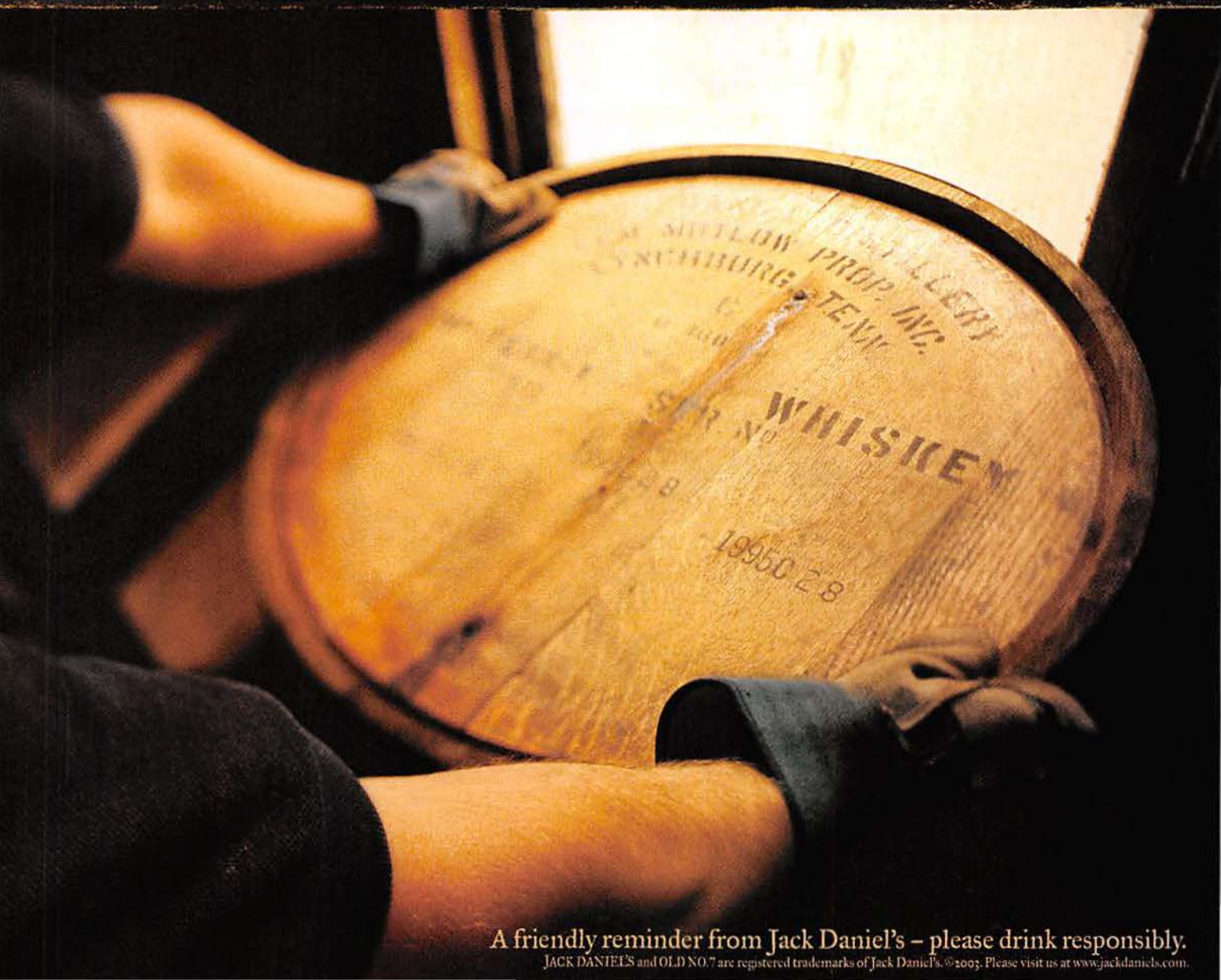
Prey for Rock & Roll (2003)
Raise those lighters, 'cause Gina rocks.



Tripping the Rift (2004)
Gina goes sci-fi in this new TV series.



If you want to make an **old school** whiskey,
it helps to have an old school distillery.



A friendly reminder from Jack Daniel's – please drink responsibly.
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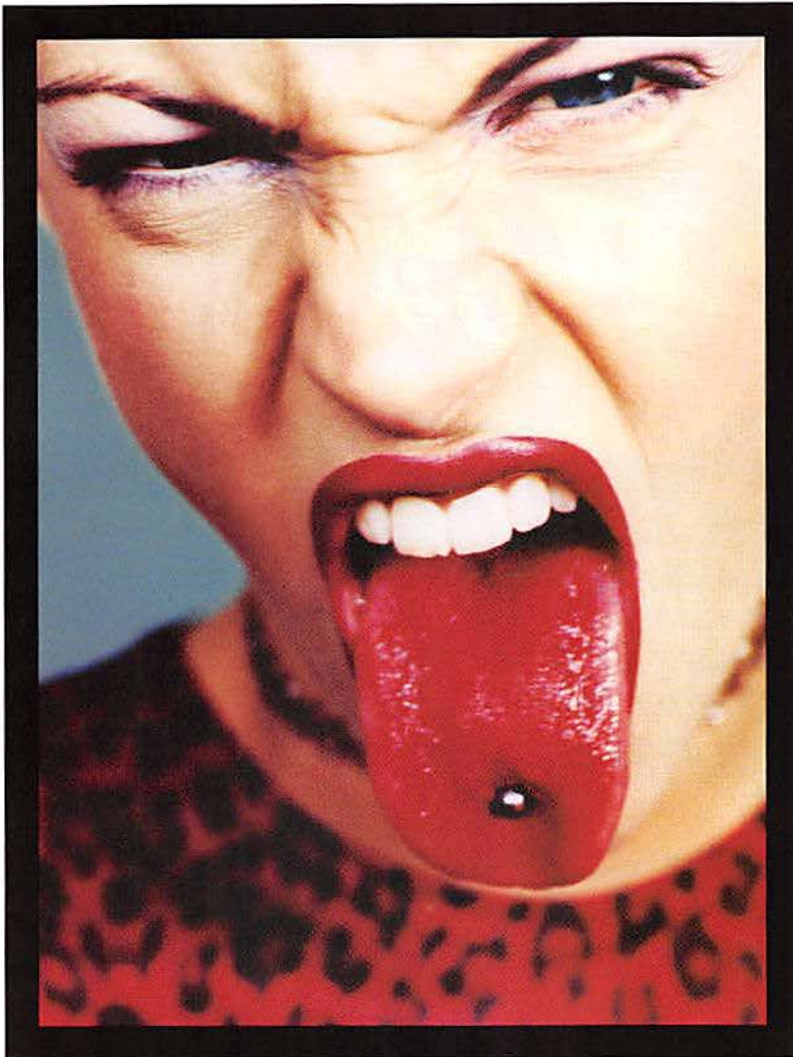
☆ GINA AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born June 10, 1962 in Los Angeles, into a bizarre family tree. "I'm related to Ken and Barbie," she says. "Through marriage. I have a cousin in Denver who married into the Handler family."

Hail to the King: "I think it would be really cool to make out with John Lennon, but as far as having sex with someone, it would have to be Elvis Presley. Not in his jelly donut years, but when he was in his 20s. I mean, how sexy was he?"

Virtual sex: "I went into a chat room just to see what it was like. I started having this sexual thing with someone, but after about 10 minutes I got bored. The whole thing left me unsatisfied," she laughs.

Name game: "If your stripper name is your middle name and the street you grew up on, then mine is Lynn Lubao, which isn't exciting. But if your porn name is your first pet's name and your mother's maiden name, mine is Kalookie Von Koppel." 



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- ☒ INCREASES ENDURANCE
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- ☒ IMPROVES REACTION SPEED
- ☐ TASTES GREAT

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Maxim's Car of the Year 2004

There was only one way to properly test our picks for next year's 10 best automobiles. But when accounting put the kibosh on a demolition derby, we decided to tour these beauties from Big Sur to San Francisco along California's famed Highway 1. If only Bullitt could have been there...

BY ANTHONY CHIARELLA PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ROMERO FOR JGA



MERCEDES SL55 AMG

Experience a combo of luxury and speed not seen since the Concorde's glory days.

Price: \$113,000

We say: You may have the Benjamins to demand engineering perfection, cockpit opulence, and an iconic hood ornament. But do you have the *guts* to pilot Mercedes' fastest-ever production car? Turn the electronic key and its hand-built V-8 ignites with a menacing growl. Punch the brushed-metal gas pedal and close to 500 stallions tug at the reins, spurred on by an air/water intercooler and a Lysholm supercharger whose faint whine allows for Mad Max-esque daydreaming. The two-seater boasts lung-collapsing

acceleration up to 155 mph, at which point its computer caps the power for "safety" reasons. Damn Germans! Control, however, is never an issue, thanks to an ABC Active Suspension and 14.2-inch vented disc brakes that vary pressure on each wheel so you can screech to a halt at drive-throughs. Bucket seats *literally* give backrubs, and gauges are easy to read even when you lower the automatic hardtop. It's a task that takes 16 seconds—the perfect countdown to takeoff. **Drawbacks:** The retracted roof takes up a ton of trunk space.



The car's 516 lb. ft. of torque mean it jets from 0 to 60 with far less effort than it takes you to climb a flight of stairs.

SPEC CHECK >



5.5-liter, 493 bhp supercharged V-8; 0-60 in 4.5 seconds





INFINITI FX45

Is it an SUV or a racecar? It's an SUV, you dolt—but it is fast.

Price: \$44,200

We say: Speedy little sports cars are great for cruising, but not much help when it's time to haul around groceries, lumber, or hitchhiking drifters. Enter the FX45, a car that reestablishes Infiniti's competitive fire in its ongoing battle with fellow early-'90s luxury start-up Lexus. Along with the Mercedes ML55 AMG and BMW X5 4.6i, the FX45 is one of the fastest, best-handling "crossover vehicles" out there, but costs a fraction of its Teutonic competitors. The potent aluminum mill and smooth five-speed tranny—electronic shifting technology reins in

horsepower when changing gears, creating seamless acceleration—match some sports cars. An advanced Vehicle Dynamic Control system, nimble all-wheel drive, and formidable 20-inch rims make



SPEC CHECK >



4.5-liter, 315 bhp V-8; 0-60 in 6.3 seconds



This needn't be the last thing Bambi sees, thanks to dime-targeting ABS four-wheel disc brakes.

sure tight turns don't turn into unwanted off-road adventures. Inside, stylish leather seats grab the driver like a five-point harness, and a gauge cluster that tilts with the steering wheel (a feature not seen since Porsche discontinued its 928) boosts both ergonomics and the owner's ability to pretend he's in an X-Wing. If you're too lazy or scoliotic to pivot your head when backing up, a James Bond-inspired rearview camera broadcasts the pavement behind you on the in-dash flat screen. Simply crank the 300-watt, 11-speaker Bose stereo system, however, and you'll never even hear the screams of protest from the terrified pedestrians leaping out of your way.

Drawbacks: The twitchy suspension gets a bit nervous, and eventually fatiguing, on bumpy pavement. And don't bring more than one carry-on; although the FX45 is roomy enough for five strangers to maintain an appropriate amount of personal space, its trunk isn't vast.

THE ULTIMATE ROADSIDE EMERGENCY KIT

Erratic driving attracting local law enforcement? Store these items in your car and you'll escape any ticket.



■ PRIEST COLLAR

Slip it on and swear that you're running late for a sermon, exorcism, or bris. Goddamn traffic!



■ MONOPOLY "GET OUT OF JAIL FREE" CARD

You never know...



■ THICK WAD OF \$20 BILLS

"Oh, I'm sorry, officer. Did I accidentally hand you a bunch of money instead of my license? Well, what the hey—go ahead and keep it!"



■ AIR HORN

Blow it continuously in the cop's face and he'll never hear the muffled screams of agony coming from your trunk.



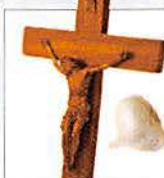
■ BABY DOLL, RAW LIVER, AND SAUSAGE LINKS

Tuck these items in your lap and explain that you were speeding to the hospital to give birth. (Works better for women.)



■ POCKET WATCH

Hypnotize the cop, then have him let you off. You can also command him to shoot anyone with a READERS ARE LEADERS bumper sticker.



■ GARLIC AND CRUCIFIX

If the cop shrieks and covers his face with a cape, he's not really a cop—he's an evil vampire! Get the heck out of there!

SUBARU IMPREZA WRX

Love the raw speed of motorcycles but hate all that fresh air? This car's for you!

Price: \$31,000

We say: 2 Fast 2 Furious may have been in theaters for less time than it took Vin Diesel to say, "You want me to star in *what?*?" but that doesn't mean the cars aren't worthy of sequels. That's why Subaru followed up its popular Impreza WRX with the WRX STi, a new and improved—yet still affordable—pocket rocket that scores street cred with baggy-panted speed-freak delinquents and pro racers alike. The car's Momo steering wheel, BBS 17-inch mags, and Brembo ventilated-disc brakes imbue the STi with racing prowess, while a lightweight aluminum hood and suspension components, along with its massive rear spoiler, are cribbed

from Subaru's world-champion rally cars. To further improve upon its predecessor, the STi comes standard with a button that sprays water into the intercooler, improving efficiency so you can take full advantage of all 300 ponies, while the prominent hood scoop, a decoy in many cars, serves as the intercooler's intake. What of the battle royal predicted between the STi and Mitsubishi's Lancer Evolution? While the Evo matches the STi almost punch for punch, the Subaru edges it out thanks to high-traction all-wheel-drive and greater low-end torque. Of course, the STi doesn't come with nitrous, so you'll have to be extra nice to your dentist.

Drawbacks: To make weight, Subaru omits any kind of stereo (!) from its standard package.



For the rear spoiler to really increase traction, you'd have to drive 100 mph. But it's not like that's against the law!

SPEC CHECK >



2.5-liter, 300 bhp turbocharged boxer-4; 0-60 in 4.8 seconds



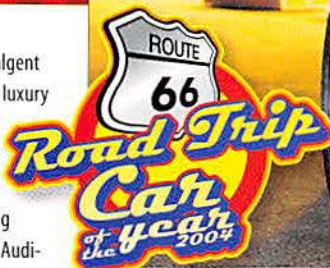


VW TOUAREG

It's a *fahrvergnuegen*-free zone!

Price: \$40,700

We say: Don't let the name's self-indulgent number of vowels fool you. Despite its luxury features (burl wood trim, 16-vent climate control, leather 12-way power seats), the Touareg is a bona fide roads-optional SUV thanks to air-spring suspension, an ultrarigid body, and an Audi-inspired all-wheel-drive system that crumples you to the rocky hillside without the pogo-stick handling that plagues other off-roaders. Adjust the suspension from a bog-fording 11.8 inches to a pothole-skimming 6.3 inches by hitting a switch—hoochies love it—and the Touareg is ready for city-slicking. Its five-valve-per-cylinder V-8 handles most freeway competition, while a new six-speed Tiptronic transmission improves fuel economy and reduces noise. Inside, every single German-engineered ergonomic gauge somehow manages to be constantly at your fingertips. So how did the folks at Volkswagen develop such a great automobile? For starters, Europe's largest auto manufacturer's got serious resources: Audi,



SPEC CHECK >



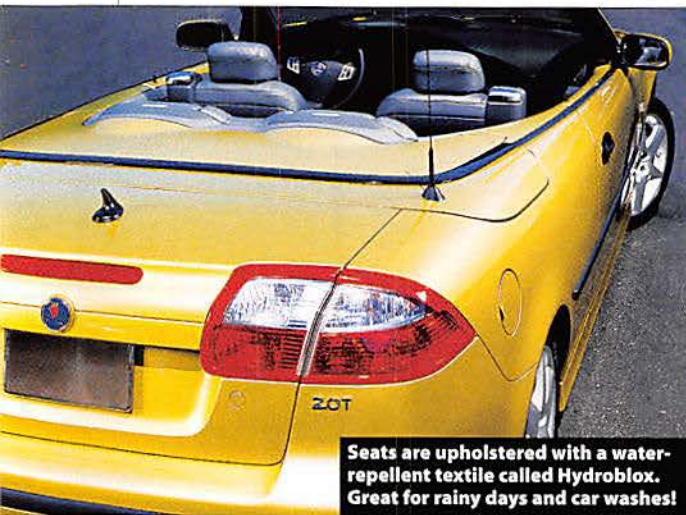
4.2-liter, 310 bhp V-8; 0-60 in 7.6 seconds

Bentley, Lamborghini, and Bugatti are all subsidiaries. As if that roster didn't supply enough mojo, Volkswagen teamed with Porsche to codevelop their initial forays into the SUV market. Yet while the Touareg shares a sturdy chassis, basic engine layout, and several luxury perks with Porsche's Cayenne, what it *doesn't* share is a price tag. The Touareg costs a fraction

The specially air-conditioned glove compartment ensures your unpaid parking tickets stay nice and cool.



of its flashier competitor's price, leaving your precious road trip fund for essentials like gasoline, Cocoa Puffs, and plenty of bail money. **Drawbacks:** The need to endure catcalls of "Ooh, is it a Cabriolet?" and "Rabbits are so sporty!" after your friends hear you own a Volkswagen. Plus, it'd ideally harness a few more ponies to run with the Cayenne.



Seats are upholstered with a water-repellent textile called Hydroblox. Great for rainy days and car washes!

SAAB 9-3

Feast your eyes on one topless model you can bring home to wifey.

Price: \$40,000

We say: If you spend the majority of your time cruising Suburbia, U.S.A.'s mean streets, you may as well own those streets. The new 9-3 offers the right combo of speed, performance, and country-club breeding to do just that. Considering one in five Saabs sold in the U.S. is a convertible—and one in five convertibles sold in the U.S. is a Saab—the well-scrubbed car company could have sold plenty of 9-3's simply by repackaging last year's model. Instead, the industrious Scandinavians revamped the four-cylinder engine, making it 20 percent more powerful yet 35 pounds lighter than the previous power plant, while maintaining the signature Saab high-pitched purr that just *sounds* like money. The chassis is three times

stiffer and two inches wider, with a wheelbase 2.8 inches longer—features that make for a cashmere-soft ride and greater four-passenger comfort. Like to pretend your cul-de-sac is an F1 racecourse? A five-speed automatic transmission adapts its shift patterns to optimize performance based on the driver's habits and the road conditions (although the six-speed manual tranny goes 0-60 in 1.5 fewer ticks). The top folds up and down in 20 seconds with the touch of a button, and new pop-up rollover bars protect your perfectly gelled coif in case the car flips during an accident. Stupid school buses! **Drawbacks:** Punch the gas from a dead stop and its front-wheel-drive "torque steer," designed to straighten you out, actually makes for shaky handling. And Saab's ignition placed behind the stick shift is supposed to be ergonomic. It's not.

SPEC CHECK >



2.0-liter, 210 bhp turbocharged inline-4; 0-60 in 7.9 seconds



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Apply BFGoodrich® g-Force T/A® tires directly to smooth, paved surface. Press firmly on accelerator. Bonds instantly. Near race-tire grip, thanks to the kind of super sticky tread compound you'd expect from the reigning Japan Grand

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Ultimate Dry Traction



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TAKE CONTROL®



PONTIAC GTO

A sorely missed American legend returns strong, triumphant, and totally cherry.

Price: \$35,000

We say: Years before John DeLorean founded his ill-fated car company in order to build a time machine for Michael J. Fox, he was the head of Pontiac's design department. It was there that he bolted bigger tires to a '64 Tempest, shoehorned a 389-cubic-inch V-8 under its hood, and borrowed the name Gran

Turismo Omologato—that's GTO for short, genius—from Ferrari, thereby inventing the American muscle car. Forty years and several embarrassing models later, Pontiac has again created a car worthy of the hallowed GTO name. With a Corvette LS1 V-8, a six-speed tranny, and a small 3.46:1 drive ratio for greater acceleration out of the box, the rear-wheel-drive Goat melts asphalt. Equally impressive is its handling; unlike such similar power cars as the Mustang, the GTO's 17-inch mags and front and rear stabilizer bars help it stick hairpin curves. Inside the cockpit, race-inspired baseball-stitched leather buckets cradle the driver like a fighter pilot. Pontiac plans on producing a mere 18,000 GTOs next year—but you can

SPEC CHECK >



5.7-liter, 350 bhp V-8; 0-60 in 5.5 seconds



Turn off the Bosch three-channel traction control system and fog in your taillights with burning rubber.

always count on seeing one at high noon on Thunder Road.

Drawbacks: The body, taken directly from the Monaro—manufactured by GM's Australian subsidiary, Holden—makes the GTO look as formidable as a dozing koala. Some vents and chrome would've been nice, fellas!

A SEMICOMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF GASOLINE

Contrary to popular belief, it doesn't come from gasoline machines. Here's how go-juice gets to your car.



1. Prehistoric beasts eat cave men, attack Tokyo, and, without Bruce Willis to save them, get killed by a giant meteor.



2. Their fossil remains—which contain hydrocarbons, the adorable building blocks of crude oil—sink ever farther into the earth.



3. The heat and pressure deep underground are so intense that the cellular and chemical structures of the fossils are altered, liquefying them into petroleum.



4. Oil (a.k.a. black gold, a.k.a. Texas tea) is discovered at first by chance, then with the use of sophisticated sonographic equipment. Drilling proceeds—take that, environment!



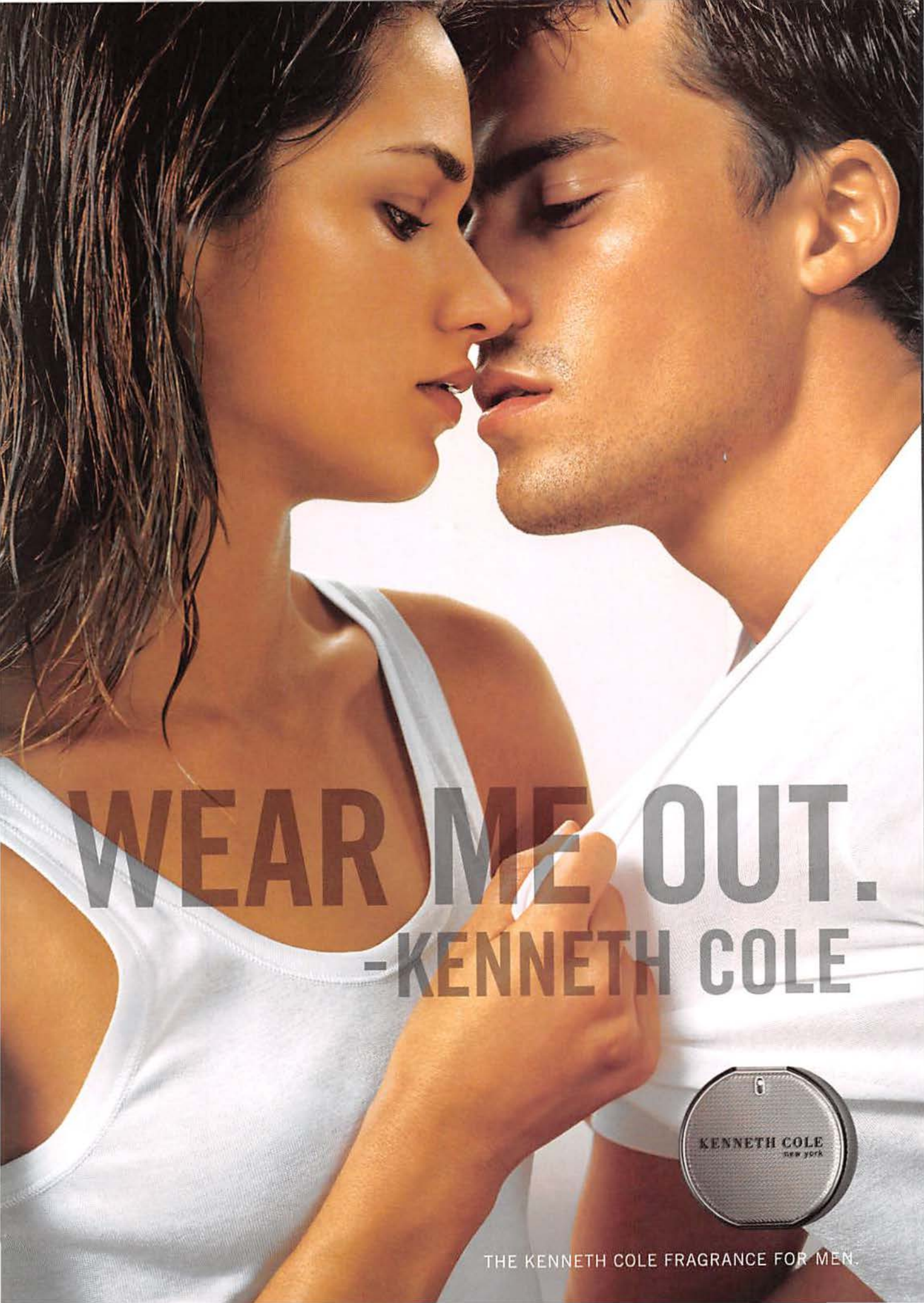
5. The Organization of the Petroleum Exporting Countries, or OPEC, meets every six months to set world oil prices. A benevolent America lets them think they're in control.



6. Oil companies superheat the crude, separating it into component parts that are then distilled to get gasoline. Delicious additives like octane enhancers are also mixed in.



7. Gasoline is distributed to the country's 170,000 gas stations, where Americans fill up their Ramblers and El Cams to drive an eighth of a mile to the local Wal-Mart! —Bahar Takhtehchian

A romantic close-up of a man and a woman about to kiss. The woman is on the left, wearing a white tank top, and the man is on the right, wearing a white shirt. They are both looking down and slightly towards each other, with their lips just inches apart. The lighting is soft and warm, creating an intimate atmosphere.

WEAR ME OUT.

-KENNETH COLE



THE KENNETH COLE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN.

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WITH ANY KENNETH COLE NEW YORK FRAGRANCE
PURCHASE OF \$40 OR MORE.



EXPERIENCE
KENNETH COLE MEN >



AUDI RS 6

Impress colleagues with this stately auto. Then blow 'em off the line!

SPEC CHECK >



4.2-liter, 450 bhp V-8; 0-60 in 4.6 seconds

Price: \$82,700

We say: What does Audi have that its German luxury car rivals don't? Huge cred on the track. The company focuses on pro racing far more than Mercedes or BMW—and it does nothing but win. So it's little surprise the RS 6 looks like a sumptuous luxury car but drives like a racer. Pop the

hood and you behold a museum-worthy work of art. An aluminum engine with twin turbochargers and five valves per cylinder delivers a torque curve that defies quantum physics: 415 lb. ft. from 1,950 rpm to 5,600 rpm. What the hell does that mean? Even the wussiest feather foot couldn't help but accelerate like a professional dragster. A five-speed auto tranny with sport mode and paddle shifters herds the stampeding ponies into the latest version of Audi's famed Quattro all-wheel-drive system, creating an epic battle between power and handling that eliminates the possibility of a peel-out but gives the car spine-bending acceleration. With amenities like 12-way power



A computer directs power to the wheels that need it most. If you had only two on the ground, it'd be them.

seats, Alcantara roof liner, and dual zone climate control encompassed in precision ergonomics, the RS 6 is a 4,000-plus-pound wundercar that'll soon be in the garages of billionaire playboy superheroes everywhere. **Drawbacks:** With great speed and handling comes great responsibility—and the need for tight suspension. The result? Bumps are felt far more than in typical luxury autos.



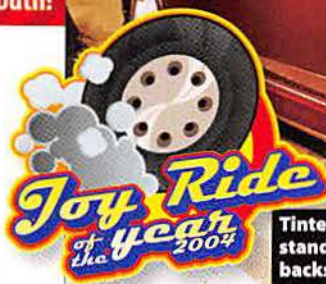


(TOYOTA) SCION XB

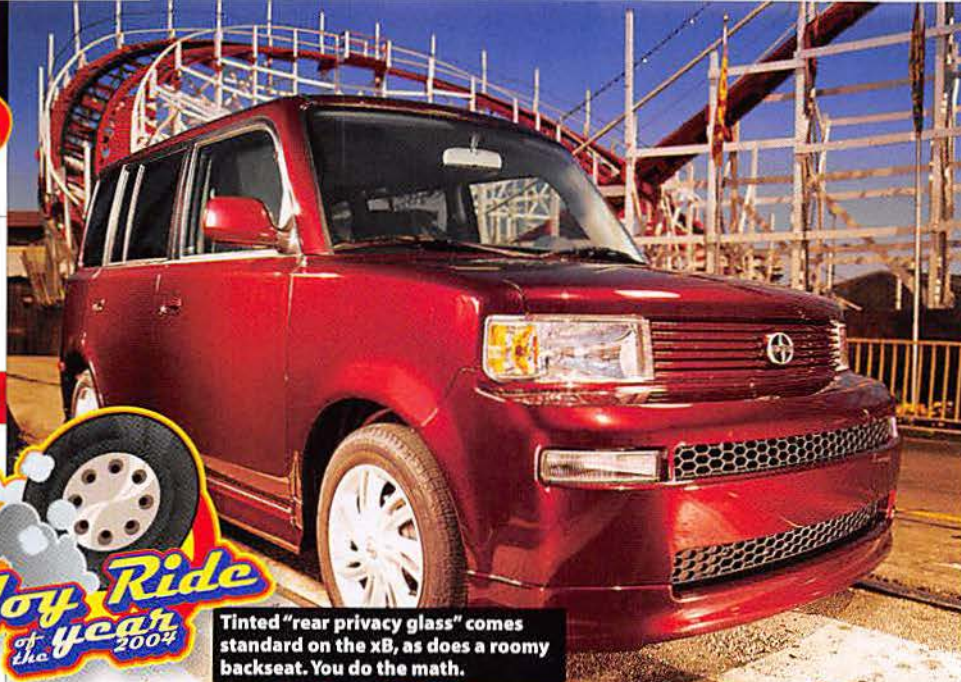
Finally, a product targeting youth!

Price: \$14,165

We say: Ever wish your college dorm room, with all its laid-back creature comforts, was on wheels? Well, it turns out your mindless meanderings have all but come true with Toyota's inexpensive new offshoot brand, Scion. The xB is a car with Martian styling and urban-friendly performance inspired by European and Japanese show cars. Seating for five adults with NBA-quality headroom, trucklike cargo capacity, and cyclops gauge pod (including a plucky, if somewhat unnecessary, tachometer mounted in the center of the dash) make the xB far more versatile than a first-time buyer's typical econobox snoozer. AC and power everything



Tinted "rear privacy glass" comes standard on the xB, as does a roomy backseat. You do the math.



SPEC CHECK >



1.5-liter, 108 bhp inline-4; 0-60 in 10.5 seconds

come standard, as does the Pioneer six-CD stereo system, whose base setting can be tuned to your liking: Manilowian "Neutral," respectable "Hear," or ominous "Feel," which turns the entire car into a thrumming subwoofer. Toyota's marketing department is working overtime to convince twentysomething tuners interested in bumper-to-bumper customization that the



Scion should be their new canvas. To jump-start their imaginations, the cars come with a dizzying array of factory options: carbon-fiber interior trim, rear spoiler, and more than 40 other performance and appearance options that can supershizzle the final price tag close to 20 grand. But as any college grad knows, that's what credit cards are for!

Drawbacks: When the auto tranny xB is crammed with people or cargo, acceleration suffers; the front seats, which should really be captain's chairs due to all the elbow room, are less supportive than an absentee dad; and Scion press materials repeatedly use the term "Generation Y." God, we hate that.

NISSAN TITAN SE

Cars that drive like trucks? Bad. A truck that drives like a car? Respect!

Price: \$28,660

We say: For years Detroit has ruled the full-size pickup market, obliterating foreign challengers like so many bugs on a windshield. But Motown's stranglehold appears to be over, thanks to the Nissan Titan, a beautifully styled, tough-as-nails hauler loaded with industry firsts. Boasting a standard aluminum-block V-8, nosebleed ground clearance, and nifty rear-fender storage compartment—great for both tools and contraband—the Titan is sure to be a coveted half-ton at job sites and executive parking lots alike. A 1,850-pound payload, 9,400-pound towing capacity, and rigid rear suspension help it get the job done, while an innovative channel system makes sure the job isn't *undone* by letting drivers tie down cargo with bungee cords or Christmas lights anywhere along the bed. Titan's 375 lb. ft. of torque powering a five-

speed manual override automatic give it muscle-car acceleration (we were even able to peel out... in reverse), which is a far cry from the reliable yet lumbering full-size American trucks that have been popular since the '70s. The door handles, gauges, and steering wheel are designed to be operated while wearing heavy-duty work gloves—or mink-lined mittens—and pencil-pushing drivers can fold down the passenger seat, whose molded back doubles as a desk, to fill out overdue TPS reports during the morning commute. More interested in using the truck for pleasure than business? Chauffeur your friends in the cavernous three-person backseat, which has plenty of room for even the portliest of Teamsters.

Drawbacks: Without the option of a longer wheelbase à la Ford, Chevy, and Dodge, the extended cab cuts into storage space, leaving an occasionally cramped 67-inch bed.



With the most legroom in its class, the Titan sits five comfortably—and that's not even including its bed!

SPEC CHECK >



5.6-liter, 305 bhp V-8; 0-60 in under 9 seconds



Can you count to ten?

Are your favorite colors
red, blonde, & brunette?

Do you have a talent
for judging strangers
based solely on looks?

Have we got a job for you!

Coors **LIGHT** MAXIM **GIRL SEARCH**

coorslight.com 





HONDA ACCORD EX COUPE

An über-successful everyman car reinvents itself and becomes the year's biggest and newest standout.

Price: \$27,900

We say: So you love the bling of Ferraris, Lamborghinis, and Bentleys? Great! Now take a good look at your last paycheck...and let's start over. If you want an affordable combination of power, performance, and style, no car even comes close to the totally redesigned EX. Why? For starters, its aluminum 24-valve VTEC V-6, dual exhausts, and close-ratio six-speed stick equipped us, but did not prepare us, for a neck-snapping takeoff, while the double-

wishbone front and rear suspension kept the beefy 17-inch rubber glued to the road during cornering. The redesigned interior approaches the ergonomic comfort of three-times-as-expensive German cars, boasting lumbar-supporting leather buckets, power moon roof, and a sport steering wheel that tilts and telescopes to the driver's liking. A voice-activated navigation system—the best we've ever used—responds to commands like "Find nearest seafood restaurant," then follows up your meal of tainted oysters by helping you "Find nearest hospital." With all those features, it's

SPEC CHECK >



3.0-liter, 240 bhp V-6; 0-60 in 6.3 seconds

easy to forget the EX still has rock-solid Honda reliability—the first tune-up isn't scheduled until 105,000 miles. Even if you drive like we do.

Drawbacks: The performance-oriented suspension isn't always performance-oriented enough. Cornering is good, but the shocks get floaty enough on rough pavement to affect traction and handling.





WORK HARD.
LOOK FIT.

NEW REVITALIZING LOTION Q10 leaves tired, stressed skin looking fit, firm and healthy

- replenishes skin's own Coenzyme Q10, which maintains skin's vitality & elasticity
- contains SPF 15 and Vitamin E
- fast absorbing, lightly fragranced



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More evolved skincare

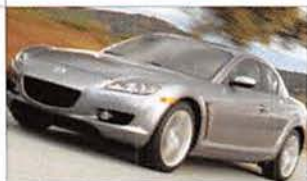




MAXIM'S ALL-STAR GARAGE

These vehicles round out the cream of next year's auto crop. Why not get all eight?

Who would buy them?



Mazda RX-8 \$27,200

Best for: Outrunning the Yakuza when you refuse to ax your pinky.

All you need to know: (1.3-liter, 247 bhp twin-rotor Wankel) Fifteen years of revamping has produced this low-priced sports sedan that sprints to 60 in under six ticks, thanks to Mazda's next-generation Renesis rotary engine. Less than two thirds the size of an inline-4 yet twice as powerful, it frees up space for four adults, a good-size trunk, and lots of stylin'.



Owen Wilson: A thinking man's urban cowboy, he appreciates style but values substance. A nose job? Thinking about it...



Acura TSX \$26,500

Best for: Creating a burnt-rubber cloud in your office parking lot every day at five o'clock.

All you need to know: (2.4-liter, 200 bhp inline-4) A status symbol for guys on a budget, the TSX boasts a high-revving twin-cam engine and a six-speed stick for tie-loosening acceleration. The TSX is so loaded with luxuries like leather seats, a power moon roof, and a 360-watt, six-CD stereo that the only option available is a \$2,000 navigation system. Sweet!



Vince Vaughn: A cut-up who's popular with both the indie crowd and normal people. Needs lots of legroom; also enjoys a roomy backseat.



Volvo XC90 AWD T6 \$40,565

Best for: Rescuing leggy Scandinavian blondes after their heliskiing chopper crashes.

All you need to know: (2.9-liter 268 bhp turbocharged V-6) Safety is rarely synonymous with fun, but the XC90 is a Volvo-sturdy SUV that can sit seven and buries the needle at over 125 mph. A 12-speaker Dolby Pro-Logic surround-sound system with 305-watt Alpine amp lets you blast (shudder) Swedish techno to shoo away stray dogs and loitering Norwegians.



Tom Hanks: An established family man who forgoes hedonism for simple pleasures like really, really, really long walks on the beach.



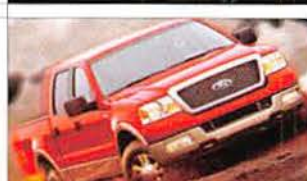
Lamborghini Gallardo \$160,000

Best for: Leading cops on a car chase that ends in your fiery yet triumphant death.

All you need to know: (5.0-liter, 500 bhp V-10) This long-awaited Lambo, which is touted to challenge Ferrari Modenas for pinks, rockets to 60 mph in 4.0 seconds and powers up to 192 mph. Drivers stay on target thanks to all-wheel drive and a paddle-shift tranny that keeps both hands where they belong: raised in blessed victory as you steer with your knees.



Chris Tucker: A flashy hotshot whose big mouth gets him into trouble and whose quick wit then gets him out. Has yellow fever, yet seeks no cure.



Ford F-150 \$25,000

Best for: Dropping off an NFL defensive line on your way to Home Depot.

All you need to know: (5.4-liter, 300 bhp V-8) Ford has redesigned—and improved—its signature pickup for 2004. An engine with 15 percent greater output powers a box-section ladder frame for improved durability. Add to that a stately interior and deeper cargo box and you've got more than enough ammo to keep the Ford vs. Chevy debate raging.



Kid Rock: Down-to-earth yet successful, he marches to the beat of a different drum machine. Gets women, but can't hold on to 'em.



Chrysler Pacifica \$31,230

Best for: Picking up Ferrari-driving supermodels during cross-country family vacations.

All you need to know: (3.5-liter, 250 bhp V-6) Celine Dion may be in its commercials, but we have to give props to the Pacifica because it defines a new class of car. Six-passenger comfort, all-wheel traction, and tons of hauling space make it a fan-friendly vehicle for people who appreciate performance. Near, far, where-e-ver you are... aw, dammit!



Ray Romano: A beleaguered husband and dad who maintains what some would call a sense of humor despite his nutty family.



Mitsubishi Galant LS V-6 \$23,347

Best for: Going to 7-Eleven, Taco Bell, and Blockbuster—all during a commercial break.

All you need to know: (3.8-liter, 230 bhp V-6) Long respected for its functionality and durability—bo-o-o-ring!—the Galant has been reengineered with a longer wheelbase (108.3 inches), 16-inch mags, and an engine powerful enough to smoke playa hats rolling in many higher-priced competitors. Now the Galant has finally earned *Maxim's* respect.



Seth Green: A bit player with powerful friends who nonetheless always ends up stealing the show. He's a decent guy, but has an evil side.



Cadillac XLR \$76,200

Best for: Cruising to the country club via Route 66.

All you need to know: (4.6-liter, 320 bhp Northstar V-8) Back in the '50s and '60s, Cadillac took styling tips from the Apollo space program; now it has patterned the XLR after a stealth fighter jet. A five-speed transmission buries the driver in G-forces while its suspension adjusts to the road 1,000 times a second. You got a problem with that, Houston?



Jack Nicholson: An established professional who's worshiped by his peers and still has plenty of mojo with the girls. Oh, and the women too.

The 2004 Maxim Team

Maxim would like to thank: SCCA racing legend Peter Cunningham for all his help evaluating the cars, particularly the extremely informative peel-outs and skid turns across lanes of oncoming traffic; the California Highway Patrol and San Francisco Police Department for keeping us out of trouble... and not noticing the aforementioned antics; the men and women at the auto companies who made sure we had plenty of cars to play with; the Hyatt Regency Monterey for its hospitality; all the dudes at Cowell's Surf Shop in Santa Cruz; and finally, the fine folks at Casalegno's general store in Sequel, which should be a destination on every Cali road trip.

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SOUL CALIBUR II



Violence
Suggestive Themes



REFLECTIONS OF POWER. Exclusively on the Xbox, Todd McFarlane's Spawn® charges into the Soulcalibur II arena. The battle will be hard fought with old Soulcalibur favorites and new masters ready to battle anyone with the guts. And the fighting continues with over 10 modes of play, including the new Weapon Master Mode, giving you the chance to unlock hundreds of weapons, costumes, arenas and hidden characters.



HEAD GAMES

LETTER RIP



EYELID CANDY

CLUE: Before Mini-Me, America's heart belonged to another strange-looking but better-dressed midget. Burn him onto your retinas!

MAZE

START

END

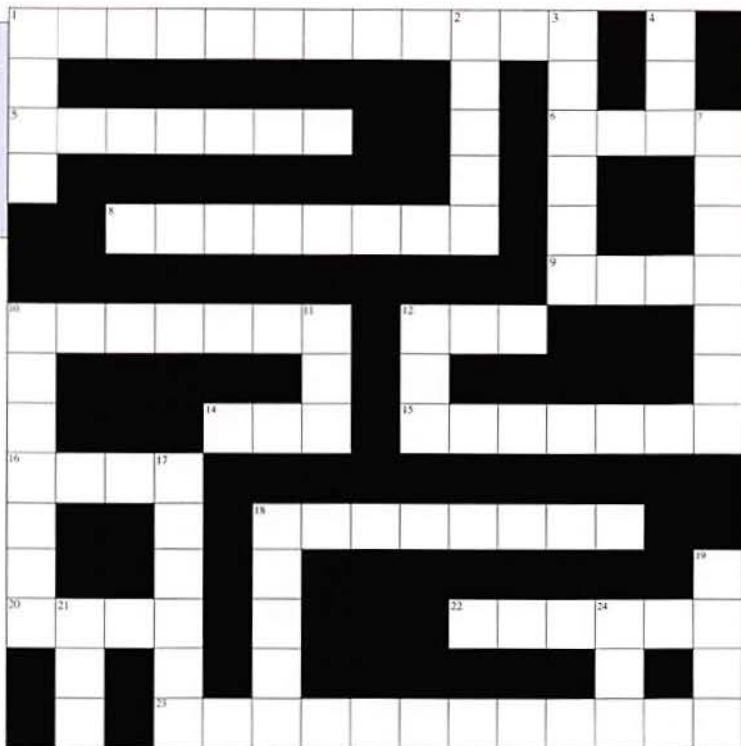
WORD UP!

AGE, ILL	COLOGNE
YUPPIES	OLD FART
CULINARY	DULL
ABS	LOSERS
ELITIST	SENSITIVE
DIE	EMS
EARRINGS	LAST
VANITY	CUFFLINKS
FEY	OTB
SHOES	POSH
TIES	OBSOLETE
OVERRATED	ANTI
SUCKS	STOP
HAIRSTYLE	SUV

S E O L D F A R T G C O L O G N E H E F
R D B D W S H Y T R U A D W B J A N K A
G O S R H F K N S W L Z E R J V R E W F
Y F O C R Q Z B U X I H E X E U R M R Y
H A L B H D U L L E N Y M D W O I N G O
I W E G S V E I A X A M Z O P X N H A B
V X T E B N R H S C R K Y E F O G J R H
N J E L I T I S T X Y U P P I E S V E T
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A G E L S R C M O T B R H R W X S T O P
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A B S T E M S G D I E S E N V E S F E Y
T D C O X E L O V E S K Y S A S S X E W
G R E I C O E W G N M S A C N W B G W O

CAN YOU FIND 14 HIDDEN WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION?





CROSS WORDS

HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD!

ACROSS

- 1 *Pulp Fiction*'s Samuel Jackson was one bad one of these
- 5 Treat Williams practiced coprophilia or, colloquially, did this (two words), in *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*
- 6 *American Pie* acronym: "female parent I wish to enter"
- 8 Tony Montana had to do this (two words) to get his scar
- 9 Kim Cattrall had to do this like a dog whilst making sweet love to the gym teacher in *Porky's*
- 10 Mandy wore gloves to give one of these in *Animal House*
- 12 J.Lo's is reportedly heavily insured
- 14 The young boy in *Happiness* hopes to do this
- 15 In *Clerks* Dante's girlfriend does entirely too much dick ____
- 16 These 'n' pieces make up *Austin Powers*' genitals
- 18 Complete the line from *Spaceballs*: "I'm surrounded by ____"
- 20 Young guys want to get this in every teen movie
- 22 In *Fight Club* Marla hadn't gotten this like that since grade school
- 23 Rudy Ray Moore in *Dolemite*: "That's for fucking with me, you no-business, born-insecure ____"

DOWN

- 1 An otherwise excellent date in *The Crying Game* was ruined by the revelation of man-____ (alliteration)
- 2 Pet synonym substituted to make this *Austin Powers* line TV-friendly: "I never forget a pussy"
- 3 Mrs. Cartman defines it as, "When you put your legs behind your head and have someone lick your ass"
- 4 An alternative use for spoooge, if you're Cameron Diaz
- 7 Is *Goodfellas*' Joe Pesci here to ____ amuse you?
- 10 Jake Busey loses this (two words) in the beloved *Tomcats*
- 11 British term for where a *Jackass* member stashed a toy car
- 12 Christopher Walken hid a watch here in *Pulp Fiction*
- 17 In the *South Park* movie, he really liked dildos
- 18 We saw this (two words) in *Basic Instinct* when Sharon Stone uncrossed her legs
- 19 Director John Waters experimented with this in *Polyester*
- 21 *Deliverance*'s Ned Beatty squealed like a porcine animal while experiencing this variety of rape
- 24 *Blazing Saddles*' black sheriff posed as a member of this

ROUGH HOUSE

FIGHTING...OR DANCING?

Try and guess who's getting beat down and who's getting down to the beat.



EYE SPY

WHAT'S WRONG?

Spot the 10 differences in these two vintage photos.





Krista Clear

She's a *Baywatch* babe, a homegrown Texan, and sweet on the fact that you watch baseball for hours. If Krista Allen isn't your dream woman, go back to bed.



KRISTA ALLEN

BY ERIC ALT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ODETTE SUGARMAN



'Knowledge is sexy. And humor. You've gotta have depth and be funny. But I see sexiness in everybody.'





Some men are mostly good. They buy miniature poodles and aromatherapy candles. Women love these men, but only as shopping buddies.

Other men are mostly bad. They install waterbeds in vans and consider women in comas fair game. These men don't get the girl, they get pepper-sprayed.

Then there are the men who've found that perfect balance: they're both sweet and seductive. They say the right thing at the right time. They do the right thing at the right time. And they're exactly what women want.

Part good. Part bad. That's the essence of every man.



Essence. New from AXE.
Learn more at theaxeeffect.com



It's as plain as the boot on your foot: You don't mess with Texas. But you also don't want to be messing with one of the Lone Star State's most gorgeous products, Krista Allen, either. Krista's gaining a reputation for being quick with a literal slap in the face (in the elevator with Jim Carrey in *Liar Liar*), a verbal slap in the face (as the girl in the pool who tells off Chuck Barris in *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*), and a few suggested, er, slaps of a different kind (playing a hot-tempered porn star in *Anger Management*).

But the former *Baywatch: Hawaii* babe, who also boasts memorable appearances on shows like *The X-Files* and will next host the 2004 *Maxim*/Coors Light girl search, doesn't want you backing off too far. "I think there's an innocence to me," explains Krista. "Too often I'm the 'sexy vixen,' and I just don't see myself like that." Of course not! That's *our* job.

Krista on fan encounters: "Well, the main difference between a *Baywatch* fan and an *X-Files* fan is that an *X-Files* fan would watch the show with the volume up. Luckily, though, I've never had a run-in with a crazy fan. But sometimes I get weird things mailed to me. The other day someone sent me a picture of their entire family and asked if I'd buy them a house! I have no idea why they thought I

could save them. 'Um, I'm still renting. I'll get back to you in a couple of years.'"

Krista on *Anger Management*: "Before I got on set, I was totally cool. I was like, 'This is fine. It's gonna be fun.' Then you're on set, and it's like, 'Holy shit, I'm working with Jack Nicholson and Adam Sandler!' And Jack was great. He's just a classic legend of a guy. He was probably the most interesting person I've ever worked with."

Krista on separating fact from fiction: "I want to clear up a few myths about myself. People have written that I was a kindergarten teacher and a former Miss Texas, and neither is true. I once thought I might want to teach, but that's about it! I never actually taught. And as far as the other thing, I've never even been in a beauty pageant of any kind. I don't know how these things get started. I just didn't know what the heck I wanted to do with my life, so I drove out to California and got really lucky."

Krista on getting really lucky: "I basically left Texas with no money. I was making \$3.50 working in some mall, so I didn't have a lot of cash. I took \$1,000 and headed to California. Along the way I stopped in Vegas because I had always wanted to see Caesar's Palace. So I stopped there and won \$2,500 on a slot machine! It was amazing. I

thought to myself, *I must be going in the right direction! I'm just gonna keep heading that way.* That's a true story."

Krista on meat markets: "I don't ever really notice when guys are hitting on me. I'm oblivious. It seems a little self-involved to be like, 'Oh, he's hitting on me.' Maybe he's just trying to start up an innocent conversation. And if there's a mutual attraction there, then it doesn't matter, because then I'll be the one doing the hitting on," she laughs.

Krista on being sexy: "Knowledge is sexy. And humor. You've gotta have depth and be funny. But I try to see sexiness in everybody. Sexiness doesn't have to be a *Maxim* photo shoot. You can be a very non-*Maxim* person and—because of what you are and what you know—still be the sexiest motherfucker in the whole world."

Krista on men: "Men are the most precious creatures on the face of this Earth. I just love every quirk of a man. I love that men like to look at women, that they love sports, that they need to know the inner workings of mechanical objects. I love the whole makeup of men—that they never mature and are always just boys. Let them go and do their thing and be boys. Women are maternal by nature, and if you can't appreciate men for what they are, go be a lesbian!" ■



Krista, cheerfully masking her Anger issues

A full-page photograph of Krista Allen sitting on a bed with white linens. She is seen from the back, looking over her shoulder towards the camera. She has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing white lace underwear. A tattoo is visible on her left shoulder blade. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting.

KRISTA ALLEN

'I love the whole makeup of men...If you can't appreciate men for what they are, go be a lesbian!'



COLD-FILTER WHAT YOU DON'T NEED. KEEP WHAT'S GOOD.

Miller Genuine Draft is cold-filtered at a constant 32°. What's left is pure beer that hasn't had its flavor heated away. Only cold-filtering gives you a taste this pure, this refreshing.

Live Responsibly 
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ENHANCE 1800%

ive Image

LOCK COORDINATE
BEGIN TARGETING
WEAPON ARM STA
TARGET STATUS:

Target: ACQUIRED

IDENT POSITIVE: SADDAM HUSSEIN
DOB: 04/28/37, AL AMJA, IRAQ
HEIGHT: 6'2" WEIGHT: 210



GLOBAL
SATELLITE
ELIMINATION
SYSTEM

ENHANCE IMAGE

LOCATE

IFY

TARGET

CK

LOCK



THE NEW SPY GAME

The events of September 11 provoked a revolution in the way U.S. intelligence

approaches espionage. But is it enough? Can we ever win this war? BY PAUL BIBEAU

Remember how the war started?

"We have an unidentified, very fast moving aircraft inbound to your vicinity," an air-traffic controller at Dulles International Airport says into the phone. On the other end of the line, down in the White House's Presidential Emergency Operations Center (PEOC), is Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta.

The plane is moving at 500 mph—so fast that on the control center's radar screen it's a jumping blip. It's just after 9 A.M. on September 11, 2001. In New York City, the Twin Towers have already been hit. The nation is watching itself go to war on live TV, while Mineta is desperately trying to account for the 4,500 planes in the air. That quick blip is headed right for the White House, straight for Mineta himself.

"[It's] eight miles west," the controller says over the line.

GADGETS

MQ-1 PREDATOR

This unmanned aircraft, used by the CIA to hunt down terrorists, is outfitted with two real-time color video cameras, an infrared camera, and a laser-guided missile that hits Mach 1.2 in two seconds. ▶



"Seven miles..."

"Six..."

"Five..."

"Four..."

Just before three the blip turns away. Relief washes over them. They take a breath. Then the blip vanishes.

Frantic voices come over the speakers. One of them is an air-traffic controller from nearby Reagan National Airport, breaking in with a request to Dulles.

"Dulles, hold all our inbound traffic. The Pentagon's been hit."

President George W. Bush contacts the PEOC several times as he's being flown from air base to air base. At a videoconference with his national security advisers, he promises, "We're going to find out who did this. We're going to seek them out, and we're going to destroy them." Later, as he ▶

ANATOMY OF A PERFECT MISS

First strike in Iraq: why flawless technology can't replace good intelligence.

1. In Baghdad, Delta Force soldiers monitor Saddam's phone traffic.

3. CIA operatives call the Pentagon, which in turn calls the White House. The president orders a strike.

5. Forty Tomahawk cruise missiles, fired from ships in the Persian Gulf, follow up the attack to wipe out the...farm. Oops—turns out Saddam wasn't home.

2. CIA operatives meet with an Iraqi asset, who tells them the dictator is at Dora Farms, a tree-lined residential complex on the bank of the Tigris River.

4. Satellites relay the exact coordinates of Dora Farms to two F-117 Nighthawk stealth fighters. The stealths attack with EGBU-27 "bunker busters."

sits in Marine One with Karl Rove as it choppers toward Washington, D.C., they see the Pentagon still smoldering in the distance.

"Take a close look," says Bush. "You are looking at the face of war in the 21st century."

As the beginnings of war go, this one was unusual in one important respect: The loss of thousands of civilian lives and the destruction of huge buildings had nothing at all to do with a military defeat. All the tanks and bombers in the world wouldn't have mattered that morning. Instead, the first battle of the new war was lost to a few gung-ho fanatics because of a failure of intelligence.

In response President Bush ordered a quick and complete intelligence revolution, and within 72 hours Congress allocated some \$10 billion for counterterrorism. By the following February, the budget for intelligence alone was approaching \$40 billion—with more than \$5 billion set aside for the CIA. Now, two years, two major conflicts, and billions of taxpayer dollars into that war, it's worth asking: What has all the money bought us? And, more important, has our renewed interest in the spy game brought us any closer to preventing another September 11...or worse?

Rule 1: Play dirty.

"The agency is on a hiring binge," an anonymous source recently told the *Los Angeles Times*. Gone are the cautious methods of the late '90s, when, sensitive to bad publicity, the

GADGETS

SOLDIERVISION

Eat your heart out, Superman. This lightweight personal radar generates an accurate picture of enemy movements through up to 30 feet of wood, concrete, even human bodies. ▶



CIA was ordered not to give money to thugs and burnoose-wearing, stubble-bearded characters in low places. Instead of hiring bad people who knew other bad people, all our spies were being scrutinized for employment by pencil-pushing bureaucrats—the type of people who "wouldn't drive to a D.C. restaurant at night because they were afraid of the crime problem," one former intelligence officer told *The New Yorker*. CIA stations throughout the Middle East, Al Qaeda's center of operations, had been stripped of staff. We no longer knew what we didn't know—the hallmark of an intelligence collapse.

"[The CIA] became risk-averse," says Ronald Kessler, author of *The CIA at War*. "They almost closed up shop." For many agents it was easier to work from home. One ex-CIA officer, Bob Baer, said all he had to do to file reports was watch CNN.

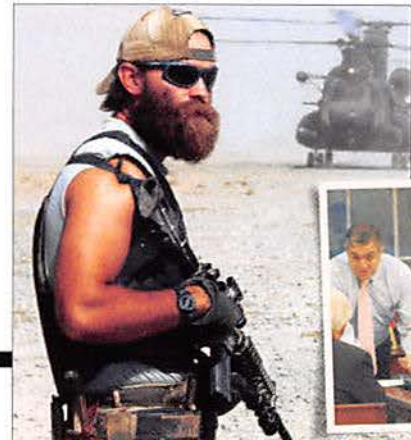
All that had to change. Days after the

attacks, President Bush called for a briefing with legendary counterterrorism chief J. Cofer Black—the man credited with bringing down Carlos the Jackal, the infamous Venezuelan terrorist blamed for more than 80 deaths. Black asked for teams of CIA paramilitaries to hit the ground, first in Afghanistan. Bush agreed. Shortly after that the new CIA director, George Tenet, recommended similar action worldwide, using diplomacy, bribery, threats—whatever worked—to force foreign intel agencies to roll back terror cells in 80 countries. This would be combined with psyops broadcasts and authorization to arm Predator surveillance drones with missiles for assassination.

At about the same time, the CIA's Special Operations Group was put back in business. In near-hibernation since the late 1970s and early '80s, when it was blamed for years of organizing coups in Latin America and Asia—and spying on thousands of Americans who opposed the Vietnam War—the SOG had become a small group numbering in the hundreds. Composed mostly of former Special Forces members, they're well-trained, not nice, and according to one former paramilitary, frighteningly motivated:

"Islamic terrorists aren't the only ones willing to drive a truckload of explosives into their enemy." They're armed with the most cutting-edge weaponry available as well as their own fleet of boats and aircraft. ▶

Left: A Special Forces soldier securing an Afghan airstrip. Below: Bush meets with the brass.



A woman with short dark hair, wearing glasses, a red scarf, and a light-colored sweater, is holding a white sign. She is standing in front of an airplane window that shows a blue sky with white clouds. The sign has the text "MR COOK, I LET YOUR WIFE KNOW YOU'LL BE 30 MINS LATE." and the "ORBITZ" logo at the bottom. The logo consists of the word "ORBITZ" in a bold, blue, sans-serif font, with a stylized blue and white globe icon to the left of the letter "O".

**MR COOK, I LET
YOUR WIFE
KNOW YOU'LL BE
30 MINS LATE.**
ORBITZ

At Orbitz, every ticket includes 24/7 Customer Care. Now you and your family can receive flight delay and gate info via cell phone. Another travel mission accomplished at WWW.ORBITZ.COM.



The gloves are off: In 2001, Qaed Salim al-Harethi (top right), mastermind of the USS Cole bombing, is assassinated in Yemen.



So after two years and billions of dollars, what do we have? Basically, more boys and more toys. According to Brig. Gen. Michael E. Ennis, director of intelligence for the Marine Corps, our spies and their new gadgets allow us to hit targets with unimaginable speed. "Imagery intelligence has gone digital and to near real time," he says. "We used to use a calendar to measure the time it took to get satellite imagery to front-line forces. Now we use a stopwatch."

Rule 2: Know your weaknesses.

To play the new spy game well, we have to know much more about our enemies than they want us to know. Simple? *Sí*. But now we face more difficulties than ever. Experts say that for U.S. intelligence, precision-drilling distant bull's-eyes is nothing compared to the following ongoing problems. **Right-hand, left-hand disconnect.** A Congressional inquiry found that bad communications between and within intelligence organizations failed to provide the FBI with information that could've stymied the 9/11 attacks. While there has been improvement, coordination between spy agencies is

GADGETS

LASER RANGE FINDER

These 12-pound, 10-inch-long hand-held binoculars use laser technology linked to a global positioning system to pinpoint air and ground attack targets within a 16-foot range from up to 6.2 miles away. Used in Iraq and Afghanistan. ▶



still a huge problem. After all, spies are bureaucrats, too. Recently, the CIA has put officers in every FBI domestic field office, and according to Bureau spokesman Bill Carter, 25 additional CIA analysts at FBI headquarters are crunching data from counterterrorism investigations worldwide. But Senator John Rockefeller (D-WV), vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, believes we still have a long way to go. "The intelligence community must evolve into a centralized system," he says, adding that they still act like 15 separate agencies. Which they are.

Lack of assets. Spies are never around when you need them. A former intelligence officer, who spoke on condition of anonymity, says we don't even have enough spies to confirm the info coming from our allies, like Britain's claim that Saddam was shopping for uranium in Niger.

In Afghanistan, according to one former analyst with extensive contacts in the Northern Alliance, "We were being led around by the nose" by wily locals.

In Yemen, according to a retired CIA officer, local security allows us to hunt down only the terrorists they want us to get. We don't have the assets to know when the people we really want are getting away.

In the Iraq war, we had targeting precision that bordered on science fiction—but we still can't find the WMDs that the coalition governments swore were there. It took us months just to find Saddam's two killer kids—and even then, we got the information not from spies but from a guy who cost us \$30 million.

Mushroom clouds on the horizon.

According to the International Atomic Energy Agency, there are hundreds of civilian research facilities around the globe where highly enriched uranium (HEU) is stored under low levels of security. Although plutonium is deadlier, HEU is easier to use for a terrorist group making a small nuclear bomb. So it isn't surprising that terrorist groups and Iranian intelligence have already attempted to buy or steal HEU. Those are the deals that fell through. Of course, we don't yet know about the ones that worked out.

Time is against us. "It takes about four years before a CIA officer starts recruiting," says Kessler, "and recruitment may take three years before you get a spy in the right position to pay off." Paying unsavory people for dangerous information takes patience. "The thing people don't understand is that intelligence is not like turning on the TV and seeing everything in living color," he says.

Rule 3: Don't try to play catch-up in the field.

The following anecdote helps illustrate just how far behind the U.S. is in the spy game. September 26, 2001: An old Soviet-made Mi-17 lumbers over stark Afghan mountain ridges headed for the mouth of the Panjshir Valley. The helicopter deliberately looks like it belongs to the rusting fleet of Northern Alliance aircraft—Mi-8s and Mi-17s bought for a million or two from Russian surplus traders. But it belongs to American intelligence and carries a team of 10, including CIA officers. They bought the hulk in Central Asia or floated it into the region on a U.S. military ship.

The agents are what's called a "pickup team," assembled in the area, trained, and sent in. Their leader is a veteran former CIA Kabul station chief. There's also a case officer from Pakistan, a few SOG guys, a medic, pilots, and a mechanic. They're dressed like Boy Scouts in camping clothes. But they ▶

MASTER OF DISGUISE

Former CIA chief of disguise Antonio Mendez shows us how to give an extreme makeover.



1. This ordinary white she-spy needs a change in her life...



2. A little lipstick and hair dye and now she's French. Oops!



3. Fresh from the training camps, it's Havin bin Shaving.

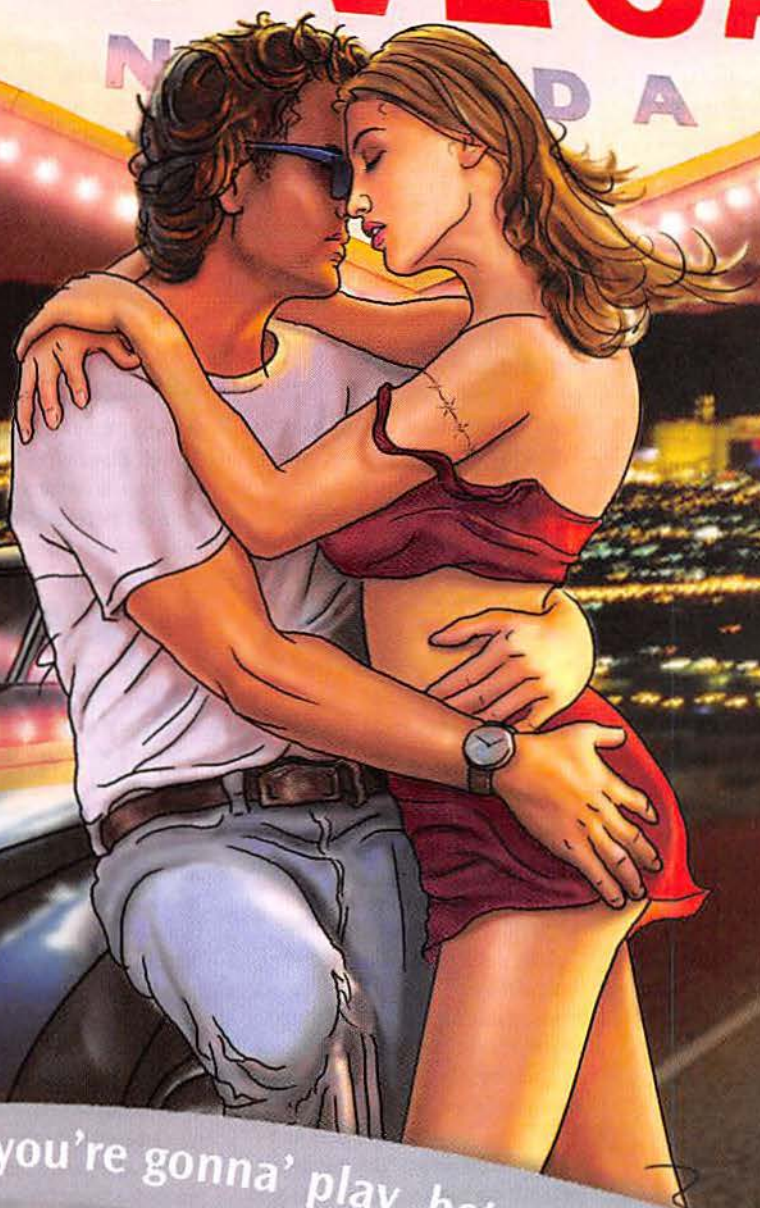


4. Meet Hank, Appalachia's newest heartthrob.



Is this our spy or a garbageman? Only one way to find out...

10 Fabulous LAS VEGAS



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No one can afford to bet against the odds these days when it comes to protection. But that doesn't mean giving up on great sex. LifeStyles Condoms offer the ultimate in "stretchability" for reliability you can count on and a comfortable fit...every time. If you're feeling lucky, go with the sure winner, LifeStyles Condoms.



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NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. PURCHASE WILL NOT IMPROVE CHANCE OF WINNING. Must be resident of the 50 United States, excluding Florida and Rhode Island; and as of September 1, 2003, be 18 years old, have Internet access, and a valid e-mail account. Enter online at <http://www.lifestyles.com/zonesweeps>. Full official rules available at this address. Sweepstakes begins September 1, 2003, and ends December 31, 2003. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received. Approximate retail value of grand prize luxury spa trip is \$6,000 (trip must be taken within 18 months of sponsor's notification to the grand prize winner); 20 first-place prizes of LifeStyles Pleasure Packs, retail value \$50 each. Sponsor is Ansell Healthcare Inc., 200 Schulz Drive, Red Bank, New Jersey 07701. Winners list available from sponsor after March 1, 2004. Void in Florida, Rhode Island, and where prohibited. LifeStyles™ and Proven Protection That Feels Really Good!™ are trademarks of Ansell Healthcare Inc., or an affiliate. © 2003 All Rights Reserved.



carry encrypted communications links through their own satellite to Langley... and a large metal case with \$3 million in nonsequential \$100 bills.

Their helicopter touches down mid-afternoon about 70 miles north of Kabul. "The NA had been jumping at the chance to work with us for some time," says Julie Sirrs, a former Defense Intelligence Agency officer. Until now coordination with the Northern Alliance has been haphazard. But on this night things change. The head of the team sits down at a table with an NA chief, stacks \$500,000 on the table, and promises more to come, in exchange for intelligence and bodies. By the time the war in Afghanistan winds down, he will have doled out \$10 million to locals. Grand total CIA cash giveaways in the area so far: \$70 million.

The next couple of weeks bring about 100 more CIA guys setting up landing sites for Special Forces, following NA commanders, and launching Predator unmanned drones to shadow the Taliban. Just before dawn on November 13, right after the Taliban fled, a CIA team sneaks into Kabul to seize documents from Al Qaeda bases—and runs into a group of 100 Russian intelligence officers who've gotten there first. During the years of Soviet occupation, the KGB trained 30,000 Afghani security personnel, many of whom became loyal informants, attended Moscow schools, and married Russian women. Former KGB officer Oleg Kalugin, who worked with the old Communist Afghan regime, says these KGB-trained personnel were primed to slip into Afghanistan to become part of a ready-made network of spies.

"Right before September 11," explains

GADGETS

REMUS (REMOTE ENVIRONMENTAL MONITORING UNIT SYSTEM)

An unmanned 63-inch sub, REMUS is easy to program and deploy. It uses side-scan sonar to detect minefields and image the ocean floor.



DRAGON RUNNER

Used to scout urban battlefields, this rugged nine-pound vehicle has motion detectors, a video camera, microphones, and infrared cameras for night use. ▶



Above: CIA Director George Tenet at the White House, trying to look busy. Right: A Soviet Mi-8.



Kalugin, "the Russian foreign intelligence service was asked, 'How will you continue to recruit spies without the Communist ideology?' 'No problem,' they said. 'We'll just look for people who hate America.'"

Rule 4: Bad information = ugly consequences.

Your average Third World resident isn't eager to help us out: A happy history of collaborating with America isn't yet on our side. In the early part of the Iraq campaign, for example, would-be collaborators learned that while Americans are very nice, it doesn't ease the pain of having your tongue cut out. That happened to one of three Iraqi spies who provided the location of Dora Farms, the supposed underground bunker where Saddam was allegedly hiding on the first night of the war. He bled to death; the other two were shot dead by the Mukhabarat, Saddam's feared intelligence service.

According to Capt. Joe Della Vedova, spokesman for the Air Force, "During the first attacks, there was definitely a lot of work going on on the ground." Unfortunately, some of it was bad work. And without good

information, all you get is a precise hit on the wrong target. We now know, for example, that we almost certainly did not hit Saddam at Dora Farms. In fact, investigators who went in later couldn't even locate a bunker. The three Iraqi informers died for nothing.

Knowing when to act and when to wait for further confirmation is a complex, deadly game, says Brigadier General Ennis. "We hear a lot about the lack of 'actionable' intelligence—as though the only reason we can't go out

and whack the bad guys is that we don't have good intelligence," he says. "That's a lot of garbage. In Operation Enduring Freedom, there was a lot of intelligence that, if acted upon in a timely manner, would have resulted in a lot more terrorist casualties." But acting always puts informants at risk: According to several CIA officers who worked in the then-Soviet Union, having "assets" die is part of the cost of doing business. In the new spy game, rebuilding espionage networks doesn't necessarily mean less death. Sometimes it means more.

Rule 5: We have to get it right—and we have to do it fast.

Tehran, 2005: a warm night in October. Yellow security lights wash over a warehouse. Outside, guards carry German submachine guns. They're not wearing uniforms.

A CIA officer in a nearby safe house scans the area with binoculars. With a laptop, he taps into a chat room where three Iranian dissidents log on using Triangle Boy, a software program that encrypts their identities. They detail entrances and stairwells. In moments a team of Delta Force troopers has downloaded the information as a three-dimensional map.

Meanwhile, across town in the Czech embassy, an intelligence officer points a small dish scanner out a window and, reading the screen for a flux in gamma radiation, finds what might be a small nuclear bomb.

Screaming in low from the west, an F-117A Nighthawk passes over. Thirty Delta troopers—inserted months ago with help from the new network of spies—come in from all angles carrying silenced HK MP5s. Two are already in the building.

The three Iranian guards walk to the back door just in time to hear disappearing footsteps on the other side. A sheet of explosive paper splinters the door, knocking down the guards. Others rush in. Most of them are ▶



Adapting to the terrain: U.S. Special Forces patrol on horseback in northern Afghanistan.

MIDWAY

**THE APOCALYPSE WIPED OUT EVERYTHING.
EXCEPT GANGS, GUNS, CARS
- AND VENGEANCE.**



Drive to survive through more than 30 chaotic missions.



Control an arsenal of more than 30 vehicles and 17 potent weapons.



Take the ultimate challenge in 2-4 player deathmatch.

**"Twisted Metal: Black meets
Grand Theft Auto..."**
- Electronic Gaming Monthly

**"If you're a fan of car combat...
this is the only game in town."**
- GameSpy

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PlayStation 2



Intense Violence
Mature Sexual Themes
Strong Language

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SPY HUNTER

Former CIA case officer Peter Earnest on spy recruiting basics.

■ **SPOT.** Find someone with access to info and "a motive for working with us," says Earnest, now executive director of the International Spy Museum. Need the goods on Chinese rocket forces? Pose as a State Department flunky and befriend a disgruntled attaché from the Chinese consulate.

■ **ASSESS.** "There are a lot of phonies trying to peddle false information," says Earnest, so check out your mark. Has Langley ID'd him as a double agent? Get his bio to an agency shrink, who can even meet your potential spy in disguise.

■ **DEVELOP.** Informants know they're risking a firing squad (or worse), so developing trust is crucial. The quickest and easiest way to bond, explains Earnest, "is by boning up on their interests." Does he collect antique dolls? You've got a new hobby.

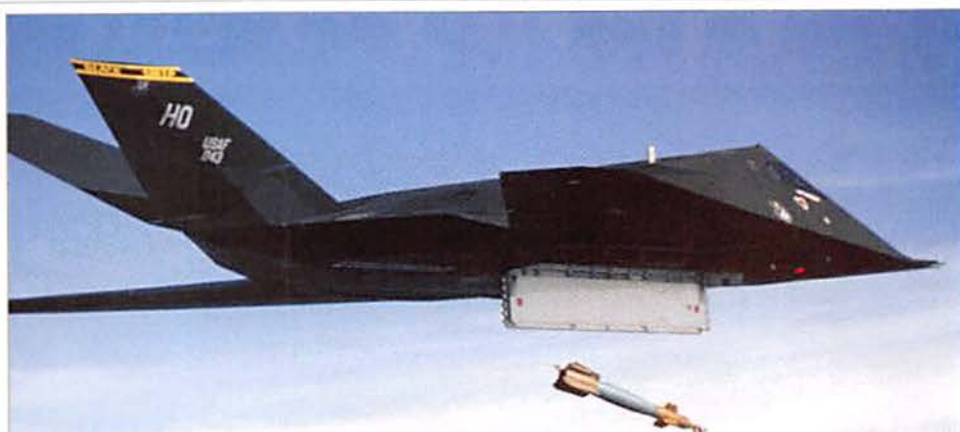
■ **RECRUIT.** Now make your pitch: info in exchange for something they want—money, the promise of U.S. citizenship, major wiring from the orthodontist. "A lot of 'em ask for medical care," says Earnest.

■ **HANDLE.** Your recruit is your responsibility. "You are now his father, confessor, wife, and mentor," says Earnest. It's up to you to give him lessons in avoiding tails and handling equipment, all the while persuading him to keep risking his ass.

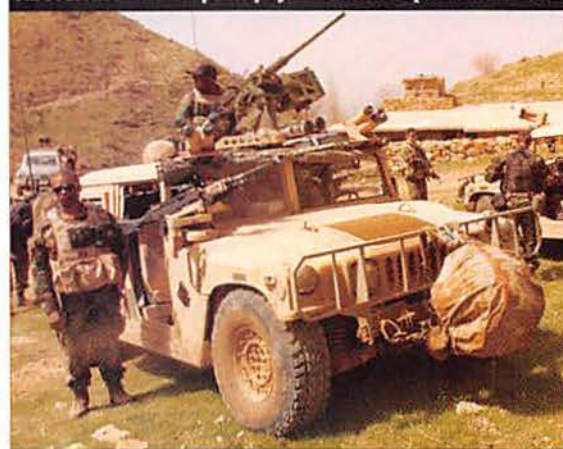
■ **TERMINATE.** If your guy gets busted or retires, you need to make sure he's taken care of. The company will even keep money in escrow for agents who've been arrested. "We don't just drop them off the planet," assures Earnest. —PB



Pay to play: Recruiting spies often comes down to cold, hard cash.



Above: An F-117 drops its payload. **Below:** Special Forces during an operation in Iraq.



GADGETS

LAND WARRIOR

Worn by U.S. troops during Operation Restore Hope in Somalia, this computer, video camera scope, and head-mounted display enables soldiers to peer around corners, send and receive messages from the battlefield, and broadcast images during combat. You will be assimilated.



killed quickly with a Delta double-tap.

The team closes in on the device and fast-hauls it to the exit. Outside, four Pave Low helicopters with silenced rotors come out of the night. They touch down, load up—and disappear into the night.

A scene like this may play out soon. After all, \$40 billion a year ought to buy you something, and counter-proliferation is the growth industry in the intelligence business. Iranian intelligence has been casing nuclear research facilities intermittently over the past 10 years, looking to get HEU. Shortly after September 11, Special Forces started drilling with Israeli Special Ops Unit 262, preparing to secure nuclear bombs and loose nuke fuel.

We're willing to pull off risky missions around the world—in the Philippines, Pakistan, Chechnya, the Middle East—that never would have been green-lighted five years ago. But we're spying on our own like never before. In 2002 the National Security Agency spent \$282 million on a program called Trailblazer that's designed to tap phone calls and e-mails more effectively. From 2001 to 2002, the number of requests for domestic surveillance of intel targets rose 33 percent. Meanwhile, the Pentagon's

Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), with a mandate to create new technologies to defeat terrorism, is also creating a surveillance system that allows the government to track every car in a major urban area using cameras and computer technology.

As we spend more and more to develop the means to defeat the kind of rogue governments that monitor their citizens, we increase monitoring of our own. And though our money, tools, and tactics give us the edge, if we don't have good human resources with good common sense, they're useless.

Obviously, an effective espionage program takes more than money. For instance, the Pentagon's Office of Special Plans (OSP), a brainchild of Donald Rumsfeld, was intended to collect and spin information from the CIA and elsewhere and feed it to those who need it for political purposes. One of its missions was to help build the case for war in Iraq. The OSP supposedly repurposed bad information the British had collected and used it to convince Bush to claim, in his State of the Union address, that the Iraqis were trying to find uranium in Africa. The CIA had told White House national security adviser Stephen Hadley more than once that the information about uranium sucked, but Hadley, who must've been getting his information from the OSP, apparently completely disregarded the CIA objections.

In all wars screwups are commonplace. But in this war, with these weapons and these enemies, mistakes can cost the lives not only of soldiers, but of civilians, in this country and abroad. In the ongoing war against terrorism, the U.S. and its allies can win all the battles—which is what the Iraqi campaign was supposed to be—and still lose the war unless we can fine-tune this new intelligence machine in time to stay one step ahead of the bad guys.



go someplace better.





A new genre:
lust-see TV



TURN ON,

ZONE OUT

TUNE IN,

Our blowout guide to fall TV—what to watch, what to avoid, and what'll be canceled and replaced with reality show dreck faster than you can find your remote.

BY ERIC ALT AND LAURA GILBERT PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

JESSICA COLLINS

New show: *Tru Calling*, in which a young morgue worker named Tru gets the power to relive days in order to save the lives of the stiffers she handles.

She plays: Jessica, a lawyer and Tru's older sister. "Drugs are her best friend," Jessica says of her character. "She's lonely, and she's got so many problems." Sounds like our type of girl.

Leslie Nielsen flashbacks: "I'd love to play a character like *La Femme Nikita*, but who's not cool," says Jessica, describing her dream role. "She'd fuck it up all the time and screw up the whole mission."



It's that large, motionless thing that sits in the center of your living room. No, not *you*; we're talking about your TV, which is actually full of action and excitement—or, barring that, at least some career car wrecks worth rubbernecking. We've sifted through the morass of this fall's brand-new offerings in an effort to help you sort out the worthwhile from the worthless. The leaves are changing and the days are getting shorter, so forget going outside and brace your ass for a long autumn's nap.

CHEAT SHEET

 Action	 We like
 Mystery	 Must avoid
 Comedy	 Not great

Don't just sit there and stare. At least sit there and stare with a sense of purpose. We're here to help.

SEX AND VIOLENCE

LAS VEGAS

NBC MONDAYS, 9 P.M.

Guns, babes, bright lights, gambling, and the scowling face of James Caan—what's not to love? Shot like *Ocean's Eleven* but focusing on the guys who stop the cheaters, *Las Vegas* has style to spare. Caan's Big Ed Deline leads a crack team of casino security experts, who get into as much trouble as they stop, usually in the form of top pit boss Nessa (a.k.a. "the Ice Queen" and played by Marsha Thomason), escort Mary (Nikki Cox), or Ed's only daughter, Delinda (Molly Sims). Bookie pop quiz: What are the odds on living to see another birthday after you bang a casino don's daughter?

Didja know? Creator Gary Scott Thompson wrote *The Fast and the Furious*.

Buzz: We're laying our chips on Caan and co. From the seizure-inducing opening to the high sex-and-near-nudity quotient, we're in.



THE O.C.

FOX THURSDAYS, 9 P.M.

You might have seen the first few episodes of this already. The world's wimpiest-looking "tough kid" gets picked up for stealing a car, only to have his lawyer (Peter Gallagher) take pity on him and whisk him away to his upper-crust Orange County digs. As Toughie gets to know his hard-partying, exchange-defrauding, surfer-boy neighbors, he soon learns some valuable lessons about how criminals come in all sorts of packages.

Didja know? In 2001 California admitted 121,433 youths into juvenile detention halls. No word how many did their time at their lawyers' beach houses.

Buzz: We're always happy to see girls partying in bikinis, even if it means wading through talky dreck (or our neighbor's hedge).



TV FIRSTS



A STARE IS BORN

January 26, 1926

John Logie Baird ("Loogie" to his friends) gives the first public demonstration of television in London. Sadly, he doesn't live to see his "televisor" evolve into the apparatus capable of bringing David Schwimmer into our living rooms—and, indeed, into all of our hearts.

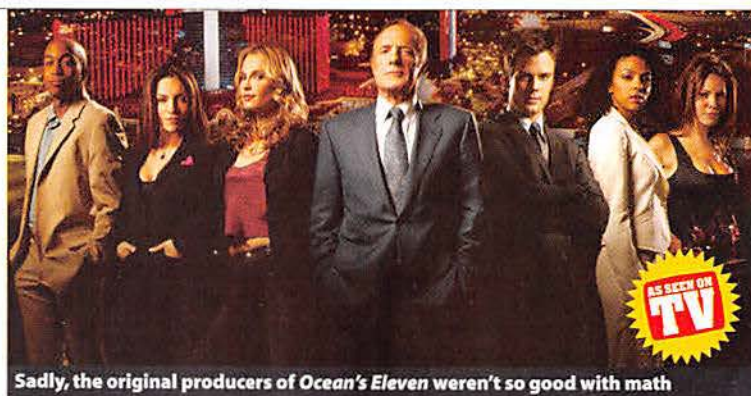


DIAMOND DAWGS

May 17, 1939

Princeton University battles Columbia University in the first-ever televised sporting event: a college baseball game. Played at New York's Baker Field, the game featured what is still the highest collective IQ at a New York sporting event ever. Final score: Nerdlingers 8, Dorkholes 6.

CONTINUED ▶



Sadly, the original producers of *Ocean's Eleven* weren't so good with math

EVE

UPN MONDAYS, 8:30 P.M.

Hip-hop everywoman Eve stars as Shelly, a fast-talking, hot-dressing owner of a clothing store. She's got funny friends, a self-made career, and a string of funny dates. The format is nothing new, but the razor-sharp dialogue and in-references make it fun to watch. Even when they're dealing with tired chick topics like "Should a guy cry?", this sitcom still feels fresher than the rest of the lineup.

Didja know? Besides first lady Eve, the rap syndicate the Ruff Ryders includes DMX, Infa-Red, Drag-On, Aja, Holiday Styles, Parle, Fiend, the Lox, and Jadakiss. Call us when they get their own shows, though.

Buzz: Eve could make an infomercial sexy, so we might linger.



SKIN

FOX MONDAYS, 9 P.M.

Teen virgins Adam Roame and Jewel Goldman meet and fall in love. Roame (-eo) and Jewel (-iet)? Get it? But instead of rival families spouting Shakespearean verse, they're the son of an L.A. district attorney and the daughter of a porn producer (played by eternally sleazy Ron Silver), respectively. With the very busy Jerry Bruckheimer behind the wheel of yet another TV venture, you

can't go two commercials without another sex scene or explosion. Did we mention there's porn?

Didja know? The pilot's director, Russell Mulcahy, was also behind the camera of the Buggles' "Video Killed the Radio Star," the first video ever aired on MTV.

Buzz: Sure, it's a love story, but teen sex and sleazy porn moguls? Definitely sounds like a can't-miss to us.



BIANCA KAJLICH

New show: *Rock Me Baby*, opposite Dan Cortese's Jimmy, a radio shock jock juggling his badass on-air persona and his married-with-a-newborn reality.

She plays: Beth, Jimmy's laissez-faire wife. "She's the chick that every guy wishes he could marry," raves Bianca. "Shit hits the fan, and she's like, 'No harm, no foul.'"

Animal ink: "I have tattoos, and it takes hours for makeup artists to cover them," she says. Half-Italian Bianca celebrates her inner meatball with one particularly cryptic tattoo on her back that reads, *CON TUTTA L'ANIMA*, which translates into, "With all your soul."



"Dude, being petulant totally sucks ass."

'She's the chick that every guy wishes he could marry. Shit hits the fan, and she's like, "No harm, no foul."'





TARZAN AND JANE

WB SUNDAYS, 9 P.M.

Imagine, if you will, that Lord Greystoke was not a feral child raised by apes and forced to survive on his wits and strength in the dark, untamed rain forest, but rather a towheaded Guess? model raised by apes and set free in the hip urban jungle. Oh, and Jane's a tough-cookie cop, not a swooning damsel in distress. This is the worst case of revisionist history since the WB's *Smallville* tried to convince us that Lex Luthor listens to U2. **Didja know?** Does the rain-drenched hero swooping from the rooftops to rescue the damsel look familiar? *Tarzan* producer Laura Ziskin also produced Sam Raimi's *Spider-Man*. **Buzz:** A blond, buff, teenage Tarzan? This is popcorn fodder for GQ readers and their platonic female friends.



LAW AND ORDERLY

KAREN SISCO

ABC WEDNESDAYS, 10 P.M.

Last time we saw U.S. Marshal Karen Sisco, she was tussling in *Out of Sight* and played by Jennifer Lopez. The made-for-TV version of this crime-fighting heroine is Carla Gugino, a.k.a. the mom from *Spy Kids*. When she's not patrolling the streets of Miami, Karen's leaning on her P.I.

Her, Jane? Us, Tarzan, then.

TV FIRSTS



MAKING DOODY
December 27, 1947
TV's first accurate depiction of Puppet-Americans finally arrives via NBC's *The Howdy Doody Show*. It is one small step for tiny, wooden men, one giant leap for wooden mankind.



INSTANT DEBATE
September 26, 1960
In the first televised presidential debate, Richard Nixon's overactive sweat glands prove no match for John F. Kennedy's all-powerful blow-dryer.

CONTINUED ▶



The cheese stands alone

dad (Robert Forster) for advice, dating a parade of losers, or, naturally, taking a relaxing, sensuous bath.

Didja know? Waddling mini-mogul Danny DeVito also executive-produced this Hollywood spin-off.

Buzz: Carla Gugino has all of Jennifer Lopez' on-screen charisma... but only half the curves. Still, we have a soft spot for tough lady cops, as long as they're not named Cagney or Lacey.



THE LYON'S DEN

NBC SUNDAYS, 10 P.M.

"I have zero interest in politics," says Jack Turner (Rob Lowe) in the beginning of this somber, D.C.-set law drama, letting the audience know that he's put his much-publicized departure from *The West Wing* behind him. Turner is a grass-roots, pro-bono lawyer working in a fringe department of a high-powered law firm. Thanks to the fact that Turner comes from a prominent political family (and that one of the firm's lawyers does a Greg Louganis onto the sidewalk in the open-

TAMALA JONES

New project: *The Tracy Morgan Show*, starring the *SNL* alum as a Brooklyn family man with an auto shop. Mix one part *Cosbys*, one part Roseanne, garnish with Heavy D, and pour! **She plays:** Alicia, Tracy's wife and the mother of two. Says Tamala, "She knows her husband's an idiot, but she doesn't knock him. But when he's wrong, she tells him." No wonder he downs a fifth of Beam a day! Oh, wait, that's us.

New year's Eve? "I used to hang out with Pharcyde. I did their video, and the next thing you know I'm smoking pot and rapping with them. They were all like, 'You're pretty hot.'" We're like, "Yeah, we totally agree."



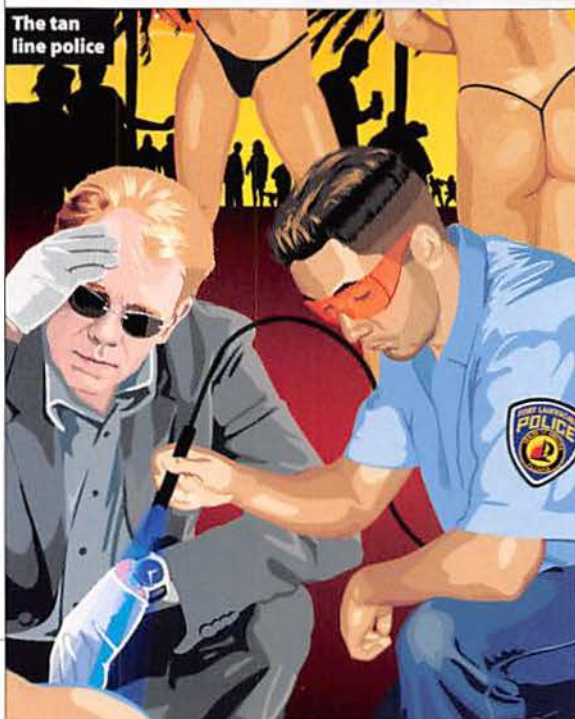
ing minutes), Lowe's recruited into the bigs. Will his ideals hold out? Do they ever?

Didja know? One Yahoo! Internet chat room dedicated to the show has its motto "We serve at the pleasure of Rob Lowe."

Buzz: By surrounding Lowe with a lot of fleshed-out characters and supplementing the courtroom drama with tons of political intrigue, *Lyon's Den* manages to stand out from the pryde.



TV SPAWN



SPIN-OFF CITY

Because television needs more *Joanie Loves Chachis*.

CSI: FORT LAUDERDALE	SURVIVOR: NORTH KOREA	JOE SYPHILIS	AMERICAN IDLE
Before joining the elite Miami division, CSI newbies prove their worth on the beer-stained streets of Spring Break Central. In the pilot episode, a young fraternity initiate from Boston is found dead, with a goldfish in his throat and a beer funnel in his rectum. What exactly went down here?	Everyone's favorite reality show heads to the country that time forgot! "Kill America" and "America Must Die" tribes tackle exciting physical challenges like "Police Baton Human Piñata" and "Find the Mouthful of Food." Losers are strapped to a midrange missile and aimed at Dubya's ranch.	Unbeknownst to the bevy of eager girls, Joe's not really a millionaire. But that's the least of their worries, 'cause he's got an even better secret: a horribly disfiguring, incurable STD! And now the girls have it, too... but which one of them will win the counseling and a free prosthetic nose?	Got no talents, dreams, ambition, or sense of hygiene? Join the crowd, pal. But are you the absolute laziest, work-shirkingest, fetal-position-on-the-couchiest sumbitch in America? Celebrity judges Louie Anderson and David Wells separate the aimless from the winningly pathetic.



'The next thing
you know, I'm
smoking pot
and rapping
with them.'



FAMILIAR FACES

STAYING POWER

Don't let those shiny new shows overshadow these returning favorites.

INSOMNIAC WITH DAVE ATTELL

(Comedy Central, Thursdays, 10 P.M.) Funnyman Attehl travels to a new city each week, drinking nonstop. Our high school guidance counselor definitely screwed us over.

THE SOPRANOS

(HBO, Sundays, 8 P.M.) Can Tony get Carmela back? Is Johnny looking for revenge? We've got no clue. But we think we can safely predict frequent visits to the Bada Bing and the use of firearms as conflict resolution.

24

(Fox, Tuesdays, 9 P.M.) Last season Jack worked his ass off to keep terrorists from nuking L.A., but now it looks like President Palmer's a goner. In other news, the stunningly gorgeous Elisha Cuthbert's back!

ALIAS

(ABC, Sundays, 9 P.M.) Combine one part James Bond with one part Bond-girl body and you've got double-oh-hot Jennifer Garner as CIA secret agent Sidney Bristow. We'd sell our liver for a chance to peep her HQ.

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM

(HBO, Sundays, 9 P.M.) Major-league ball-players aside, being a pissy, whiny asshole can actually be really entertaining. *Seinfeld* creator Larry David and his unrepentant dickness return for another season!

THE SIMPSONS

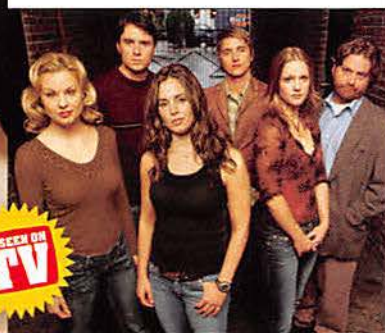
(Fox, Sundays, 8 P.M.) Thank God, the whole crew's back for *The Simpsons'* 15th season. It's wonderful to see a great cast put aside their superstar egos and stick together for the love of the show. And they all look so good!



Heads up, it's Joey!



She can rocket from our crypt anytime



If it's got Eliza, it's got our attention

TV FIRSTS



GEEK LOVE

November 22, 1968 On a steamy episode of *Star Trek*, Captain Kirk plants television's first interracial smacker on the sultry Lieutenant Uhura.



SPACE INVADERS

July 20, 1969 Buzz Armstrong becomes the first American to walk onto a top-secret sound stage.



BEA YOURSELF

1972-1978 Bea Arthur's got some impressive firsts on her résumé: the first prime-time character to have an abortion (*Maude*, 11/14/72) and the first human to warble with Chewbacca (*The Star Wars Holiday Special*, 11/17/78).

CONTINUED ►

THREAT MATRIX

ABC THURSDAYS, 8 P.M.

The world's in turmoil. Terrorists are threatening the United States, and war is an ever-present dark cloud on the horizon. Man, the nightly news is depressing, huh? But anyway, this new show *Threat Matrix* is a nice piece of escapist entertainment focusing on an elite team of government agents who combat terrorism and... aw, nuts.

Didja know? Featured actor Mahershala Ali's name is an anagram for "Shh! A shrill Alabama haze."

Buzz: This is a decent, fast-paced thriller that, for the record, has nothing to do with Neo or bullet-time. Just tell yourself, "It's only a TV show." Even if that's a lie.



TRU CALLING

FOX THURSDAYS, 8 P.M.

College grad Tru (*Buffy* and *Bring It On* über-hottie Eliza Dushku) started hearing voices from beyond when her mother died 10 years ago. When she takes the graveyard shift at the morgue, the voices start up again—and so does something that causes her to relive entire days and alter fate. It's kind of like *Groundhog Day*, except that with the extra time, Tru has to do things like solve mysteries instead of fun stuff like steal from armored cars. A shame, really.

Didja know? Of course you've seen costar Jessica Collins before—she's had guest roles on your two favorite shows: *Lois and Clark* and *Dawson's Creek*.

Buzz: Eliza's hot, the show's creepy, and there are drug addicts and dead bodies. Sounds too good to be Tru. Ha!



THE HANDLER

CBS FRIDAYS, 10 P.M.

Joe Renato (Joe Pantoliano) is "the Handler," the FBI agent who trains and

preps his staff of undercover brothers and sisters before they hit the streets. Whether he's casting a hot young female recruit as a drug addict, training a hot drug addict to entrap the Ukrainian mob, or kidnapping agents for their own good, being a cop has never seemed quite so off-the-record. Or cool.

Didja know? Pantoliano, who routinely gets roles as both bad cops and good criminals, also lent his voice to the video game *Grand Theft Auto III*.

Buzz: Although we wish he'd lose the dopey hat, we really can't find fault with any show featuring Joey Pants.



10-8

ABC SUNDAYS, 8 P.M.

After a childhood of petty crime on New York's mean streets, Rico (Danny Nucci) winds up in one of the crookedest gangs out there: Los Angeles law enforcement. As a rookie sheriff's deputy who pisses off the wrong guy his first day, Rico endures *Training Day*-style hazing from his badass deputy partner (forgotten *Ghostbuster* Ernie Hudson).

Didja know? Scott William "Cyril the retard" Winters appears on the show, proving (along with Hudson himself) that *Oz* cast members actually can get jobs outside of the *Law & Order* conglomerate.

Buzz: Sorry, officer, but what coulda been a cool, gritty, and thoroughly entertaining cop show gets completely dumbed down by the main character's unwatchable dorkiness. Can someone please pistol-whip this gerbil?



LAPD: Green-ish

AS SEEN ON TV

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DIANE FARR

New show: *Like Family*, a comedy about a liberal white mother-and-son duo and the conservative black family they live with. "It's like a bizarre *Family Ties*," explains Diane.

She plays: Maddy, a young mother and unrepentant hippie. "When the kids want to know about sex, I give them pornos." Just like our mom! No, wait, she starred in pornos...

Here's to you, Mrs. Robinson: Diane admits she's attracted to her costar and on-screen son, a mere 12 years her junior. "Everyone I know is going, 'Don't pull a Mrs. Brady.' But every 19-year-old boy needs a 31-year-old girlfriend, right?"



NAVAL CIS

CBS TUESDAYS, 8 P.M.

When Navy officers and Marines turn up missing or dead, the crimes get solved by a special team of MPs who work for the Naval Criminal Investigative Service. Mark Harmon (*Summer School*) leads the crew as the go-to boy for breaking suspects; assorted FBI and street-cop leftovers round out the motley group of self-righteous sorta-agents. Even the jovial medical examiner and the goth forensic scientist can't make this interesting. **Didja know?** *Naval CIS* is bound to cause trouble for dyslexics actually hoping to tune in for *CSI: Miami*.

TV FIRSTS



STREET LIFE
November 10, 1969 *Sesame Street* airs for the first time, providing countless children with a window into the worlds of the homeless (Oscar the Grouch), alternative lifestyles (Bert and Ernie), and the obsessive-compulsive undead (the Count). It also taught all of us that staying at home watching TV was far more productive than wasting time at stupid school.

CONTINUED ►

Buzz: Picture a dash of *CSI* sprinkled over a big, steaming pile of crappy *JAG*, only 35 percent duller!



FUNNY SHOWS ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

FOX SUNDAYS, 9:30 P.M.

Michael Bluth (*Teen Wolf Too*'s Jason Bateman) has been working at his family company for years. But just as he's about to inherit his dad's job, he decides to quit and move to Arizona. So Pop signs the company over to the mom and then winds up in prison for fraud. Prodded by his son George Michael (that's the character's name, honest), Bateman decides to stick around and help his maniacally self-centered family get their lives back on track. The show is shot with handheld cameras and looks (and feels) something like *Best in Show*, except with rich people instead of dogs. **Didja know?** VH1 recently named rap group Arrested Development one of the top 50 hip-hop artists of all time. Because when you think rap,

you think VH1.

Buzz: We know—the premise doesn't sound funny, the cast doesn't sound funny... but this actually works. We can't explain why. Just to be safe, though, catch it before it migrates to the Brilliant But Canceled category.



COUPLING

NBC THURSDAYS, 9:30 P.M.

Imagine a more potty-mouthed *Friends* (two minutes in, the pilot episode features a joke about swallowing) and you have the basic idea behind *Coupling*. A group of attractive Chicago chums (who, it turns out, have all slept with or wanted to sleep with each other) bitch, moan, hook up, and break up for a half hour a week. Although the hot female half of the bunch (led by Rena Sofer) and the lack of David Schwimmer make the show fairly appealing, we can't stomach another "Girls think this, but guys think this" effort.

Didja know? *Coupling* is an American remake of a popular British sitcom.

Buzz: The Brit *Friends* comes to



Feel the excitement

AS SEEN ON TV



"I said cream and sugar, bee-yotch!"

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America! But having suffered through almost a decade of *Schwimmer*, we have to ask: Weren't there other things we could have imported instead?



ALL ABOUT THE ANDERSONS

WB FRIDAYS, 9:30 P.M.

Anthony Anderson, whom you might recognize as the chubby comic relief in movies like *Kangaroo Jack* and *Me, Myself and Irene*, stars in this semiautobiographical comedy (as a character named Anthony Anderson) about a struggling actor and single dad who moves in with his mom and less-than-supportive pops (John Amos). Since his room's been rented to a nerdy white med student, Anderson has to move into the garage.

Didja know? One of Amos' first acting gigs was a 1971 McDonald's commercial.

Buzz: As sitcoms go, it could be a lot worse. Anderson can definitely be funny (if a little hit-and-miss), and Amos is an all-time classic angry dad. Screw Cliff Huxtable.



Unfortunately, even this kid hated *Kangaroo Jack*



TV FIRSTS



HOODWINKED

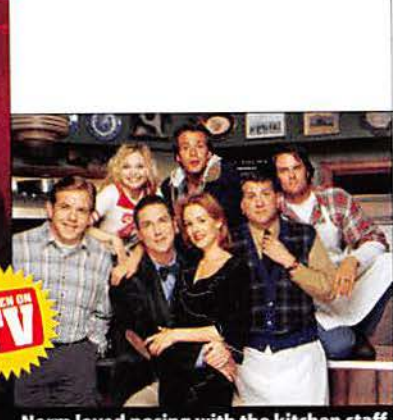
December 1, 1986

On *Cagney & Lacey*, Tyne Daly's Mary Beth Lacey becomes prime-time TV's first character to acknowledge the existence of condoms. The Federal Communications Committee quickly passes a law prohibiting anyone from linking Tyne Daly with sex in any way, shape, or form again. Support groups are formed for anyone who actually watched the episode in question.

CONTINUED ►



Costarring molars, incisors, canines...



Norm loved posing with the kitchen staff

STEVE HARVEY'S BIG TIME

WB THURSDAYS, 8 P.M.

This is the kind of reality TV we like. No whiny wannabe pop stars, no Z-list celebrities on islands, no camera-laden apartments—just comic Steve Harvey kicking it old school in this variety show that's part *Kids Say the Darndest Things* and part *Stupid Human Tricks*. Tell us you aren't interested in watching a four-year-old girl who can recite Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" speech from memory. OK, don't everybody talk at once.

Didja know? Last year Steve was the 450th most popular boys name in the U.S., while Harvey hasn't made the top 1,000 since '97.

Buzz: The freak value is high, but the supremely entertaining glue holding it all together is Harvey. (Witness his priceless reaction to the aforementioned four-year-old political prodigy: "Um... my son is five and... all his n's are backward...")



A MINUTE WITH STAN HOOPER

FOX WEDNESDAYS, 8 P.M.

Tired of the New York City grind, acerbic media commentator Stan Hooper (Norm Macdonald) and his wife move to Wisconsin so they can experience the simple life in small-town America. Since we're in the land of sitcom here, it's not long before they realize that the hicks they've come to patronize are just as spoiled, flamboyant, and media-savvy as the obnoxious glitterati they left behind.

Didja know? Norm's real-life brother is actually a newscaster for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Buzz: What can we say? We always like it when Norm Macdonald is on our TV. We especially like it when he's sharing the scene-stealing responsibilities with none other than Fred Willard, who's on hand to play a quirky local cheese magnate.



WHAT IF TV

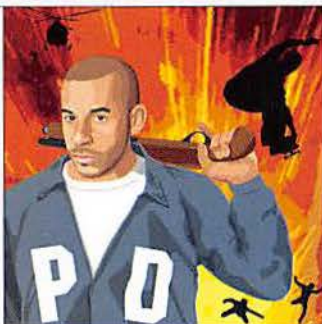
BIG-SCREEN SAVERS

We've seen plenty of movies that were inspired by TV shows recently. Isn't it time the pendulum swung the other way?



1. THE PIANIST VARIETY HOUR

What says music/variety extravaganza more than the Holocaust? Adrien Brody reprises his role as survivor Wladyslaw Szpilman, tinkling the ivories and shaking his emaciated money maker! You'll die laughing when master impressionist Rich Little does his Joseph Goebbels! You'll whip out the lighters when Nick Lachey of 98 Degrees turns Treblinka out! Why so somber? Let's party!



2. XXX BLUE

He's bold, bald, and loaded with tats—what the hell is Xander "XXX" Cage doing working for the NYPD? He's investigating crimes... xxxtremely! Watch him shake down a stool pigeon—while skydiving! Dust for fingerprints—while dune buggy racing! Featuring cameo appearances by Tony Hawk, Jason "Wee Man" Acuna, and a troupe of Chinese acrobats!



3. FOUND NEMO

Nemo (now voiced by Carson Daly) moves to suburban San Diego... right across the street from his annoyingly toothy shark stepparents! Wacky misunderstandings, poignant family bonding, and occasional over-feeding occur. During sweeps week Chevy Chase cameos as an intelligent tuna net who stalks Nemo. Will the intrepid fish survive? *Tuna* in next season!



4. 8 MILE!

Somebody's losing himself in the music, the moment... and that somebody is America's sweetheart Joey Lawrence! Joey plays controversial MC Rabbit, still living in a trailer with his hard-drinkin', hot-and-horny mama (Bea Arthur). But is Rabbit too white-bread to become the toast of the hip-hop scene? Fuck dat! Syndication's the only option... failure's not.

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'Jane's mildly psychotic. She's a man-eater. It's fun for me to exorcise my demons.'



I'M WITH HER

ABC TUESDAYS, 8:30 P.M.

Patrick (David Sutcliffe) is a high school teacher who looks like the offspring of John Stamos and the skinny main kid from *That '70s Show*. Then he meets Hollywood A-list babe Alex Young (Teri Polo) who, thankfully, kinda looks like the offspring of Kate Hudson and Heather Graham. Can he get used to the paparazzi? Can she get used to his Jeep? Predictably, love conquers all.

Didja know? The show was inspired by writer Chris Henchy's real-life love affair with actress Brooke Shields.

Buzz: OK, we'll watch—if only to give play to our own actress-dating fantasies.



LUIS

FOX FRIDAYS, 8:30 P.M.

Luis Guzmán plays Luis, owner of a Spanish Harlem donut shop that's the center of the "action" for the likes of a creepy donut guy who's obsessed with the jellies, the neighborhood hustler who tries to sell everything from cable boxes to Luis' own trash, and Luis' shrill ex-wife. We're treated to funny diatribes on Puerto Rican and Dominican in-fighting

TV FIRSTS



FAMILY SEE

January 11, 1973
The first reality series, *An American Family*, debuts on PBS, tracing seven months in the life of the William C. Loud family of Santa Barbara, California. In the show's final episode, we think, mother Pat Loud wins \$500,000 after she chooses her husband over the pool guy and votes her children off the coffee table. Then she sings "Flying Without Wings."

CONTINUED ►

LINDSAY PRICE

New show: *Coupling*, based on the Brit-com of the same name. It follows six Chicago thirtysomethings who have been, are, or want to be shagging one another. (We don't have friends.) With pals like Lindsay, we can definitely see why.

She plays: Jane, an over-the-edge bisexual. We've set the TiVo already. "She's the complete opposite of me," says Lindsay. "Jane's mildly psychotic. She's a man-eater—a master manipulator of men. It's fun for me to exorcise my demons in this character."



and rent control but have to endure countless overdone ex-wife and fat jokes.

Didja know? Although in movies he's usually cast as a streetwise tough guy, Guzmán actually lives on a farm in Vermont.

Buzz: Guzmán seems a little uncomfortable in the sitcom format, but his shtick is more entertaining than anything George Lopez has ever done.



MARRIED TO THE KELLYS

ABC FRIDAYS, 8:30 P.M.

Married couple Tom (Breckin Meyer) and Susan (Meredith

Monroe) have a deal: When he sells his first book, they can move out of New York City.

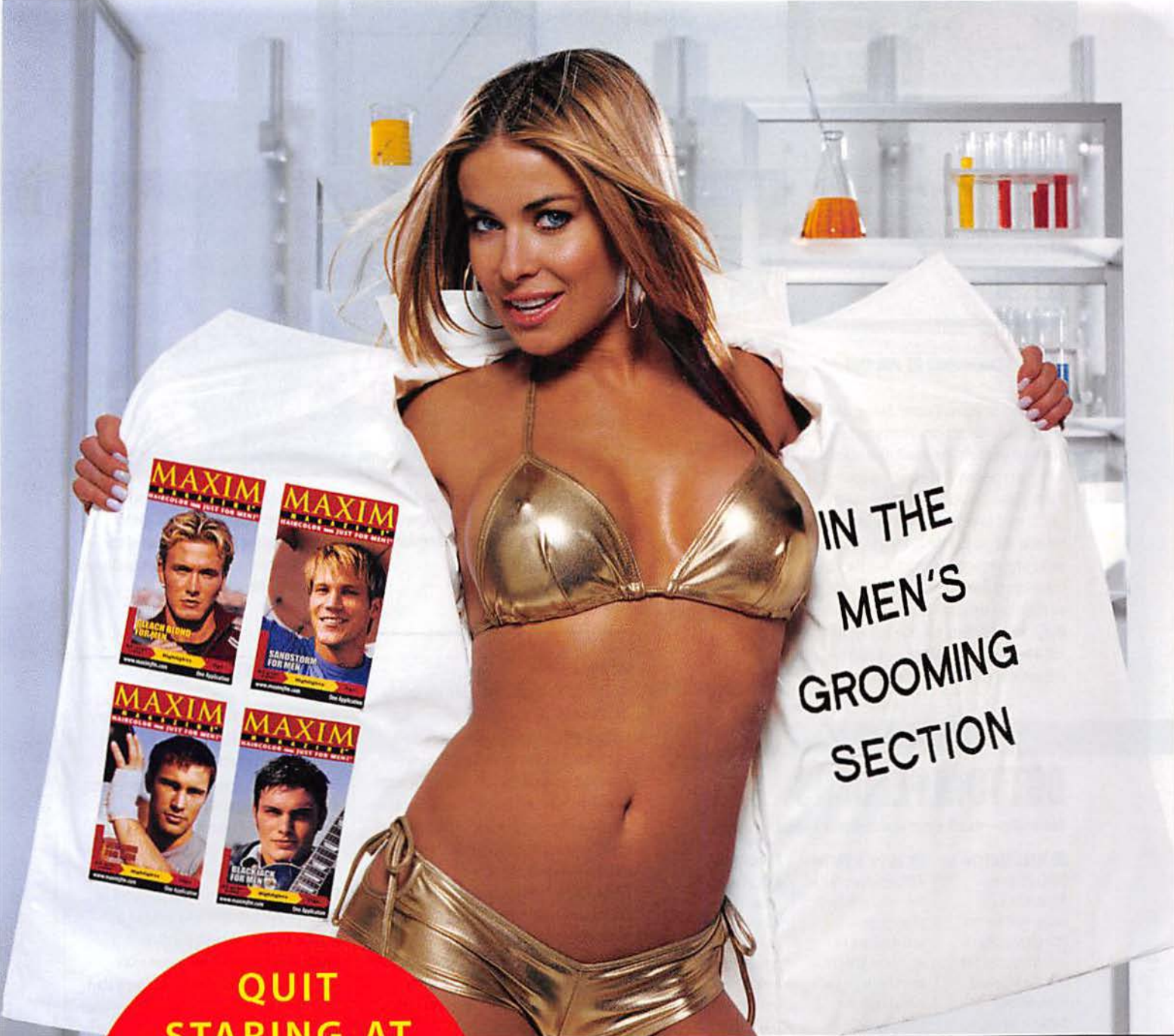
Unfortunately for him, she cashes in her chit and relocates them to Kansas for a lifetime of corn shucking and board games with Susan's enormous, freakish family. Wise-ass Meyer is actually enjoyable as the big-city fish out of water. The rest of the show, however, only serves to remind us why we finally moved out of our parents' house.

Didja know? Crime writer James Ellroy lives in Kansas City, and he doesn't suck. Why couldn't they do a show about him?

Buzz: Kudos to *Married to*

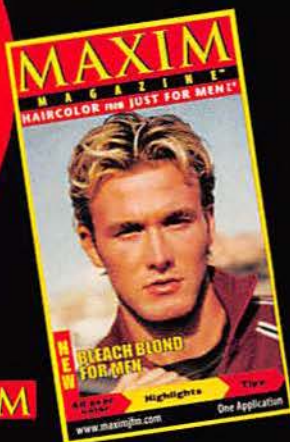


Being hot: so, very, very tiring...



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the *Kellys* for, if nothing else, reintroducing the "fartwalk" on a national scale. Hey, if you're gonna do it anyway, might as well own up to it, right?



FAMILIES

THE BROTHERHOOD OF POLAND, NH

CBS WEDNESDAYS, 10 P.M.

If *Northern Exposure*, *Mystery, Alaska*, and, well, Canada haven't convinced you, folks up north are oddballs. The population of *Poland, NH* is no exception. Three brothers (played by Randy Quaid, Brian Haley, and John Carroll Lynch) used to be high school hockey stars, but now they're just the balding mayor, the police captain, and a burnout. And they do the wacky things old people do, like walk in on their teen daughter banging her teacher! **Didja know?** Weird but true: Poland isn't just a fictional town in New Hampshire—it's the name of an Eastern European country.

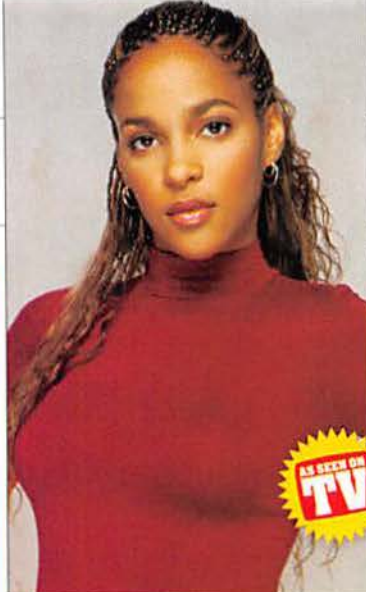
TV FIRSTS



ROYAL FLUSH

January 12, 1971

All in the Family debuts, not only making racism lovable but also featuring the first audible toilet flush in prime-time history. For the first visible piece of crap on TV, you can see the debuts of either *Friends*, *Will & Grace*, or *Sex and the City*.



Remember, kids, caption-sharing is the leading cause of disease among TV shows

Buzz: We like Randy Quaid, we like hockey, and we like laughing at the misfortunes of old people. But *The Brotherhood of Poland, NH* gets two minutes for boring.



LIKE FAMILY

WB FRIDAYS, 8:30 P.M.

What if the *Cosbys* adopted half the Bundy clan? *Like Family* attempts to answer that very question, even though nobody really wants them to. A middle-class African-American suburban family (headed by matriarch Holly Robinson Peete) takes in an urban-dwelling white mother and her teenage son. This show's tag line ought to be "What's black and white and clichéd all over?"

Didja know? Holly played one of Lea Thompson's band mates in the box office shitbomb *Howard the Duck*.

Buzz: By the time one character gets around to exclaiming, "You're like the big white brother I never had!" you'll be masturbating to the Weather Channel.

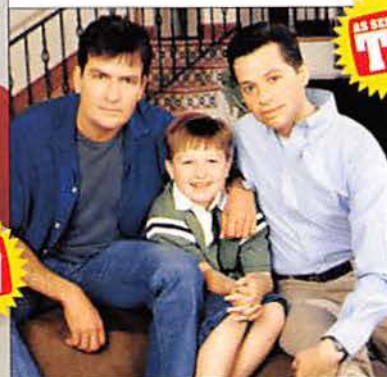


ROCK ME, BABY

UPN TUESDAYS, 9 P.M.

What happens when a radio shock jock (Jimmy, played by Dan Cortese) who's married to a superhottie (Beth, played by Bianca Kajlich) turns into a family man? Well, his bosses aren't pleased when he becomes mushy about his newborn baby on air, and his wife gets pissed when he starts spilling the secrets of their post-baby sex life to drooling listeners. In other words, it's essentially a made-for-TV version of Howard Stern's *Private Parts*.

Didja know? If you know the name Dan Cortese, it might be because you watched MTV's old sports show called, um, *MTV Sports*. Unless, of course, you're a complete loser and you



happen to know him from *Veronica's Closet*.

Buzz: Cortese is no Stern, but Kajlich's knee-weakening presence saps us of the strength required to even attempt to change the channel. We submit.



IT'S ALL RELATIVE

ABC WEDNESDAYS, 8:30 P.M.

Bobby's a Boston bartender with a blustery Irish homophobe for a dad. Liz is a bland blonde from Harvard with two flamboyantly fabulous fathers. Guess what happens when they get engaged and their families meet for the first time? Hint: Remember that thoroughly accepted gay character on *Cheers*? Oh, right... there *wasn't* one.

Didja know? This show was produced by the same masterminds who brought us *Chicago*. They must be stopped!

Buzz: Dear TV execs: Give us one more mismatched family "comedy" and we'll start reading books or something. Believe us—we don't make threats like that lightly.



TWO AND A HALF MEN

CBS MONDAYS, 9:30 P.M.

Charlie Sheen breaks from his public image to play a womanizing train wreck named... Charlie. When his stuffy brother (walking *Where Are They Now?* Jon Cryer) and his husky 10-year-old kid move in, Charlie's life is turned upside down. Sheen taking on the sensitive father figure role?

Welcome to Hilariousville. Population: Uh, we'll get back to you.

Didja know? Sheen and Cryer costarred in the 1991 tearjerker *Hot Shots!*

Buzz: Sorry, we've already forgotten what this was.



TUBE FLOPS

BOTTOM FEEDERS

Seriously—don't even watch these shows on a dare.

MISS MATCH

NBC, Fridays, 8 P.M. Chick TV impresario Darren Star (criminally responsible for *Sex and the City*) and PETA warrior princess Alicia Silverstone try to mix *The Practice* with *Clueless*. The results? Um, see the title. Make plans Friday night instead.

HOPE & FAITH

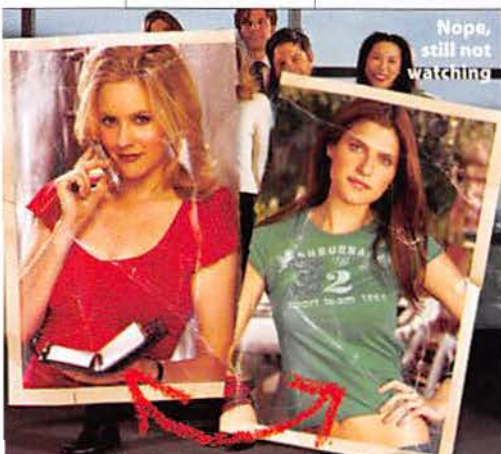
ABC, Fridays, 9 P.M. You see, Faith Ford plays Hope, and daytime TV antichrist Kelly Ripa plays Faith. So Faith plays Hope, but Faith is played by Kelly. Man, we bet that made for some wackiness on set, huh? Sadly, there were no assault rifles handy.

WHOOPI

NBC, Tuesdays, 8 P.M. Whoopi Goldberg has floated in career limbo for so long, we can't even remember what she was famous for in the first place. Was she a dancer? A comedian? A horse trainer? Shoulda stayed in the center square, Whoops.

THE MULLET

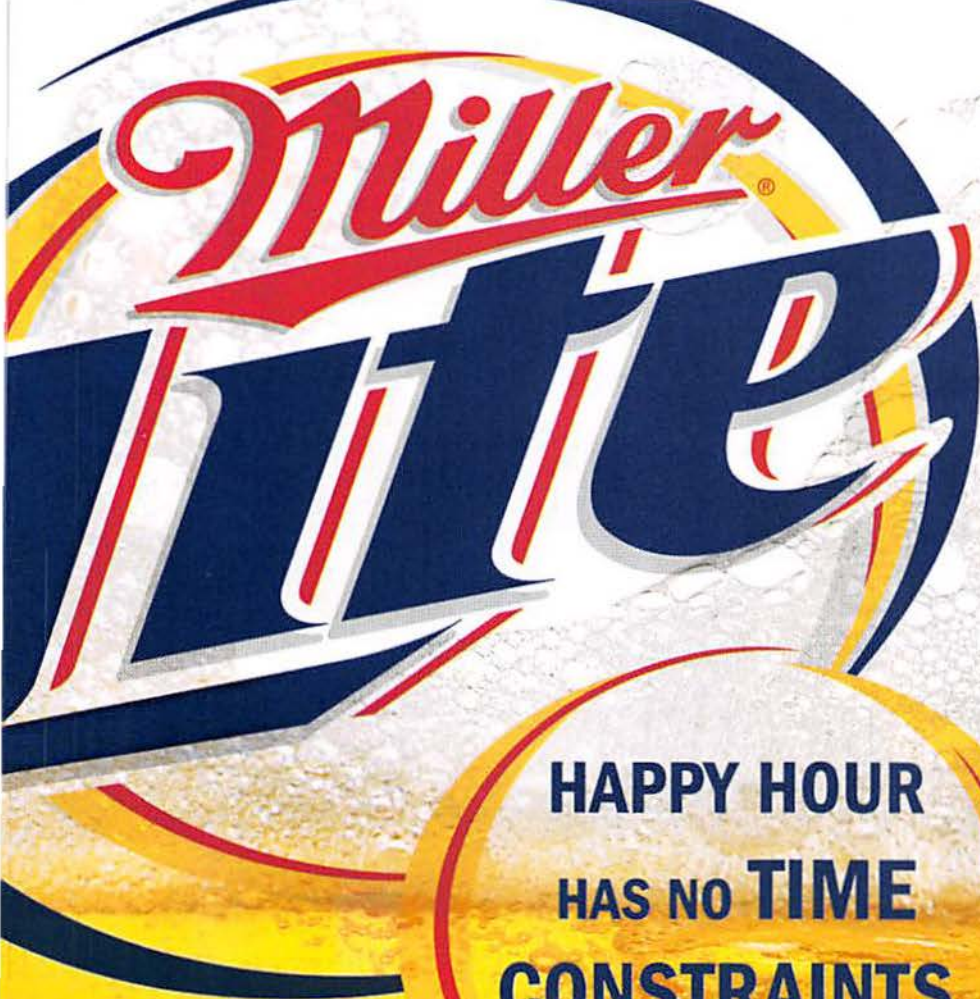
UPN, Tuesdays, 9:30 P.M. There's stupid funny, really stupid funny, and just plain stupid. This manages to miss all three. Just 30 seconds of this show made us wish that someone out there would give Yakov Smirnoff his own series in this one's place. Yep, it's that terrible.



Nope, still not watching



The right to remain pudgy



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HAS NO TIME
CONSTRAINTS.**

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CAT

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MAXIM **STYLE**



Check, Mate

Burberry, the clothing designer famous for its signature check, moves into uncharted territory with its timepiece collection. Choose from 54 different styles, at prices ranging from \$295 to \$2,000. This chronograph, \$650, can be yours at select Burberry stores.



Right on Track

Get off at the right stop for the best dress-up clothes for fall.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DAVIDE CERNUSCHI
STYLING BY
STAN WILLIAMS

(from left) Shirt, \$198, cashmere V-neck sweater, \$695, tweed pants, \$325, brushed wool/alpaca overcoat, \$1,595, and merino scarf, \$98, all by John Varvatos; bag, \$368, by Giorgio Armani. Turtleneck, \$495, by Michael Kors; chalk-stripe pants, \$195, herringbone-weave coat, \$795, and leather briefcase, \$425, all by BOSS Hugo Boss; Vento shoes, \$525, by Bruno Magli. Cashmere quilted vest, \$965, by Avon Celli; plaid shirt, \$265, wool pinstripe suit, \$1,825, and silk tie, \$135, all by Ermenegildo Zegna; suede boots, \$590, by Bottega Veneta.

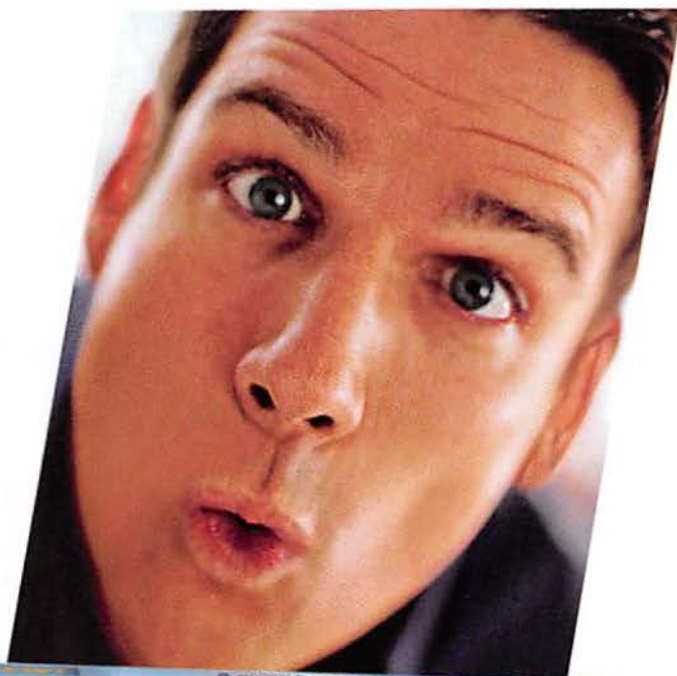
(from left) Shirt, \$245, sweater, \$495, pants, \$305, and tie, \$115, all by Giorgio Armani; bag, \$9,995, by Giorgio Armani. Pinpoint oxford shirt, \$100, by Gant; cardigan sweater, \$178, and three-button jacket (from suit, \$495), both by Nautica; pinstripe pants, \$90, by Claiborne; bag, \$368, by Emporio Armani. Cable-knit turtleneck sweater, \$795, and pants, \$245, both by Michael Kors; tricolor scarf, \$235, by Bottega Veneta.





Turtleneck, \$225, by Raffi; plaid shirt, \$255, by Beretta; herringbone two-button suit, \$995, by Joseph Abboud Black Label; Matt shoes, \$995, by John Lobb; plaid umbrella, \$65, by Beretta; weekend duffel bag, \$725, and Italian Napa lambskin gloves, \$185, both by Martin Dingman.

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scarf, \$225, all by Etro.

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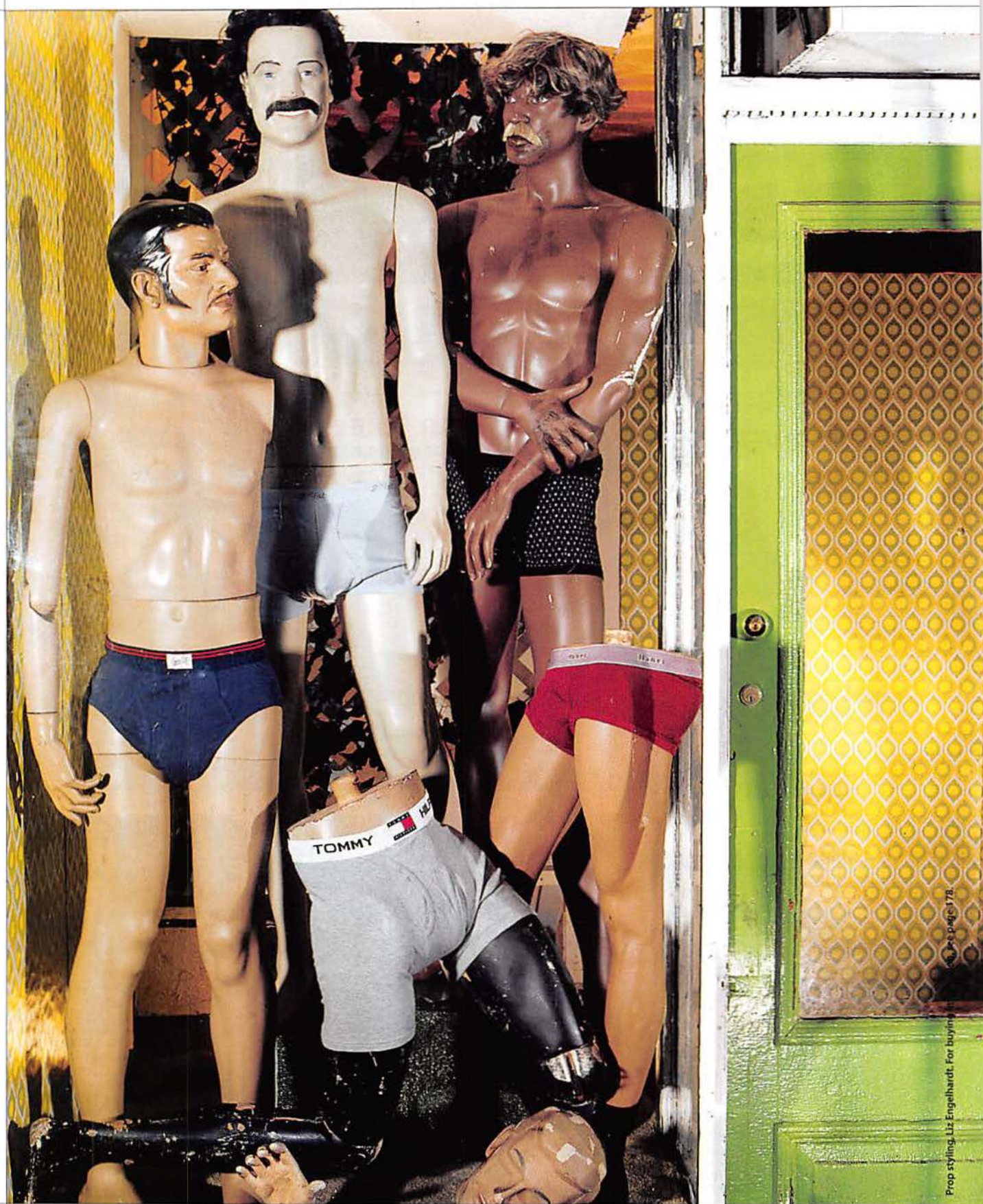
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Prop styling: Liz Engelhardt. For buying: [illegible]



(opposite page, clockwise from left) Low-rise briefs, \$12, by Polo Ralph Lauren Underwear; pima cotton briefs, \$20, by 2(x)ist; peace-sign boxer briefs, \$65, by Moschino Intimo Uomo; briefs, five pairs, \$10, by Hanes; boxer briefs, \$17, by Tommy Hilfiger.

(this page, clockwise from bottom left) No-fly briefs, \$7, by Jockey; Archimide military boxer briefs, \$39, by Diesel; stripe-trim boxer briefs, \$22, by Nautica; Pro-Stretch tank, \$20, and briefs, \$16, both by Calvin Klein Underwear; briefs, \$26, by Luc Laroche.

Short Cuts

Because going commando
doesn't impress the ladies
as much as it should.

STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADFORD NOBLE

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Wilhelmina Models and *Stuff* magazine are conducting a nationwide model search, and you could be just whom they're looking for. Ten finalists will be flown to the biggest race of the year in Daytona Beach, FL. And not only will one male and one female grand prize winner receive a \$25,000 Wilhelmina Models modeling contract, but they will also be featured in a photo shoot for *Stuff* magazine at the race in Daytona Beach.

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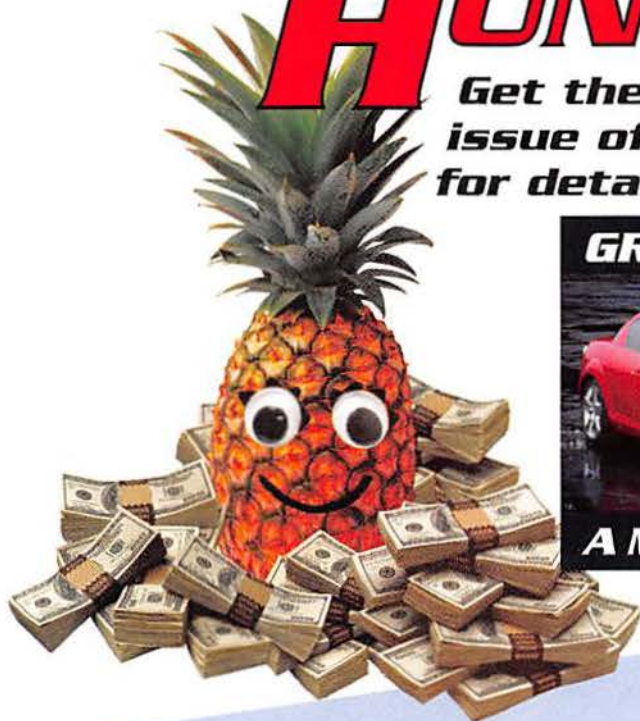
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Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.

Truth Serum

Calvin Klein has added aftershave to complement his popular Truth Calvin Klein scent. While still offering the sexy allure of the fragrance, the aftershave, \$34, helps reveal a cool new you after the razor burn. No lie.

Truth Calvin Klein
Men

Shower Saver ▶

Forget going for stuff that smells like a sophomore slumber party to get a look that she's sure to love. Suave, typically known for women's goods, now has Suave for Men hair products that sell for around \$2 at drugstores.



This Month's Label

Brazilian Carlos Miele's men's line features club-worthy jeans, T-shirts, and jackets. Samba down to his store in New York City's Meatpacking District.

Name Your Price

Salute the fall weather in military-style jackets that'll keep you on the ladies' radar. Get the look from Tommy Hilfiger, [Blue], or Diesel.



TOMMY HILFIER
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TOMMY HILFIER



[BLUE]
220
[BLUE]



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90 mph. Stunt enthusiasts use this added air time to perform aerobatic flips and rolls or perhaps whisper a quick prayer before opening their parachutes. Shop-Vac for collection of your gooey remains sold separately. (\$700, bird-man.com)

GRAB BAG

Don't be fooled by the rocks that we got.
We're still Grab Bag from the block.

BY J. WA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT GLASGOW



QUE! 007 PORTABLE DIGITAL THEATER \$599

From CDs and DVDs to video CDs and R/RW media... if it's flat and shiny, this palmtop player-recorder can handle it. Run movies in Dolby 5.1, play MP3s, load presentations, record video from your camcorder directly to a disc, or store up to 4.7 GB of data. Look, Ma, no laptop! (qps-inc.com)



LE CORNER FOOSBALL TABLE \$885

Another major advance in foosball tech! This all-weather beauty is waterproof and UV-light-resistant and uses telescopic rods instead of steel poles so you don't need to play with a cup. (foosballstore.com)



ANDROMEDA KAYAK \$2,900

Think you're lonely? Imagine being a cross-dressing Inuit paddling 200 miles for a decent piano bar. Maybe this sleek 17-foot water rocket, with an adjustable skeg, will make Nanook's life a tad brighter. Designed after kayaks used by native Greenlanders, the Andromeda is made with Kevlar cloth and weighs a mere 46 pounds, meaning it's fast as hell. (jerseypaddler.com)



AVIATION ART CLOCK \$40

Even if you're a veteran of nothing harsher than the cola wars, every tick of this freedom clock pays tribute to your shell-shocked granddad. (retrogiftsinc.com)



NOS8 TUBE SUBWOOFER \$299

Admire tricked-out sound machines but don't like driving fast 'n' furious? Front with this subwoofer disguised as a NOX bottle. With 300 watts of peak power, it's worth a listen. (bazooka.com)



FOSSIL PDA WATCH \$295

Your Palm helps you remember everything... except where you left your Palm. Now strap 2 MB worth of contacts, notes, and Kirk maxims to your wrist in any of three bitchin' styles. (fossil.com)



AUTOTRAY EZ-SCAN 6000 \$699

Whether they're from Detroit, Munich, or Tokyo, most car CPUs speak the same language. Become fluent in it yourself with this diagnostic scanner that explains why the CHECK ENGINE light keeps frickin' turning on. (autotray.com)

NET GAIN

PLAYERS CLUB

Afraid of getting sued? We rocked the top legit online music services.



1st

1ST PLACE

Rhapsody.com

Cost: \$9.95 per month for unlimited streaming. Downloads cost 79¢ a pop.

Tunes: 350,000

tracks. Like its competitors, Rhapsody has deals in place with the five big music labels.

Pros: Cheap downloads; 60 ad-free radio stations; beautiful, idiotproof CD-like interface.

Cons: No Mac version. No Metallica. Who cares?



2ND PLACE

Apple iTunes

Cost: 99¢ per download; no subscription fee.

Tunes: Only 200,000 tracks. And where's

the indie fare? Where's Radio Birdman?

Pros: Bone-simple. Macolutes buy songs using iTunes software; tracks sync right to your iPod.

Cons: No streaming; 30-second previews only. Underground artists are MIA, as is a PC version.



3RD PLACE

MusicNet.com

Cost: \$17.95 per month for unlimited streaming and 10 burnable tunes.

Tunes: 300,000 tracks

Pros: Service works behind many office firewalls.

Cons: You must subscribe to AOL and pay the additional \$17.95 fee; surfers can burn only 10 songs per month to a CD; confusing interface and subpar artist search tools.

THE ONCE-OVER

SOUNDPAX SPEAKERS

Cheap, collapsible, and made of cardboard!

- ✓ Set up in a matter of seconds?
- ✓ Have oomph to fill a 20'x20' room?
- ✗ ...to handle a pool party?
- ✓ Work after being doused in beer?
- ✗ ...after being punted 20 feet?
- ✓ Kinda look like volcanos?

\$50, thinkgeek.com



FOOD FIGHT!

CHICKEN BENDER

It's time for your RDA. But which fast food joint fries up the best bird?



BLIND TASTE TEST

POPEYES CHICKEN

The pitch: "Love that chicken!" And love its New Orleans Cajun-style spices—formulated in a state-of-the-art research lab in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1996.

Value: \$15 for 12 pieces

Calories: 387

Crunch factor: Extra crispy! It crackled at 62 decibels*.

Taste test: One staffer had been singing this chick's praises for weeks; after blindfolding him and shoving some wings down his gullet, he voted for Church's. Putz. Of our 15 testers, only one voted for Popeyes. "It's crispy but dry. And I like my meat dry," he slobbered. Others described the meat as "mealy" and "unholy."

★☆☆☆☆



CALORIE SQUEEZE

CHURCH'S CHICKEN

The pitch: "Full flavor. Full pockets." "We don't get it, either. This also-also-ran opened its first store in San Antonio, Texas, in 1952. Oddly, our contact there was named David Robinson.

Value: \$10 for 10 pieces

Calories: 340

Crunch factor: A chick-chirpin' 58 dBA.

Taste test: Six of 15 testers gave the peeps props, and it was consistently described as the "least fatty and most natural-tasting" meat of all. But as the chicken cooled, it quickly lost succulence. For several unforgiving staffers, Church's also lost big points for its "bland skin."

★★★☆☆



CRUNCH FACTOR

KFC

The pitch: "There's fast food, then there's KFC." "Hooley! It's a fast food empire. About eight million people in 80 countries feed on Colonel Sanders' recipe each day.

Value: \$17 for 12 pieces

Calories: 370

Crunch factor: A thunderous 64 dBA! Our crunch-test champ. **Taste test:** KFC ruled the roost with eight votes. "It's crunchy, just like Mom makes it," said three cliché-prone testers. Best of all, the meat's flavor didn't go south after it sat around for an hour. Great for leftovers!

★★★★★



*Nutritional info based on a 4 oz. piece of thigh. **"Crunch factor" was measured inside an echo-free chamber at the Stephens Institute of Technology.

Photographs (chicken), Satoshi; props and set, Liz Engelhardt; Photographs (speakers), Davies + Starr.

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best results as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the **MAGNA-RX+** system, you can *skyrocket* 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less with nothing else to buy ever again.

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- Satisfy your lover like never before

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-WB, Washington, DC

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just three weeks!"

-VW, Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know... she thinks it's natural!"

-TM, Oklahoma

"I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more."

-RC, South Carolina



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24 MOTIVATOR, 30 POWER PILLS

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By using this proven formula daily, patients have dramatically increased their penis size by 2", 3", even 5" in only a few short weeks. And, best of all, **MAGNA-RX+**'s breakthrough herbal formula is 100% natural and safe, with no known side effects. This clean, simple formula requires no prescription.

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p.26: Curtains, Rainer Binder/Getty Images; cow, Dave G. Houser/Corbis **pp.28-29:** Fetal goat, Tom Schieritz/Getty Images; goat jumping, W. Wayne Lockwood, MD/Corbis
p.30: Chopsticks, Macduff Everett/Corbis; Phillips mascot, Jacques M. Chenet/Corbis; Osama head, © AFP/Corbis; trick or treat body, © Ed Bock/Corbis **p.34:** Woman with brochures, Lambert/Archive Photos/Getty Images; burqa woman, © Roger Wood/Corbis; terrorist with ax, © Reuters NewMedia Inc./Corbis; terrorists exiting plane, © Alain Nogués/Corbis; man with gun, © Reuters NewMedia Inc./Corbis; explosion background, © Guy Motil/Corbis; people poolside, Paul Barton/Corbis; hotel background, Bill Ross/Corbis; waiter, Corbis; gun, Peter Turnley/Corbis; gas mask, Corbis; theater, © Brownie Harris/Corbis; couple, © Paul Edmondson/Corbis; gunmen, David Turnley/Corbis; gunman on balcony, Peter Turnley/Corbis; performers, Mitchell Gerber/Corbis; Castro, © Lester Cole/Corbis; Coast Guard boat, George Hall/Corbis; raft with refugees, Reuters NewMedia Inc./Corbis; couple on raft, Corbis; shark, Amos Nachum/Corbis **p.36:** Scorpion, Sarah Underhill, U.S. Army Soldier Systems Center, Natick, Mass.; gridded granny, Chris Livingston/www.dspphoto.com **p.46:** Dog judge, Agliolo/Masterfile/Corbis; Betty Ford, Jim Spellman/WireImage.com; AH, The Kobal Collection; beer, Wonderfile.com; Timberlake, Mathew Imaging/FilmMagic.com **p.48:** Toad Guy, Donald Miller, fork, Judd Pilosoff/FoodPix; camel and penguin, Bob Elsdale/Getty Images; chalk outline, Mark Scott/Getty Images
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BUYING GUIDE

ACROSS THE TRACKS

Pages 160-161: Shirt, \$198, sweater, \$695, overcoat, \$1,595, and scarf, \$98, all by John Varvatos, at John Varvatos stores, N.Y.C., L.A., Las Vegas; or visit johnvarvatos.com. Pants, \$325, by John Varvatos, at Saks Fifth Avenue; or visit saksfifthavenue.com. Bag, \$368, by Emporio Armani, at select Emporio Armani stores; or visit emporioarmani.com. Turtleneck, \$495, by Michael Kors, at Michael Kors, N.Y.C.; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. Pants, \$195, coat, \$795, and briefcase, \$425, all by BOSS Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss, N.Y.C. and L.A.; and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Shoes, \$525, by Bruno Magli, call 800-MAGLI-22; or visit brunomagli.com. Vest, \$965, by Avon Celli, at Bergdorf Goodman Men; and Stanley Korshak, Dallas; or call 212-702-0136; or visit avoncelli.com. Shirt, \$265, suit, \$1,825, and tie, \$135, all by Ermenelegi Zegna, at Ermenelegi Zegna stores; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna.com. Boots, \$590, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715.

Pages 162-163: (from left) Shirt, \$245, sweater, \$495, pants, \$305, and tie, \$115, all by Giorgio Armani le Collezioni, at select Giorgio Armani stores; or visit giorgioarmani.com. Bag, \$9,995, by Giorgio Armani, at select Giorgio Armani stores; or visit giorgioarmani.com. Shirt, \$100, by Gant, at Gant, N.Y.C.; or call 888-645-4268; or visit gant.com. Sweater, \$178, and jacket (part of suit), \$495, by Nautica, at Nautica store, N.Y.C.; or call 877-NAUTICA; or visit nautica.com. Pants, \$90, by Clabone, at select Macy's; and select Lord & Taylor stores. Bag, \$368, by Emporio Armani, at select Emporio Armani stores; or visit emporioarmani.com. Turtleneck, \$795, and pants, \$245, by Michael Kors, at Michael Kors store, N.Y.C.; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; and Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. Scarf, \$235, by Bottega Veneta, at Bottega Veneta stores; or call 877-362-1715.

Page 164: Turtleneck, \$225, by Rafi, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shirt, \$255, by Beretta, at Beretta Gallery, N.Y.C. and Dallas; or call 212-319-3235; or visit berettagallery.com. Suit,

\$995, by Joseph Abboud Black Label, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; select Nordstrom stores; and select Mark Shale stores. Shoes, \$995, by John Lobb, at John Lobb, N.Y.C.; Neiman Marcus; Stanley Korshak. Umbrella, \$65, by Beretta, at Beretta Gallery, N.Y.C. and Dallas; or call 212-319-3235; or visit berettagallery.com. Bag, \$725, by Martin Dingham, at James Davis, Memphis; Kilgore Trout, Cleveland; Ascot Shop, La Jolla, CA; or call 800-955-2358; or visit martindingham.com. Gloves, \$185, by Martin Dingham, at Mario's, Seattle; Taylor Conger Richards, Charlotte, NC; Hubert White, Minneapolis; or call 800-955-2358; or visit martindingham.com.

Page 166: Shirt, \$225, by Etro, at Allure, Philadelphia. Jacket, \$895, by Etro, at Lawrence Cowell, Denver. Scarf, \$225, by Etro, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

SHORT CUTS

Page 168: (clockwise, from left) Brief, \$12, by Polo Ralph Lauren Underwear, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores; select Macy's stores; select Bloomingdale's stores. Trunk brief, \$19.50, by 2xist, at Macy's; Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field. Boxer, \$65, by Moschino Intimo Uomo, at Moschino store, N.Y.C.; and Macy's. Brief, \$9.96 (pack of five), by Hanes, at mass merchants. Boxer brief, \$16.50, by Tommy Hilf, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tomy.com.

Page 169: (clockwise, from bottom left) Brief, \$6.50, by Jockey, at major department stores; or call 800-JOCKEY-1; or visit jockey.com. Boxer brief, \$39, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; or call 877-433-4373; or visit diesel.com. Boxer brief, \$22, by Nautica, at select Macy's stores; and select Lord & Taylor stores; or call 877-Nautica; or visit nautica.com. Tank, \$20, and brief, \$16, by Calvin Klein Underwear, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's. Brief, \$26, by Luc La Roche, visit luciaroche.com.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 171: Jacket, \$195, by Tommy Hilf, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY4U. Jacket, \$220, by [Blue], at Bloomingdale's; Macy's; Burdine's; or visit SeanJohn.com. Jacket, \$349, by Diesel, at Diesel stores; or visit diesel.com.

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ANSWERS

HIDDEN WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION: Sharks with laser beams on head, the band Anthrax; Hiroki with explosives strapped to him; hot cats; stacks of Oprah magazine; chickens with monkeypox; monkeypox with smallpox; small children with chickenpox; mustard gas; cans of expired tuna; the Chemical Brothers; Gligli monkeys with West Nile virus; enormous nuclear warhead

ARE THEY FIGHTING OR DANCING?

All dancing

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

1. lawyer's hair color 2. the wall 3. the Oscar 4. the Rock 5. the bow tie 6. rings 7. earrings 8. stocking 9. shorter dress 10. Lauper's contemplating firing her manager

VISUAL ILLUSION: Fantasy Island's tattoo

WORD FIND ANSWERS

S E L D F A R T G C O L O G N E H E F
R D B W S H Y T R U A D W B J A N K A
G O S R H F K N S W L Z E R I V R E W F
Y F O C R Q Z B U X I H E X E U R M R Y
H A L B D U L L E N Y M D W I N G O
I W E G S V E I A X A M Z O P X N H A B
X T E B N R H S C R K E Y F O G J R H
N J E L I T I S T X Y U P P L E S V E T
B K H R J O W I E A R H L J E G H B A
A G E L S R C M O T B R H R W X S T O P
N O G E E U T V M O C A Q P E L I S U
T H F B N E F K E E S Y I C O K T E Y O
I L L F S O F M R R B H M F R S U V
X H O Y I W L D R G R E S I R O L V K A
D K S H T E I O A X X T U X I F G N
F E E V I G N Y T S E W E Y C Y T E I
F C R E V X K X E F S C L A O K X R T
A B S T E M S G D I E S E N V E F E Y
D T C O X E L O V E S K Y S A S S E W
G R E I C O E W G N M S A C N W B G W Q

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

HAIR STYLIST
PERFUME
DIAMONDS
ROSEBUD
JACKET
NICE
BATHGELIS
WOOL
WEE
L S N U G G L E B U N N Y



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

the inside story on

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his



satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with

Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

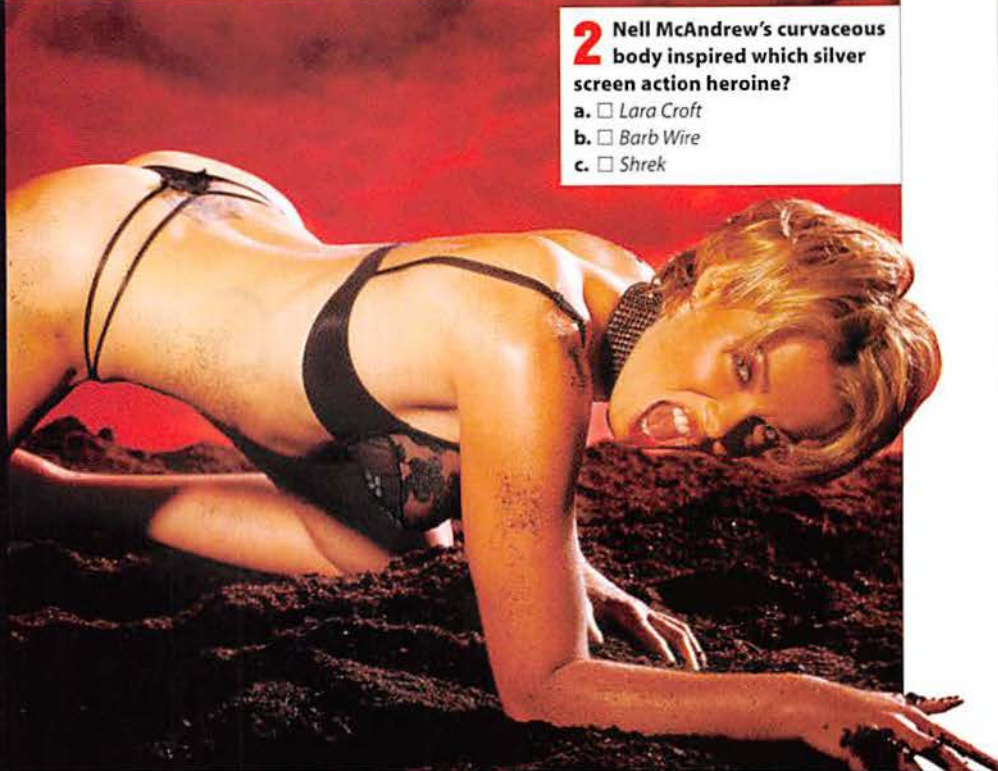
As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-ogoplex or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland
Jamie Ireland



- 1** What do you suspect is going on with this highly decorated civilian?
- a. ■ He's getting the ol' velvet rope treatment at a sports event in Europe.
 - b. ■ He's showing how terrorists can buy U.S. credentials on any corner in Tijuana.
 - c. ■ He just won T.G.I. Friday's employee of the month honor. (Nice flair!)



- 2** Nell McAndrew's curvaceous body inspired which silver screen action heroine?
- a. ☐ Lara Croft
 - b. ☐ Barb Wire
 - c. ☐ Shrek

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at maximonline.com, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

- 3** Match the pirate flag to the dreaded swashbuckler whose vessel flew it.



- a. ☐ Calico Jack
- b. ☐ Blackbeard
- c. ☐ Stede Bonnet ("the Gentleman Pirate")

- 4.** Which of these wacky diseases has a 100 percent mortality rate?

- a. ☐ Sporadic fatal insomnia
- b. ☐ Ebola virus
- c. ☐ The bubonic plague
- c. ☐ Meg-Ryan's-on-screen-presence-itis

5. How much will the Hotel Ritz' "Ritz Side Car," the world's most absurdly expensive cocktail, set you back during your stay in Paris?

- a. ☐ About 20 cases of Pabst
- b. ☐ A one-way ticket back to the States on Air France
- c. ☐ The cost of a 27-inch flat-screen TV

- 6.** Which NFLer ran back a record 10 punt returns for touchdowns?

- a. ☐ Deion Sanders
- b. ☐ Brian Mitchell
- c. ☐ Eric Metcalf



- 7.** Who's the biggest dick in the men's bathroom?

- a. ☐ The jerk who talks to you while you're trying to take a leak
- b. ☐ The guy who does push-ups against the sink to pump up for a date
- c. ☐ The greasy Italian who spends two minutes touching up his helmet head

- 8.** What are the worst five minutes on TV?

- a. ☐ The five minutes of reality TV you feign an interest in to keep your girl from kickin' your pussy-whipped ass
- b. ☐ Any five minutes of *My Big Fat Greek Life*
- c. ☐ The halfway mark on *Fear Factor*, when contestants gag on pig ovaries



Another victim of Gigli

- 9** Which freaky Guinness World Record holder is a world-class fake?

- a. ☐ Kim Goodman, who can pop her eyeballs 11 mm beyond her sockets
- b. ☐ B.D. Tyagi, who boasts the planet's longest ear hair
- c. ☐ Kevin Graham, the world's youngest published author at the age of three

- 10.** Who is not an exclusive member of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?

- a. ☐ Slaughter
- b. ☐ Famine
- c. ☐ Death
- d. ☐ Affleck

Want to learn more startling, useless trivia?

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Last month's answers: 1. c 2. a 3. b 4. a 5. b 6. a 7. a 8. 1-b, 2-c, 3-a 9. a, b, d 10. c 11. c

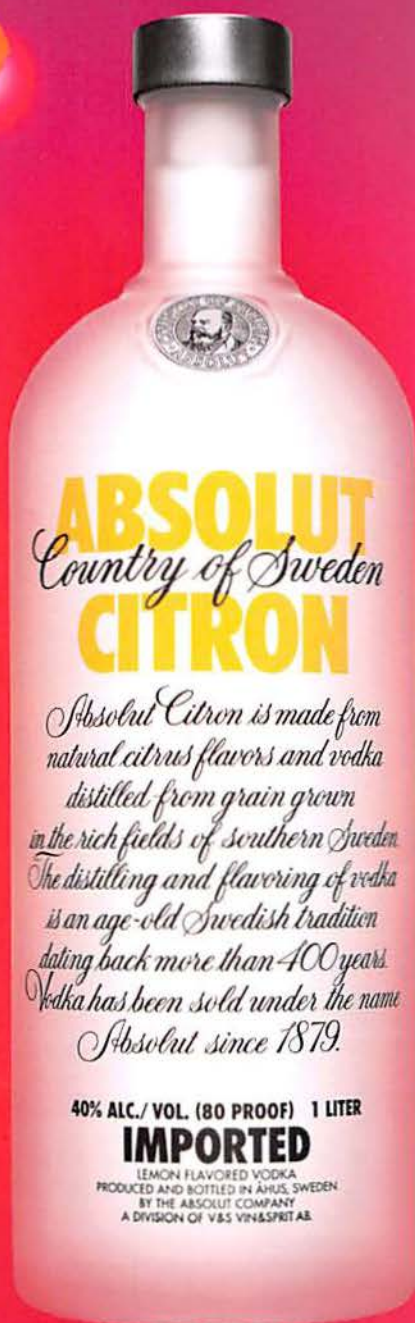


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THE ORIGINAL: ABSOLUT CITRON + TRIPLE SEC + CRAN + SPLASH OF LIME

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